THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LVI. | SHERRY & PITCH, No. 726 Sansom St. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1877. | $3 00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. | No. 37

THE DREAMER'S PRAYER.

Come, Sleep, come gently to mine eyes,
Bring to me forms in dreamland-guise,
That I loved in days of childhood—
The old, the dear, delightful days
When I threaded the cool and shadowy maze
Of the ever fragrant wild wood—

Or wandered alone by the sounding shore,
And sang to the ocean's rhythmic roar
My self-taught lays of pleasure,
And watched the tenth, the hero wave
As it rolled to the beach, and, dying, gave
To earth its shelly treasure.

When with my baby lover I hied
To the grove where petulent Katydid
Her lonely watch was keeping;
Or into the open churchyard strayed,
Where echo with mocking echoes played
Round the graves where the dead lay sleeping.

Bring that baby love with her eyes of blue,
With her cheeks of a warm and delicate hue,
Like the glow of a deep carnation;
Bring her not with the pallor that now she wears,
As over her soul life's rude wave bears
Its tide of desolation.

Take me, oh take me now, gentle Sleep,
To that endless and measureless world of the deep,
Girt with pearly shores, sunlit and shaded;
There let me dwell till the coming of day
And its prospect of care drive that vision away
And the pictures of Fancy are faded.

DR. BOOK'S CHRONICLE.

"Jerusalem" I used to call our village, though its real name is Hampton. More than once friends have asked me, "Why do you call it by that name?" "Because," I always said, "the hills stand round about Jerusalem, and they stand round about us." Beautiful hills they look too, green and full of sunny slopes, where the cattle feed; and here and there you see a little bit of a brook running down to the river with a low murmur, as if it was talking to itself and minding its own business all the time. I love those hills. Even when the winter mists are on them they don't seem ugly. But sit on the side of one on a bright August evening and look over the country, which is like the Garden of Eden, and you will agree with me that they are hills to make friends of, and that you would like to be buried among them at last, and have them to watch over you when you were forgotten by other friends.

Many little brooks make a big one at last; and it comes down our village tumbling and dashing and shouting, very much like the boys that run home from school along its side. It makes our village, that brook. The sanitary inspectors say the water is not pure, and that a tumbler of it is as good as a fever; which only means that, after putting half a dozen nasty drugs into it, they find something bad at the bottom; as if those that hide could not always find. And they want to bring the pipes from the city close by and supply the village with a really wholesome drinking water. Upon which project I say one word and no more: bring it into our village, lay the pipes into my house, provide me with a cistern and a tap at the public cost, and make me free of rate for ever, and yet one drop of that city water shall never cross my lips. I told the sanitary inspector as much. I took him out of doors, and said to him: "What's above the village?"

"The hills," he said, for I was pointing to them.

"And what's above the hills?" said I again.

"The sky," said he.

"Heaven I call it," said I, "and that's where our water comes from; and you want us to throw it out and take in yours, that goes dodging about under the streets in the dark and dirt nobody knows where, while ours comes honestly down through the green fields open and aboveboard. I have drank our water more than sixty years, and those round hills are like a mother's breasts to me."

At one part of our village the footway is raised three feet above the road, and though people call it dangerous and want it levelled, I always say, "No." That bit of path has been, I maintain, a public boon; for Will Gosling, who used to beat his wife to jelly every Saturday night, fell over there as he was going home very late from the "White Horse," and broke his right arm so badly that he has never used it since. The clergyman had been at work on Will for years without effect, but the path cured him. If it had been levelled Will would be pounding his wife to this day. Let things be, I say, for you spoil ten for one you improve with meddling and fiddling. But I mention this path because just at the highest part of it stands my house. There is a large brass plate on the door: *Dr. Dodd.*

I am not Doctor Dodd. He is the parish doctor, and has his consulting-room and dispensary here, but lives two miles off in the city. I am a retired chemist, and help out my little income with the small matter he gives me for serving him, which matter is neither more nor less than the privilege of living in this little house, rent and taxes being paid. My own opinion is, the village folk think as much of me as of him, if not more.

"Is Dr. Dodd here to-day?"

"No."

"Is Doctor Book in?"

"Yes."

"He will do just as well."

That's the sort of thing I overhear time after time; and I believe, without boasting, they are not far wrong, for I always give them a strong rousing dose that pulls them about a bit, and then they are only too thankful to get well as fast as they can. I have employed myself in this way since I parted with my little business down the street. Of the young man who purchased it I am not disposed to say more than is necessary. He calls himself a pharmaceutical chemist, and talks about his diploma. Some of the younger people, whose heads are full of new-fangled notions, like it; but my old steady customers and staunch friends are not easy in their minds about the change. The young man has a loud voice, a familiar manner, and plenty of words. He talks about testing his own drugs before using them, and such rubbish.

"What do you say to that, Doctor Book?" asked one of his party, sneering at me the other day.

"Say?" replied I: "why, I say, that one fool talking makes more noise than fifty wise men thinking."

But I was vexed that day. For the most part I let him take his own course, and make no remark.

For two years and more my legs have been getting shaky and don't answer to the rein as they used to do, by which I mean that every now and then I stumble because my foot has not gone high enough, or slip because it has not set itself down quite firmly. So I keep indoors a great deal, and amuse myself with pen and paper, and write down chronicles of the village. For when you have lived sixty years in a place, let it be ever so small, the amount of life you have seen is surprising. Besides, my experience covers a considerable portion of the good old days when people were satisfied to be buried where they were born, instead of flying about here and there making twenty homes in a lifetime, and dying among strangers at last. Yes, I can follow a hundred people right through life from end to end—I saw their cradles and their coffins—and my belief is that in a population of fifteen hundred or two thousand souls you may find, if you search for it, enough comedy and tragedy to write a shelf full of novels; only, if you set it down, the public would call it imaginary, if I may judge by what pass in the present day for descriptions of real life. BUT I write for my own pleasure and nothing beside, and it is very unlikely that anything from my pen—now that I am done making out Christmas bills—will ever be looked at twice by anybody, or seen for the neglect of that. Perhaps I should not go quite so far, for one person does take an interest in my recollections—the Squire's brother I mean, who reads them over and borders them up here and there, and sometimes rewrites a paragraph or two which he thinks might be better expressed, though he often says "Book your pen's homespun English beats my classical style when a story has to be told." And to be sure I was always known to a man who could call a spade a spade and a cad a cad if there was a needs be. However, I like to have my writings read by a university man, and he, I am after ill, is so much, I am pleased and thankful.

"Your last story brought tears into my eyes, Book," he said to me sometime since.

"About Mary Cray?" I asked.

"The same," said he.

"Many a tear came into my eyes," I replied, "when the matter was going on from day to day."

"Life is the most pathetic story-teller of all," said he.

"Or the drollest, sir," I replied. "When I came to remember lately all that happened before her marriage and after, I was laughing one minute and ready to cry the next."

I knew Mary Cray from a baby. Her mother was a gentle being, small, with a low voice and a soft manner, as if she feared every hour what would happen the next; and well she might, for her husband bullied and swore at her in the grave. He was a quiet-looking man enough, but the look was the end of it. His feelings were made of flint and his will of steel. He lived and died without losing a battle to any son of Adam, and the only time he ever gave in to anybody was on the occasion of his daughter's marriage, but he came to that in a small way. I know, for I helped him. He owned a score of small houses in the suburbs of Hampton, and his rental of four pounds ten a week; and these made he would not insist himself creeping along the ground, but as high as he like, and more than that in every house than if he had been a wolf. And that he ever threatened or talked big I never heard, but he had been brought up in a lawyer's office, and had learnt to mind the customs and civilities of a civilized people to that time, so that they were like peppers fired at a man in armor. He would not waste temper over them. But if any unfortunate woman was behind with her rent he would fix her two solid, hard, unbothered days on her in a way that fixed up the fastest tongue in an instant.

"Business are not money," he would say of some fat debtor. "I don't pay next week or to the day, Mrs. Skinner, nor have furnished your small house neatly, but I assure you in a sale it fetches very little, especially when there is an execution in the house."

And many a household he has turned out on the street, lars and tile into nowhere, but not an officer, and neither the people would have paid him a penny more if they had gotten them time. He was hated by every one and I believe he knew it and gloried in it. I never saw a man go about trading along a fifty or a ten pound looking quite good and respectable, until you watched into the face and then you saw behind him the shade of Cray, and knew that the man's time was short.

Hard as he was, he was not without a soft spot, and that was his daughter Mary. Mary was a child of four years old when her mother died, and I remember the greatest chums possible, and whenever I saw the pair walking in the village, facing their treats together, I felt as sure that no other mischief of their friendship past that one as I am sure I write.

Very soon I learned what the mischief was.

Food, however, let me tell you that about time I began to suspect that Mary had a mother. There was another person in one of the houses, named Keating, who, as I noticed, became very much at home with Mary, and Mary with her. Though the village, and wherever he appeared, she was the best-seen, most-petted thing in it. Her hair, which was of a most rare shade, was never cropped and left to itself, but carefully tended and trained in curls, which, by the way, I have observed in many instances, but they managed matters so cunningly that not one of them ever escaped detection. Then her dress was a model of neatness at least, which is not always a necessary distinction that not only do they have no connection, crime undiscovered, He drew her blood drop by drop, and stood over her grave at last as calmly as if he had been burying a cat; but he put on deep mourning for her, which he never took off, thinking, I suppose that the black suit became him, and it certainly made his villainy more of a surprise when you came to know him.

He was left with one daughter, Mary, who resembled neither her father nor her mother, for she was tall and handsome, her face full of spirit, with a hint of temper about the mouth, and her carriage wonderfully graceful. Many a morning while she was still a child I have watched her bounding past my window like a young roe, and her legs and arms had a free grace of motion that caught your eye in an instant—not like high-born miss with her dancing master elegance, but well-shaped, supple, and vigorous, much as wild Indian princesses used to be described a couple of hundred years ago, when people thought there were such things as "noble savages." Indeed Mary often recalled to my mind a story I read long ago. I don't remember where, about a native American girl named Yarico; and I used to say to myself that Mary Cray would look beautiful in a West Indian forest, amidst trees and singing birds and falling waters. However, she looked quite beautiful enough, dancing along our village pavement with the brook at her side, keeping step with her and laughing and shining in the sun, like her face and clear bright eyes.

How that little stone image, Peter Cray, and his meek bloodless wife were the parents of this handsome lass of five feet seven, those people may understand who understand everything; to me it is a mystery. The mountain bringing forth the mouse is old enough, but what about the mouse bringing forth the mountain? or an undersized, ugly, heartless father having a tall daughter, straight and springy as a young tree, and full of human nature? His eyes were always set straight before him like a pair of gimlets, and hers would glance from your face to the sky, and from the sky to the street or the field, catching new brightness each time. He was a coward born, and she—well let me tell you what I saw with my own eyes.

From time to time Hampton used to be infested with excursionists from Bristol. Infested, I say, because somehow we never were much visited by the better sort; roughs, full to suit. One afternoon three of these were loitering down our street, peering every quiet parlor by and following every young woman with a coarse jest. Bristol roughs, are like those of every other town, stunted, with dirty white faces, big mouths, high cheek-bones, small eyes, dark hair clipped close, finishing off in a greasy curl over each ear; and these were three as perfect specimens as Bristol could send out.

Mary Cray met the party just opposite my shop, and one of the fellows being tipsy, caught her round the waist as she passed, and offered to kiss her. She swung one of his arms by a little movement, and, when he advanced upon her again, giving a hearty laugh, she met him full in the face with her open hand, and the smack was so hearty and strong that it sent him rolling in the dust. He leaped up with a curse, and would have tried to strike her, being a woman beater, like all his class; only that I ran out that moment and stood between them. I had my large pestle in my hand, and I was fifteen years younger than I am to-day.

"Young man, I said, "take what you got and be thankful it's no worse. There's a horse pond at the end of the village, and other horses besides horses find their way there. Walk for it you don't, you shall run very soon."

He saw what I meant, and skulked back to his comrades, who were already jeering at him, and Mary went on triumphant. Did she look like a girl that would cut her way through the world?

Peter had an apprentice, named Jonathan Burge, a mixed messenger of considerable substance. There was a small thin man of a ready complexion (as if the business had got into his system), and his every sentence, like the grating of an iron door on its hinges—and indeed his likeness to the latter did not end here, for I never saw him but I thought that Jonathan Burge, if he lost a living creature it would turn out something very like Jonathan Burge. He too, of a mean and low nature, such as you might imagine a man producing who was circulating black draught and trying to make you believe he enjoyed it. When I tell you that he was a sickening, aged fifty-six, without children, and that he looked on both sides of every halfpenny he spent, you have the man before your mind's eye.

During the year after Mrs Cray's death Mary living then two and twenty years old, I had an increase the greatest chums possible, and whenever I saw the pair walking in the village, facing their treats together, I felt as sure that no other mischief of their friendship past that one as I am sure I write.

Very soon I learned what the mischief was.

Food, however, let me tell you that about time I began to suspect that Mary had a mother. There was another person in one of the houses, named Keating, who, as I noticed, became very much at home with Mary, and Mary with her. Though the village, and wherever he appeared, she was the best-seen, most-petted thing in it. Her hair, which was of a most rare shade, was never cropped and left to itself, but carefully tended and trained in curls, which, by the way, I have observed in many instances, but they managed matters so cunningly that not one of them ever escaped detection. Then her dress was a model of neatness at least, which is not always a necessary distinction that not only do they have no connection, crime undiscovered,

THE PETS.

but they discover an immense number of crimes that have never been committed at all.

This man Garstang I could not bring myself to like. He was tall, good-looking, with shiny hair and fine teeth, which he displayed on all occasions, but he had a curious upper lip, too large for the rest of the mouth, which had a trick of lapping over when he spoke, that was not pleasant to see. The first moment I saw him I said to myself, "You are a liar, and not even a good kind of liar;" and I felt sorry to think that Mary Cray should let her blue-browed eyes beam so brightly into his. "However," I reasoned, "we must not judge a man for the cut of his mouth; he did not make it." Then I would argue with myself, "Well, but could an upright man have such a face?" or, if not, is a man a knave of necessity because he has a particular cast of countenance?" until finding these questions too deep for me I determined to think well of Garstang until I had facts to the contrary. I even tried to believe he might make Mary a good husband some day, but found it hard work. "Is it not something in a man's favor when a virtuous girl falls in love with him?" I asked myself. But, when I came to think over the love-affairs I have known in my small way, I saw there was not much to be made of that argument as I left my own question unanswered. This I often do, because I can't help it, not being educated.

When I tell you that Peter Cray considered me an intimate friend, and that his daughter had been my pet—and playmate I might say for many a romp we had together—since she could stand, you will perceive how I came to be so familiar with certain parts of this story which did not take place in my presence.

One morning as Mary was attending to her goldfinches—she had six, which she kept in one cage, and each was as tame as a kitten, and would perch on her finger quite contented while she waved it gently through the air, singing or laughing to it all the time—who should come into the parlor but her father, and behind him Jonathan Furze slinking into the rooms edgeways, and gathering the skirts of his coat together as if there was fresh paint about.

"Sit down, Jonathan," said old Cray, and the visitor let himself down upon the corner of a chair and looked the image of uneasiness.

"Mary," continued the father in his soft voice, "have you done with your birds?"

"Quite, father," she replied.

"Do you sit down too then. Sit near Mr Furze," he added.

The instant he said that she saw what was coming, and she gave old Furze a look that nearly made him tumble off his seat. She obeyed her father, however, without speaking.

"Now, Jonathan," continued old Cray with the most placid air possible, "you can begin any time."

"Miss Mary," said the old sneak, trying to smile, "are you very well this morning? You look very well."

"Do I?" said Mary, folding her arms and biting her lips. "Thank you, Mr. Furze."

"You make this such a bea-utiful home," he went on, looking round the room. "Such a bea-utiful home."

"Do I?" she said again. "Thank you, Mr. Furze."

Perhaps old Cray saw that matters would not be bettered by any roundabout talking. He interposed here.

"Jonathan," said he, "you will never get it said."

"You don't give one times, Peter," remonstrated the other.

"Never mind," replied Cray. He then turned to his daughter quietly. "Mr. Furze has asked me if you will marry him, and I have said that you will."

Mary's face changed from white to pink and from pink to white, and her heart beat fast with anger and fear; she was a spirited girl, but she knew what a quarrel with her father meant. For a minute she made no reply.

"The wedding is fixed for this day four weeks," said her father, still speaking softly, as his habit was in his most unrelenting moods.

This speech roused Mary.

"You old ugly fright!" she cried, leaping from her chair and looking so fiercely at Furze that he fancied she would strike him, and lifted one of his rusty lath-like arms to ward off the blow. "You creeping horror! Marry you—I'll be buried alive first!"

Old Cray allowed a brief pause to ensue, and then spoke again in just the same composed tone.

"To-day is Thursday, Jonathan, the seventeenth of July. Seven to seventeen is twenty-four, and seven is thirty-one. Seven is seven, and seven fourteen. August four been will be the wedding-day."

The conversation went on; Mary storming, her father sneering (but signifying at the same time that he must and would be obeyed), and Jonathan Furze playing his sneak to both; but when they parted matters stood pretty much as when they met. Shortly after dinner Mary came to see me, and said me the whole story, for I was almost the only friend she had in the world. She stood beside me, just as she used to do when she was only the height of my stick, and laying her soft cheek against my shoulder, she said

"You are the only one to advise me—to help me. What can you do for me?"

I saw a tear running down my waistcoat, but whether it came from her eyes or from mine I could not tell.

"I have tried to please father all my life," she went on, "and I have never disobeyed him in any matter of consequence. But a man that I don't love—a man I hate" (I wish you could have seen the wicked look in those blue eyes of hers when she said this; it was like a flash of forked lightning in a summer sky,) "I never will marry. I told father so. And then he spoke so cruelly —so wickedly."

"Hush, my dear, hush!" said I. "You must not talk in that way. Honor thy father and thy mother,' said the Lord that made us all."

She spoke as if she had not heard me.

"If you don't marry Jonathan Furze,' said father to me, 'out of my door you shall go, and if you die in the street I won't pay for the hole you are buried in, you child of a worthless mother!'"

"The old shrulling," I cried. "Never mind, Mary, he is the child of a worthless father, for he is the child of the devil." In my anger I quite forgot the Fifth Commandment.

After this Mary began to tell me about Garstang. In one direction things had gone farther than I suspected, for the young man had asked her to marry him; but in another the affair was less advanced, Mary still questioning herself whether she loved him or not. I had great influence over her, and could, I believe, have persuaded her either to throw up the connection altogether or at least to wait a long time before she said anything decisive, had it not been for her father's sudden demand that she should marry Furze. But in the first blaze of her indignation she openly announced her intention of marrying Garstang, and upon old Cray replying in his cool cynical style that she would think better of it, her anger rose to a dangerous pitch. In a word, notwithstanding my begging her to take time to think it over, she walked straight from my shop into the city, where she saw her lover; and the result of the interview was that they arranged an immediate marriage.

I own that I felt rebuked when she told me that Garstang declared himself ready to marry her penniless, as he was, and cut out cast from her father's favor. "The young fellow loves her honestly," said I to myself, "and no bad man ever loved a woman honestly yet." But even while I said this his smile—with that ungainly upper lip crumpled out as usual—rose before me, and somehow the evil smile seemed more of a reality than the generous flush of love.

Next Sunday, to the surprise of a great many, the banns of marriage between Andrew Garstang, bachelor, and Mary Cray, spinster, were called in church. Old Cray had not the least notion of what was coming and he took it like a picture; I sat close to him and he did not move an eyelash, though seven persons that day had pitied me for people naturally looked at him in his daughter's absence. He was quite sleek in his manner as he walked home, and his cynicism rather got the better of his usual unctuousness; and even when he reached his house and found Mary in the dining-room, he made no remark about what had just occurred, but sat down to dinner cheerfully.

A whole fortnight passed, the banns were called a second time, and still not a word on the subject of marriage passed between father and daughter. I don't doubt that in his crafty way he foresaw that this fixed silence would embarrass and alarm Mary, would reduce her to obedience more out of unusualness,

BARRIERS

Between thy life and mine
Ragged and strong, rosetinted barriers rise;
Day after day they show a sterner front
Uplifted to the skies.
Shutting me out from thee.
Oftimes there comes a blinding mist and rain,
But through the darkest thickest cloud I know
The sun will shine again!

Between thy life and mine
Sullen and cold the turbid waters roll;
Beneath their angry waves hope's bark was wrecked
Long ere it reached its goal.
Yet in the quiet deep
"Faith's anchor lies," what hope with its golden chain
Binding two hearts, that else would drift away
U'on a sea of pain!

Between thy life and mine
Stretches afar a wide and dreary plain.
Across the waste we gaze with longing eyes;
Heart cries to heart—in vain;
The echoes answer back
"In vain, in vain;" and so we turn away,
With one long, shuddering sigh of agony,
In loneliness to stray!

Between thy life and mine
The hand of fate has woven some bright thread,
Whose glittering radiance thro' these shadowed days
A steadfast lustre sheds.
Parted though we must be,
These golden fibres shall our hearts entwine,
The sweetness of unbroken sympathy
Blending thy life and mine.

MARTIN BLAIR'S REVENGE.

Picture to yourselves a wedding party—some half-dozen people, with nothing special in the way of finery, and no impatient horses and smart carriages waiting for them when the pair, made one, till death should step between them, walked out into the sunlight on the first steps of their life's journey together. And yet the whole town of Beechford was on the qui vive about this wedding, and made holiday to go out and see it, and gave the bride and bridegroom a ringing cheer when they came out of church, making the handsome and handy young man look and lift his hat, and the pretty, fragile girl by his side, whose pure, pale face looked like a lily, blush and smile too, but with a quiver of the lip that showed there were tears under that token of her happiness.

They were very commonplace people, this husband and wife—"creatures" in the estimation of the village guild of Beechford, but vastly popular with everybody else.

Gilbert Grantley was the manager and lessee of the unpretending little theatre which stood back in a street abutting on the market-place, as though it were trying with all its might to hide itself from the public gaze. It was in a fair way to sad disrepute and almost utter decay, and was looked upon as a place to be shunned, when Gilbert Grantley came to the rescue, and succeeded in making it fashionable.

He was quite a young man, but already had made a name in his profession, which he had entered because he liked it, and could afford to do as he pleased. He was an orphan, with no near ties and a little money, and to the horror of his guardians, who wanted to make a lawyer of him, he turned his back upon them, and disgraced himself forever in their eyes by taking to the stage.

In spite of their anathemas, he prospered, and by the time he was one and twenty he had made himself a name. When he came into his inheritance h resolved to do what has ruined many a clever man. He turned country manager, and chose Beechford as the scene of his operations. He was a shrewd, long-headed young fellow, and he measured the capabilities of the place very well. He fitted the theatre cheaply and put in thorough repair outside and in. He did not waste money on satin lounges and lace curtains, but he made every part of it as fresh and sweet as the most fastidious audience were intended to live in it. Draughts were stopped out and fresh air let in, and he contrived a moveable door in the roof, unseen by the audience, which, being lifted, let the hot air out with a rush, and relieved the oppressed people inside at once.

Beechford looked on and laughed at him and his alterations. It was just throwing his money away, he was told. The theatre would never pay! But it did, and Beechford came to thank him with all good people as packed and sweltering to see some favorite piece, and he would send up some one to "take off the tiles," as the gallery boys came to call the process.

"I'll carry out that idea on a big scale some day," he said to one of his supporters the night the device was tried for the first time, "and I'll make a notable thing of it."

A notable thing, truly! Many a one had reason to remember Gilbert Grantley's words, and the prophecy they led to, when his idea had grown into a fact. He succeeded at Beechford, in spite of his refusal to introduce ladies of undoubted charms and doubtful reputation offered to him by London agents, or to pander in any way to the depraved taste so fostered in many of our finest theatres. He gave his audiences good pieces, well done. He got the best actors and actresses he could afford, and paid them, and after one season of doubt he found his footing secure.

He had built the Beechford Theatre three seasons on this his wedding day, and the fair girl he had married was a member of his company. Not the leading lady, who played the charming parts, and was not entitled to be a sweet *Juliet* and a very pretty *Rosalind*—she was a matron of several years' standing, with three or four little mouths to fill, and Gilbert's husband, who played in the orchestra, and was sinking by this grave slowly but surely.

Lillian Langford, who had just signed her maiden name for the last time in the parish register, held the position of "singing walking lady" in the Beechford Theatre, and from the first moment of their meeting Gilbert Grantley resolved that she should be his wife. She was the daughter of a music teacher, who years ago had run away with one of his aristocratic pupils—the child of an impecunious viscount, who thereupon washed his hands of her, and let her go through life as she best could.

When Lillian was about seventeen her father died, leaving no provision for his young, weak-minded wife and his pretty daughter.

Mrs. Langford did nothing but weep and wail, and Lillian took matters into her own hands and went upon the stage.

"We must live," she said, shortly, when her mother proposed a whole string of impossible ways of getting money. "I have been taught nothing in particular; but I can sing and open my mouth without dropping h's and mislaying g's, and I'll try."

She did try, and made a very fair success, and her second season saw her at Beechford, and with Gilbert Grantley's honest heart at her feet. Mrs. Langford objected—she usually did object to everything—and talked about what was due to *her*. Lillian ought to look higher, &c. Poor soul, she clung to what little rags of respectability were left her, and was always fancying that some nobleman would descend from his high sphere and raise her daughter to "the rank she was born to," as she was wont to express it.

Gilbert Grantley laughed at her aspirations, and waited.

"She would come round," he said to Lillian; and so she did, but not till she lay dying.

Then she implored him with frantic terror to "take care of Lilly," and he had promised to do so with his life, if need be; and Lilly had gone away for a few months to another theatre, living with a friend of his meanwhile, and had made her modest preparations and come back to Beechford, where she was a favorite, to marry the man she loved with all her honest heart.

"Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on," says the proverb, and the golden sunshine was pouring down upon the pair as they left the church. There was sunshine of another sort, too, in the faces around them—sunshine in the hearty good wishes they heard on every side; but the light on Lillian's pretty face was transient and had faded utterly by the time they had entered the modest cab that was to take them to their little valley home.

The whole party were going off a few miles into the country to dine, and then the happy pair were to start on the first stage of their honeymoon journey, but the light on Lillian's pretty face was transient and had faded utterly by the time they had entered the modest cab that was to take them to their little valley home.

The whole party were going off a few miles into the country to dine, and then the happy pair were to start on the first stage of their honeymoon journey, but the light on Lillian's pretty face was transient and had faded utterly by the time they had entered the modest cab that was to take them to their little valley home.

"Heaven will take care of us!" she said, quietly, "and forgive you, I hope. Good bye, Martin Blair. Go your way in the world and forget me. There are plenty of girls who would make you better wives than I should. Say good bye to me, and part from me without curses at any rate."

He took no notice of her proffered hand, and made no attempt to touch her again.

"When I see your face cold in death, Lillian Langford, I may forget I loved you," he said. "I don't think I shall. I believe that to all eternity my soul will link itself to yours. Love like mine makes a bond that lasts for ever."

She got away from him now, gliding away in the darkness as he spoke his last wild words, and reached the house of her old *protege* half dead with terror and worry. Gilbert thought her very pale and distrait when she came to escort her home; but he laid it to the excitement of her anticipations of the morrow. She longed to tell him; but his temper was hasty, and she was afraid of his going out and seeking Martin Blair, and punishing him for the fright he had given her.

She half feared that she should see him in the church, or among the crowds who were assembled to do her honor; but she need not have been afraid. He had left Beechford by a train that passed the station in the middle of the night, by a mail train.

"I hope with all my heart we shall never set eyes on him again," her husband said to her when, their bridal festivities over, they were on their road to their first stopping place. "But if we do, Lilly, all his fine threats will have melted away into thin air. He's mad, there isn't a doubt about it, and if he comes worrying us I'll get him put into a lunatic asylum."

"He did terrify me so," Lillian said. "I couldn't tell you what dreadful things he said."

"I can guess, my dear. I met him in Birmingham the other day when *I* was over there about the dresses for the pantomime (they are very cheap, and I don't think I shall have them—and be treated me to quite a garland of curses under his breath. It was just like what fellows tell of the Hindoos—calling up all sorts of wicked wishes, and then spitting at you for a climax. I didn't take any notice. I can afford to laugh at and forgive him now that I have got you safe, my darling."

Lillian was reassured; but for many a long day a nervous fear possessed her that she would find herself face to face with Martin Blair.

They went back to Beechford and opened their theatre for the season with *eclat*. It was a somewhat difficult position for a young couple to fill, but Mrs. Grantley bore her honors so meekly that no one felt the least envy at her exultation. She acted no more; but her husband found her a capital *aide-de-camp* in all her daily business. She had a quick and her taste good in any artistic arrangements, and she saved him many a pound by her womanly knowledge of what things should cost. She did her sparing gently, so that no one's dignity was offended by being interfered with, yet the expenses of the theatre were marvellously lessened, and the effects improved.

And so the time wore on happily, and three months sped away, and they had heard nothing of Martin Blair and his vengeance, except that he had left the neighborhood altogether.

"And a good riddance," Gilbert Grantley said, as he read his letters over his breakfast, and came to Lilly the welcome news. "The farther off the better. Hello! here's more delightful news still."

"What?"

"He's going to America—to Nihlo's," Hopkins says. Ah, where is it? Oh here."

"Blair's got a good berth over the water —ever so much a week, and his passage paid. You won't be sorry for his departure, I know, and I don't think many people will put on mourning. He's a surly fellow."

"There, my lily flower, what do you think of that?"

"I only hope it's true," Lilly replied. "I don't wish him any harm, but I shall be a great deal more comfortable when the sea is between us."

"I wish the New Yorkers joy of him with all my heart," Gilbert said; "she's an amiable creature to have about one."

The news was true. They read it verified in the *Era* the next day, and saw it again when the time of his departure arrived. Martin Blair had gone to the New World in the steamship "Sunbeam," with various members of the profession, who were going to pick up their fortunes in the Tom Tidler's ground of the United States.

"Glad" was hardly the word to express what Lillian Grantley felt when she read of the "Sunbeam's" departure. She felt as if some dark veil had been lifted from her life, and for the first time since her wedding day she breathed freely.

Her dread of Martin Blair had grown into a morbid horror, which neither reasoning nor ridicule on Gilbert's part could drive away, so he very wisely let her alone. She looked with anxiety for the notice of the "Sunbeam's" arrival in New York; but it never came. Days grew into weeks, and weeks lengthened into months, and no news came of the ship, save an empty boat, with her name on it, which had been picked up in mid ocean by a passing ship. What fate she met none but the conscience of heaven ever knew. Whether she had blown up, or sprung a leak, or foundered, and so gone down, or whether some sudden storm of circumscribed limit had wrecked her, could not be guessed—she was gone, and all her freight of human hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, was gone with her.

There were not wanted hints on shore that human agency had been at work, and that the "Sunbeam" when she left Liverpool must have carried with her an infernal machine which had done its fearful work far out at sea, and so put money into the pockets of the insurers and underwriters on shore. Such things have been, but no such thing could be proved in the "Sunbeam's" case.

She had gone out of port sound and properly appointed for her voyage, with a tried captain and a sober, steady crew. The weather had been fair on both sides the Atlantic, and those who knew declared that there had been no storms or squalls anywhere. With all these advantages she was gone, and not a soul who sailed in her was ever heard of more.

Lillian shed bitter tears when it was known all hope was over, for an old friend of hers was on board, whom she had known and loved through all her theatrical life, and who had watched with her by her mother's bedside, and she was sorry in spite of all the suffering he had caused her, for Martin Blair. She felt nothing but pity for him, now that she could only think of him as lying far down under the blue water.

The days were flying by with many happily now, and before very long there would be a dearer tie to bind her to Gilbert—a little heaven-sent life to bring them new joy and new love for each other. In the midst of their joyous anticipations and Lillian's preparations a wondrous event befel them—a fortune fell to Gilbert Grantley through the death of an eccentric old relation whose name he had scarcely ever heard.

But Gilbert was next of kin notwithstanding, and was endowed with that ten thousand pounds was at his service whenever he chose to claim it.

"Oh, Gilbert, what shall you do with it?" Lillian asked, when she had got over her amazement at the magnitude of the sum.

"Build a theatre," was his prompt reply.

"A theatre? Oh, Gilbert!"

"Child it has been the dream of my life!"

"I know; but if you should lose it?"

"I don't think I shall. I have an idea which I mean to carry out. I shan't do anything without due consideration, and when I say *build* a theatre, I don't quite mean so much as that. Take one would be a better word—the Cornucopia, perhaps."

"The Cornucopia!"

Lillian spoke in dire dismay. The theatre he spoke of was in bad odor, and managers run in all their unlucky wights—and their name was legion—who attempted management within its walls. But it was large and substantial, and in a prosperous neighborhood, and only wanted capital, so the proprietors declared, to make it a paying property.

"It shall pay me," Gilbert said. "I'll make it the exact all London before I have done with it."

Lillian did not say any more; but in her inmost heart she feared; the Cornucopia only seemed another name for ruin, and she dreaded to see her husband's new-found fortune melt as rapidly as others had done in the management of that ill-starred place.

Remonstrance would have been of no avail if she had ventured on any. To be a London manager had been, as Gilbert Grantley said, the dream of his life; and after due negotiation the Cornucopia was taken, and London playgoers began to wonder who the adventurous spirit could be who had dared so much to gain so little. For that he would only add another to the already long list of bankrupt lessees no one for a moment doubted.

There was a hindrance to his going to town himself to see about the commencement of the alterations. Lillian was expecting the birth of her baby every day, and until that event was over and she was safe he would not leave her. He was going to keep the Beechford Theatre another season, for the Cornucopia would not be ready for his occupation for some months, and he was not going to begin his London career till everything was in order.

They had a pretty little house on the outskirts of Beechford—a cottage which fronted the high road, and had a charming garden and retired rooms behind. A faraway cousin of Lillian's father, whom she had hunted up, lived with them and kept house for them now that the young wife's health forbade any exertion.

One bright autumn morning Gilbert Grantley bade Lillian farewell as usual, and went to his daily business at the theatre. She was very well and happy, and he looked back at her more than once, and thought what a pretty picture she made framed by the roses which hung round the window. She often stood there a moment and watched him down the road, though the room was not her usual sitting-room—the window was too close to the pathway, and passers by could see in.

There was no one about this morning, except a poor cripple on crutches coming painfully along, and she sat still watching him. He looked like a beggar, and she thought she would give him something if he asked her.

An hour later Gilbert Grantley, on the stage of the dimly-lighted theatre, was touched on the shoulder by his hall keeper.

"Some one waiting for you, sir," he said. "I'm afraid there's something wrong."

"Wrong! Where?"

"At home, sir—Mrs. Grantley——"

Gilbert stayed to hear no more, but flew to the hall door, where he found a woman, his next-door neighbor, a kind, motherly body who let lodgings.

"Come home, for heaven's sake!" she said. "You're wanted badly."

"My wife is ill?"

"Yes."

"Dangerously?"

"I don't know. They are doing all they can; but——"

There was no need for her to finish her sentence, for Gilbert had started from her side and was striding towards his home with far fleeter steps than she could keep up with.

"Doing all they can!" The words seemed ringing in his ears as he ran. What did it mean? Of course every one did all they could when people were ill. Lillian was young and healthy, and all would be well. But such a hush in the house! Where were the open windows and the bright flowers? Surely he had come past it—and this place with the drawn blinds and closed shutters. Why did every body look at him? and why were women standing about on the doorsteps and talking under their breath?

Somebody took him by the arm and led him into the house like a man in a bewildered dream. It was the doctor, whose services had been engaged, and there was a serious, troubled look in his kindly eyes.

"This is an awful shock for you," he said, gently, "and I can do nothing—say nothing to comfort you. Try and bear it like a man."

The room swam round before Gilbert Grantley's eyes. He grasped the meaning of it now—his wife was dead. And with a hoarse cry he sank prone on the carpet at the doctor's feet. They raised him up and restored him to life and sense; but he seemed like a man stricken into stone. There was no tears, no loud outpourings of grief. A strange dull apathy seemed to have taken hold of him. He listened to the doctor's opinion that there had been organic heart disease that no one had suspected, and that her illness coming on unexpected had produced a sudden spasm which had killed her.

"I can account for it in no other way," he said. If there had been any chance shock or fright I could have understood it better."

There was nothing more for him to do, and he left the house, puzzled beyond what he chose to admit, by the sudden death of poor Lillian Grantley.

The housekeeper knew nothing. She had seen Lillian at the window watching her husband, and in half an hour afterwards had helped to carry her upstairs very ill. She had found her in a swoon on the floor, and could get nothing coherent from her when she came to herself, except that she was "frightened! frightened!" She summoned the nurse and the doctor, and sent for Gilbert; but he was not at the theatre when the woman went there first, and by the time he got home his child was born and Lillian was dead. Mother and baby both lay in their last long sleep, and Gilbert Grantley would be left to tend their graves from that time till the grave closed over him also.

His mind could grasp nothing but the awful fact; and when he had laid Lillian in her grave, and heard the sods rattle on her coffin lid, he seemed to have laid all the interests of life in the earth with her. The kindly neighbor took the little baby home on an illness from which he rose a gray-haired man, with a face all lined with sorrow, and went forth into the world once more to fight the battle of life, but with no bright angel by his side to cheer him on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RICE CULTURE IN JAPAN.

Rice is extensively grown in Japan. The Japanese call the plant "ine" the grain, before the husk is removed, "momi," (paddy), and after that operation, "kome," or rice. Premising that they have several different kinds of rice, which need not be enumerated here, we proceed to describe the usual mode of cultivation, upon which the Japanese bestow great care. Before it is sown, the seed is always soaked in water, the length of immersion depending upon whether it is for an early, ordinary, or late crop; the sowing, however, commonly takes place between the ends of February and the end of April. The rice, packed in bags, is steeped in water for ten, fifteen, or twenty days; it is then taken out, and warm water poured over the bags, which are now covered with matting, to induce warmth and force on the sprouting of the grain; the rice is generally sown just before the husks have burst. The ground for the reception of the seedling is chosen for its richness and its situation as regards facilities for irrigation. Towards the end of autumn it is well ploughed and manured: in the early spring it is carefully gone over, and all lumps are broken: trefoil, young bamboo leaves, fish manure, refuse oil, &c., as well as manure, are mixed with the soil, which is then flooded to the depth of two or three inches. When the water has cleared and the muddy particles have sunk to the bottom, the seed is sown broadcast, and the water is drawn off on the first fine day, so that the sun may penetrate the soil; it is left dry from morning to evening, when it is again flooded, and is left until morning. Transplanting, in which the women all help, takes place in from forty-five to fifty-five days after sowing, the seedlings are planted out in tufts of from two to five, according to the custom of the district, the tufts being placed in lines with a space of one or two feet between each. After this the ground is gone over with a light hand rake or hoe, and care is taken that the soil does not press too heavily on the roots of the seedlings, all footmarks are carefully filled in, and the ground is constantly weeded. When the plants are well forward and full in grain, the water is drawn off the fields, so that the sun may penetrate the soil and thus harden the grain. When the earth has become thoroughly hard at the roots of the plants, it is taken as a sign that the grain has attained a proper consistency of hardness.

Rice crops suffer much from the depredations of birds and vermin, and all sorts of appliances are resorted to by the Japanese to scare them off. A favorite contrivance, particularly noticeable in hilly districts, is this: a hollowed bamboo, a foot or so long, has a small stick inserted in it; this is supported on a post, and so nicely does it keep it at a balance. It is placed in such a position as to allow any of the small natural rivulets that abound in the hills to play into it; when full, the channel, by which it is then tossed over matting and left exposed for a short time, after which it is placed in a mortar, and the husk is got rid of. It is now winnowed again, and passed through a funnel placed on an inclined plane, the best and heaviest grain finding its way down the incline and the light kind being caught in a sieve-work net. Finally, the rice is measured out into bags holding from twelve to twenty-two gallons of grain.

CHINESE CHILDREN.

There are many curious ceremonies and observances connected with a child's early years, which it would be impossible to describe in detail. The following are the most noteworthy as regards boys:

When the baby is a month old its head is shaved for the first time, and on this occasion a thank-offering is made to a certain goddess. When the child is one month a family feast takes place, and the maternal grandmother is expected to make handsome presents, including a species of chair for the baby to use, all the while they share more thank-offerings, more feasts, and more presents, still later on there is the quaint ceremony of "passing through the door."

These and multitudinous other forms have constantly to be observed until the child "goes out of childhood," an event which takes place usually, though not necessarily, at the age of fifteen, a period when the child becomes an adult, and is expected to put away childish things. But although some become men at this early age, they are by no means considered fully developed authority, for unless they happen to be in the services of the state, when the Emperor takes the place of their parents, they are bound to yield implicit obedience to their fathers as long as they live. The same rule, of course, will be understood to apply with even greater force in the daughters. This is the strict theory of Chinese customs, but the practice of every-day life is necessarily not quite consistent with it.

In cases of extremely unfilial behavior it sometimes, though not often, happens that parents cite their children before the magistrates and get them punished. Cases of parricide and matricide are treated in a very strange manner among the Chinese, for the murderers are not only beheaded, but cut up into little pieces; their houses are pulled down and the foundations dug up; punishment is even inflicted on their neighbors, and the very officials are degraded on account of such horrible crimes having happened within their jurisdiction.

In reference to some of the matters of which we have just been speaking, it will not be without interest to notice what is laid down in regard to the various stages of a man's life in the Book of Rites, a work which is held in the highest esteem by the Chinese. From birth till ten years old, it is said, man is called a child, and then begins to learn; till twenty he is called a youth, and is then capped; to thirty, he is in his manhood, and may marry; at forty, he is full of strength, and may enter the magistracy; at fifty, he becomes gray, and may serve in the high offices of state; at sixty, he becomes advanced in years, and may direct affairs; at seventy, he becomes an old man, and may retire from the cares of public life; at eighty and ninety, he becomes infirm and forgetful. Till seven the child is an object of compassion, and both he and the man at seventy and eighty are not liable to punishment when guilty of crimes. When a man reaches a hundred then he must be fed.

"THE LAND OF MECHANICS."

A variety of expedients are being adopted abroad to meet the growing competition from what Mr. Kraj-ski, the Russian engineer, calls "the land of mechanics." The sensible idea has occurred to one manufacturer, the proprietor of large plate-glass works at Roly Moly, in Belgium, to transfer his capital and business bodily to the United States. He made one trip around the country last summer, came over here to see the exhibition, looking for a suitable place to locate, and he is coming over here again in April on the same mission. He has been invited to bring his million of capital to Evansville, Ind. It is plain from the falling off in the importation of glass, and the fact that this commodity can now be made cheaper here than in Europe, that Mr. Gibert's plan is simply a measure of self-preservation. It is his only means of retaining his business. It may be said, however, that his action seems desirable from other points of view. Glass is only one of a number of staple commodities which the United States does not produce in sufficient quantity for its own markets, but for the development of the manufacture of which the capital is lacking. One great need of the country now is active capital, and this can be poured into the United States from Europe for a great many years before the demands of the industries of the country are at all satisfied, or before the investments of it in mills and factories cease to be highly desirable.

A PARADISE FOR TRAMPS.

A traveler who is making his notes during his recent travels after the Durbar, speaks thus of Imperial cookery in India: "A jungle-bird can easily be distinguished after the first six months, by his superior bodily condition. On his head may be seen either a kinkhab or embroidered cap, or one of white fish flowered muslin, enriched with a border of gold or silver lace. Give de Naples is coming into the fashion, but slowly.

"On his back he wears a coat (if he chooses to carry it out of prison), which is renewed annually; and he has in his hands a handsome set of brass plates and dishes, or a curiously carved hookah bottom, if on good terms with the ruling powers. See him at work; the burkundaze is smoking his chillum, while he and his friends are sound asleep, *sub tegmine fagi*.

"All of a sudden there is an alarm—the judge is coming! Up they all start, and work like devils for ten or fifteen seconds, and then again to their repose. This is working in chains on the roads. In fact, after a man is once used to the comforts of an Indian prison, there is no keeping him out."

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

After long use sponges are liable to smell very badly unless carefully cleaned every day. By rubbing a fresh lemon thoroughly into the sponge and then rinsing it several times in lukewarm water it will become as sweet as when new.

Game of all kinds, birds, rabbit, or deer, can be kept sweet a long time by putting finely pulverized charcoal in a jelly muslin bag and placing it inside the game. Change the charcoal every day. It is excellent to keep any meat, fish or fowl, pure and sweet. Wash clean before cooking.

Savory Beef.—Take a slice of *beef* from the hind quarter, saw it into four pieces, put it in a pot, and boil it until the meat and gristle drop from the bone; chop the meat very fine, put it in a dish, and season it with a little salt, pepper, cloves, and mace, and taste; pour in the liquor in which the meat was boiled, and place it away to harden; cut in slices and serve cold.

To select good flour, wet and knead a little. If it is soft and clammy it is bad; if it feels dry in the fingers and works elastic and springy, it is hopeful. Spring wheat flour is said to be stiffer and gluey. If, while being made it has also a slight straw color, it is considered to be good. If it is a cloud white, with finish shade, or has a bluish cast to it, look buy it. Hold some of it tight in the hand, and then throw it against the wall and if it sticks to a lump it is likely to be good; if it falls at once it is poor, or has some of it. If it retains the shape of the fingers when clasped lightly in the hand it may be trusted.

Hints.—Two pounds of salted flour, a lump of lard about the size of an egg, one or two large or butter, stir into the flour the same as in making pastry. Warm a pint of milk, blood-warm water, or milk and water to mix, add a little salt, half a tea-cupful of yeast, and a tablespoonful of sugar. Mix in the evening as for bread, and let rise. In the morning knead, roll out, cut with a tin, shape them, and let them rise two or fifteen minutes after putting them in the pans, and bake. Fifteen minutes will suffice if the oven is sufficiently heated. Any kind may be made in the same way with a proportionally smaller quantity of lard and butter. Can be made in the morning and baked for tea.

Roast Veal.—Make a dressing of bread crumbs, chopped thyme, and parsley, a little pepper and salt and one egg and a little butter. Lay the meaten with a little hot water. Take a piece of veal, make an incision in the fat and fill it with stuffing, secure it with small skewers and dredge the veal with a little flour slightly salted. Baste it frequently with melted butter, at first with a little salt and water, and afterwards with the drippings in the pan. When done, skim the gravy and thicken with a little flour, and pour it over the meat. Breads and stuffings are nice cooked in the same manner, ask your butcher to make incisions for the stuffing. Serve roast veal with tomato sauce.

Stains from acids can usually be removed with white soap, table linen or cotton, by washing in warm chlorine water, and frequently nothing more is needed than soaking, and rinsing in pure, soft cold water. Heat was as usual and boil out. Ammonia and water, diluted in proportion to the delicacy of the goods, will erase acid stains, orange or lemon juice, vinegar, etc., from colored goods and silks. Wet the spots, not the whole garment. When the spots disappear, sponge off with alcohol, and then with a little clear water. Do not rub but only put the spot with a cloth or sponge wet in the mixture. Rubbing colored silks or woolens leaves a whitish spot quite as unseemly as the original.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821 FOUNDED AD 1877

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
With Premiums.

For $2.50, the Post one year and Mounted Chromo, "De Soto and the Discovery of the Mississippi."

For $2.25, the Post one year and Unmounted Chromo.

For $1.50, the Post 6 months and Mounted Chromo.

For $1.25, the Post six months and Unmounted Chromo.

Without Premiums.

For $2.00, the Post for One Year.

For $1.00, the Post Six Months.

CLUB RATES.

Four Copies, one year, $7.00.

Six Copies, one year, $10.00.

Ten Copies, one year, $15.00.

Twenty Copies, one year, $26.00.

An extra copy free to any one getting up a club of ten or more.

Subscriptions can begin or additions be made to clubs at any time.

In all the above cases, postage will be paid by the publishers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING
Payable in Advance.

Fifty cents per line of space, Agate measurement, for each insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES, 75 cents per line.

READING NOTICES, $1.00 per line.

Address all orders and make all drafts payable to BENNETT & FITCH, 726 SANSOM STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Saturday Evening, April 7, 1877.

SUCCESS AND SUICIDE.

The road from prosperity to suicide is more direct than would be supposed by a superficial observer. The occurrences of a few years past throw much ghastly light along the way over which men have rushed to ruin.

It can scarcely have escaped the notice of any newspaper reader that the prevalence of self-destruction has alarmingly increased, and that a large proportion of the unhappy victims have been led or driven thereto by reverses of fortune. Very few of the sufferers were of the class who had always been poor, or in moderate circumstances.

Is it true then that as part of the price of obtaining great wealth, one must accept the risk of self murder? It certainly does appear so, and not without much reason therefor. To secure large possessions a man must give himself wholly to the work. One who has himself succeeded, and who has occupied a position specially favorable for observation, at the head of a metropolitan journal, declares that to be rich one must work sixteen hours a day for twenty years. Right here is seen the first item in the risk. Not one man in a hundred can stand such a strain; he will be broken in health by it, and most likely will be subject to brain disorder, very frequently resulting in suicide, even if no reverse of fortune is experienced.

There is another fearful element of danger. When the whole soul is possessed by any object, its loss is proportionally disastrous. If the pursuit of money is allowed to engross the thoughts, swallow up the affections and invenate itself with the whole life, what must happen when disaster sweeps away that which for years has been thus a part of the man himself? Just what happens to the arch when the keystone is removed, or to the tree when its roots are severed. It is the history of thousands.

With these facts known, it is easy to see why there should be such an alarming increase of ruin in this form, especially in this country. Nowhere else have there been such temptations and such opportunities for rapid acquisition, and never has the hold upon wealth been more uncertain. Those money-giving institutions which to-day are the dazzling successes, and seem solid as the hills, to-morrow are smitten as with a resistless flood and are swept away with their ruined victims clinging to their fragments. The more powerful the boiler and the more massive the machinery, the more fearful the explosion and widespread the wreck. Great risk and great gain are ever shadowed by great ruin.

Let those who love life ponder.

THE ART OF READING

The art of reading is seldom taught, and as a consequence the majority of people do not know how to read.

This statement is purposely made strong, but it is not exaggerated.

Plenty of people know what to call the words of a book or paper; the majority of Americans can do this, but reading is something more than telling the names of words. This is only the beginning of the art. Unfortunately many, if not the majority of teachers, have been satisfied to merely instruct their pupils how to call off the words glibly, and their shortcoming in this direction has left a most serious obstruction in the path of the learner's future progress.

What is the object to be attained by reading? Clearly and undoubtedly it is to gain ideas by reception of the thought of the author, and by stimulation of one's own thinking powers, leading him to reflect and originate. All beyond this, as the art of delivery so as to convey to others the sense of the writer, is secondary. Very few comparatively have occasion to read aloud; although it is to be desired that more were competent for the work, and that it was more generally practised, especially in the home circle.

From the very beginning the child should be taught how to make the thought expressed in the book his own, and so distinctly that he can reproduce it in his own language. No line or word should be left until it is thus mastered. The work may be slow at first, but each step will be sure, and the habit will be induced of exercising the mind as well as the eye and the mouth. The pupil will learn to love to read, for the young mind delights in gaining information, and when this taste is acquired and grown strong, it will be difficult to keep him from reading and learning. It will not be needful to tempt him with the hot spiced trash of the day to induce him to read. He will delight to feed his mind on more solid nutriment. A child who is thus taught to read is already half educated. He not only possesses the key to the magazines of knowledge, but he has learned how to use it, and to take delight in opening the treasures within his reach.

As things are, so few really know how to gather thought by reading, or in other words know how to read, that the well-informed, and those eager to become so, are almost everywhere greatly in the minority. To cater for the average reader, it is necessary to appeal to the lowest forms of thought, and pander to love of gossip, and viler passions.

Reform in this direction is begun, but there is yet great work to be done before men will learn the inestimable value of books. Let every teacher and parent aid the work by beginning at the foundation.

ABOUT GHOSTS.

There is something in ghosts.

It is not possible yet to say *what* is in them.

Investigators have not yet succeeded in getting a real good, genuine specimen. Or if they have here and there caught one, they could not keep it long enough to give it such an inspection and analysis as to pronounce certainly what was in it.

Philosophers, doctors and knowledge seekers of various degrees besides L. L. D's and M. D's have determined very accurately what there is in most living creatures. By consulting the proper records one can ascertain how much water, fibrin, gelatin, hydrogen, nitrogen, phosphate, iron, etc., etc., ordinary or extraordinary men contain.

Not so with ghosts. Although almost everybody believes there is something in them, none have, so far as we know, been weighed, measured, or analyzed.

People profess to have been electrified by them, but none can say whether they impart positive or negative electricity.

The spectroscope would seem to be a most proper instrument for learning something of their nature, but so far they have kept out of range of its powers. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that Tyndall may yet bring one down with one of his fine instruments; he doubtless will if he can get the range of the creature.

Professor Pepper, we know, claims to have domesticated a large number of them and trained and given public exhibitions of them. But they are only manufactured copies, from whom one can learn no more about the originals than he could learn of physiology by inspecting Madame Tussaud's wax works.

To be sure plenty of people claim to have seen, heard and handled "materialized" ghosts. But this will not help us. People knew all about water long before they could give any account of the hydrogen gas which it contains. A materialized ghost, as everybody knows, owes its appearance to the "medium" with which it is connected. So to speak, it is the *medimnate* of ghost; just as water is an oxide of hydrogen.

Perhaps, however, right here is the point at which successful search for the real nature of the genuine article should commence. Grant that the *medimnate* of ghost is made up partly of the medium, all you have to do is to extract the medium part, and you have the ghost part left. This, however, is not without its difficulties, the first of which is to get a good hold of the *medimnate*. So far as we have heard, when a promising specimen has been captured, it turned out to be some other compound; not a true *medimnate* at all, and the investigation has been fruitless.

Perhaps a little light may also be let in on this dark subject by the singular experiences which a few favored persons have related. They say that they have at times gone out of themselves. To be sure they could not positively state whether they were asleep or awake, and some skeptics have sneeringly called the occurrence a mere dream. But that does not matter. Whether a man does really go out of himself, either asleep or awake, is the point at issue. It may turn out that the ghost part which goes out, is awake, while the other part is asleep. This is half way between the theories of waking and dreaming, and so is quite likely to be near the truth.

Now we have seen people in a state that seemed exactly to represent such an experience, that is to a certain degree. They had partly left themselves, and the part which remained in many cases did not amount to half a man. Some have gone off in a "tantrum," others on a "tare," others in a "brown study," etc., etc. So that, perhaps, by following up this line of inquiry, and getting the facts of their case from those who have succeeded in really getting outside of themselves, we may come upon the real solid facts of ghostly existence, that is if there be anything solid about them. For the present the subject is left for the consideration of the curious in such matters, who will doubtless be thankful for these shadowy hints.

"I VOTE with the' nose," exclaimed an excited individual at a school meeting. Now he had a wonderfully large proboscis, and it was rather cruel for a wag to answer, "That nose certainly makes a majority."

"RATHER a backward Spring." This while a snow and wind storm was howling over Philadelphia, (March 27.) "Yes," it seems to have sprung back into January," was the cool reply.

LOVE.

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

Had I the earth at my command,
And had not thy dear love,
I'd count as nothing all its land,
For what is all to love?

Had I the power of a world,
As it moves through vast space,
My strength would be firm and old,
Without thy lovely face!

What price or power—might supreme,
Compares to all I see,
In thy sweet eyes to which our dream
Of love looks out its joy!

Thou art for me, and I for thee,
No greater bliss need,
To die would be but ecstacy,
If both were lying dead!

THE TWO JEWELS

I FOUND IN ARIZONA.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

I was out in Arizona—wild, picturesque, beautiful Arizona.

The tide of emigration ever flowing westward had taken me on in its current; and by a speedy transportation I found myself three thousand miles from home, in this sparsely populated, mountainous Territory, without a single friend to whom I could appeal in any emergency.

I had been left an orphan with plenty of patrician blood in my veins, a modicum of brains, my creation, an insatiable thirst for travel, and an alarming scarcity of dollars in my pocket.

I had been to Australia.

This was the secret of the bad luck from which so much good luck came.

The world on this side the water fancied me as skillful a miner as ever explored the depths of Nevada or Idaho Hourie. When, at twenty-six years of age, I came back to America, not materially better off than when I started, half around the globe. Hot, my brother adventurers, in search of a living, let me throw out a hint: there is a great deal in a still tongue and a wise look, if you have a thick skull console yourself, it is not requirement.

Messrs. Plunkett & Diver had jewels, gold and silver, and, indeed, everything of any value that could be wrung from the bosom of their mother-earth, on the brain.

Messrs. Plunkett & Diver were in St. Louis.

I had landed in New York but a week before, when a letter reached me from the said firm, requesting me to accept an agency and start at once for the field of operations, already indicated.

Plunkett and Diver had purchased about a square mile of land; if anything made up of such irregular cones, ravines and angles, could convey the idea of a square—and had already been mining for gold and precious stones.

The "bosses" employed previously had proved themselves unskillful and untrustworthy, and hence my offer to Eugene Hagan, your humble servant.

In Australia I had dug for gold and found it; but it was disagreeably like ben's teeth.

I was astonished to find what celat that voyage, two-thirds around the world, had given me; and my readers will judge me as lightly as possible, for my candor in saying that I was disposed to make the most of it. No young man—especially a remarkably good-looking fellow, with plenty of pluck—enjoys confessing himself skin—about to the animal that brays so musically, when persons are amiably disposed to attribute an unusual degree of sagacity to him.

That was just how it stood with me.

When I reached Arizona I found that many blunders had been made by the operators. They had burrowed hundreds of feet into hard, unpromising rocks, and they left nuggets of gold in an arms' reach of the surface.

I took control of the entire effects. Issued my orders to some forty ill-conditioned, cut-throat looking fellows, who constituted the laboring force, and soon made such satisfactory returns that my employers were delighted with me.

The few natives we had any pretentions to cultivation, hung wonderingly about me. They supposed me the greatest geologist living, and imagined I had a technical name for every sub-stratum of earth; that would have caused the Hipporhinopthleymatobleonwalastalagmus, the new horse disease, to blush itself to death, from a lack of syllables; so I strung together innumerable guttorals, with sound and fury signifying nothing, and got up a reputation that might have made the name of Eugene Hagan immortal, for better or worse (?) country.

I had been in Arizona about six months, when my fortune was made and lost and won again in a rather novel manner—even for a lawless country.

I had purchased an interest in the original mines, and had realized quite a snug little sum of money, when I was drawn into a sort of speculation, in the following manner:

Martin Cade, the foreman of the works, had been an invaluable power behind the throne. He had traveled a good deal himself; had been a miner all his life, had nearly doubled my years, and if he lacked something of my rashness, that had fortunately saved my outlays with an idea of invincible bravery on my part, his experience was of such inestimable value to me that I am quite sure the accompanying wages, if he would have written it out, would have been the sagacity to profit by his suggestions.

He was a clever fellow, too, and understood how to dissemble perfectly well. When he knew me to be radically wrong in the basis of my operations, his hints were thrown out in so modest a manner as never to assume the character of advice, and hence my conceit was spared the mortification that it, perhaps, deserved, and must unavoidably have incurred, but for his discretion.

I think I am not too bold an ass be must often have considered me.

We had been at work about six months, I think; and Plunkett & Diver had amassed untold treasures through my exertions; when Martin Cade gave me another piece of his mind, in the following manner.

The reader will please imagine us each seated on the third extremities of a rough pine log, just outside the door of our rudely constructed hut; he, with a wooden pipe of his own manufacture thrust between his lips, and I showing my superior condition, as I imagined, by the costly meerschaum with which I toyed:

"You have showed yourself an honest man," said Martin, between the whiffs of smoke that he sent curling up in the clear, frosty atmosphere, "in laboring with sincereness of purpose to make a fortune for your employers; why don't you try the next best thing now and make one for yourself?"

"Because," I answered, with a lazy smile, that I intended should be quite patron zing, "fate has set her foot down on that, in a way that is not to be mistaken. I was born, I think, for proud, but poor, gentility. There was gold enough found, while I was in Australia, to enrich a whole country like this; and yet, whenever I went in on my own spec, nothing was to be had. I lack the material to begin on, friend Martin. When you have that, the rest is easy enough. Never was truer proverb than the French, *'C'est le premier pas qui coute;'* or to express myself for your comprehension, 'it is the first step which costs.'"

"Thank you," answered Cade, dryly; "though you might have spared yourself the trouble of translating, as I knocked around in France for about six years, when I first began to vagabondize. Your are right. it is *le premier pas qui coute.*' Upward, downward and towards every point of the compass. I want you to take that first step now, my young friend,—if you will permit me to call you so,—and as it will be in the right direction I think you will succeed."

"Pray, enlighten me as to the *modus operandi*," I returned, with a yawn, "and I assure you I shall labor as Hercules never did. I can spend money as well as the next one, and I love it—for the purpose of spending it, rather better than the majority of people. So, proceed. I am all attention."

"Well, then," said Cade, "to talk English, which is more rational: I can't come to the point at once, why don't you buy an interest in the 'Carson Flats,' ten miles above here?"

"Or in the rocks of Aden or Gibralter," I answered, with a laugh. "I might turn more richer, and realize something more among the latter fastnesses, I imagine."

"Look here, Mr. Hagan," said Martin, rising up with energy before me, and knocking the bowl of his pipe, from which he had emptied the fire, in the palm of his hand, "you believe me to be a man of some plain, common sense, don't you, as far as you have condescended to observe me?"

"Yes."

"And of some little experience added to that?"

"Yes," I answered again, as laconically as before, for I had begun to think he was about to make some heavy exactions for the services he had rendered me.

"Then take the advice of one who is an old fool, in every other respect. Get fortune enough to give you position enough among the puppets of fashionable society, and go back to them. I am deeply serious; you are far too fine a gentleman for a life like this."

"Do you mean to ridicule me, sir?" I said, half rising, with an angry flush upon my face. "I ought to have remembered another old adage, about the contempt which arises from an undue familiarity."

"If you'll go back over our past relations, boss, I don't think you can fairly accuse me of having presumed upon your distinguished consideration," he replied, with a quizzical smile; "I only meant to tell you that there was a fortune within your grasp, and that if you did not put out your hand to take it, I would."

"That is the sublimated unselfishness we read of in novels, but don't often meet in real life," I answered still coldly. "If I am not mistaken, you have something more to say."

"Not if it bores you to hear it."

"You talk well, Cade. Go on."

"Then, Eugene Hagan,—we speak as man to man now—there are gold and precious stones enough along that Carson ridge to make you the peer of an Astor or Rothschild, or a Stewart. My old never-do-well companion, Caspar Aymes, had money enough a year ago, to buy four acres of land at the base of that ledge of mountains, stretching across yonder, and the land soon has not greater treasures in its lazy bed."

"And what has your rather Philosophic acquaintance to do with me?" I asked wonderingly.

"This, oh, King!" he answered, with all the gravity in the world, as he took out his pocket-book—a greazed and time-honored piece of leather and morocco, that had once been red—and, fetching up a good-sized pebble as I thought from its depths, placed it in my hand. "In passing over Caspar Aymes' bit of ground, three weeks ago, I stumbled upon that pretty thing, that might bring a smile to the lips of an empress, lying out in the broad sunlight."

"Good heavens," I cried eagerly, as I held it up, and a thousand rays of light flashed back upon me. "Are you a wizard? This is a diamond of singular magnitude and brilliancy. Your fortune is made, my man."

"Aye, but I lose it again in an hour, thank heaven!" replied the remarkable man with a fervor that would have caused anyone else to suppose him insane. "Do you think I care for baubles like that at my time of life? No, they could be but a snare and an annoyance to me here, and I shall never go back where the refinements of civilization would render them a desirable possession. I am about to start that, through the Goldfield Company, to my nieces in New York—two flaxen-haired young dolls that were heartily ashamed of their rough uncle when he met them in the West Indies, on their way from school in Paris, three years ago. I hear that they have lost some of their money lately; and, as this diamond is worth at the lowest estimate fifty thousand, it will furnish them respectably in ready cash until some fellow undertakes the job, with the other responsibilities of a husband."

"And you—" I ventured, in amazement.

"Will go on here, Mr. Hagan, eating and drinking, and wearing buffalo hides to the end. Leave those to shine with the diamond studs to those who can enjoy them. I have been along there. The follies of the polite world would render life insupportable to me now. Looking at nature in the rough, I am content to bide my time. I am a sort of Diogenes, and my fellow-mortals are Alexanders, between me and the sunlight."

"But—" I said, with a smile, though I think if I had been a woman I should have brushed a tear from my eye. "If the ends of justice were not annoyed thereby, and not a part at least of the diamond you hold belong to your friend Aymes?"

"Not according to my notions," said Cade, lifting his blue eyes to my face. "I lent Aymes the money to buy the land, as he has a wife and children somewhere, and I sacrificed a thousand in ready cash to set him up, but I do not feel bound religiously to his idols—a black bottle and fifty-two pieces of pasteboard, so as the time of payment has expired, and he has not advanced the first farthing, I shall whip him altogether, and sell out to some one else, or I shall give him a "boss" who has an interest in investigating matters there."

"I think I begin to see as through a glass darkly," I said, rising and shaking him by the hand. "You propose to make me that 'boss'?"

"Yes."

"But Cade," I said, "why don't you try it yourself. You have relations you say who would be glad to inherit a fortune from you if you are never to have a family of your own."

"*For God's sake spare me!*"

"I looked at him and his usually placid countenance seemed convulsed with pain.

"Forgive me!" I said earnestly, though for my life I could not understand how I had wounded him.

"I have nothing to forgive, Mr. Hagan. You thought me invulnerable, I dare say, but there are poisoned arrows that still wrankle beneath my mantle. You will believe me, I know—for I am sure you rely on my truthfulness—when I tell you that Fate could inflict no greater curse on me than to force me to accept a great fortune. Do you know what money does for you?"

"No," I answered. "I have never had enough of it to test its power and hence can not speak from experience. But there is no end to speculation as to what it *might* do."

"This is what it will do," said Cade, with fierce and sudden energy. "It will poison every hour of your existence and bring spasms of agony to the feelings, worse than strychnine ever did to the body. It will change your intimate relatives and friends to fiends, even, secretly loathing, and praying for your death. All mad to shovel the earth over you, that they may riot in the living which had been earned in toil and in craziness of spirit by you. No, no, let it be to their interest—their selfish interest to keep the breath in your body, let them feel that they have only to expect succor from the success of your speculations from year to year, and that your death will be loss to them in the material sense of the word, and you will not have so much cause to regret a stout constitution that will not accommodate your expectant heirs with a speedy demise."

I saw that I had raised a ghost for him in some unknown manner; for his cynicism was so much a part of him that it would have been the veriest supererogation to attempt to argue with him, so I wheeled about to the leading topic in hand: not a bad proof of the selfish theory he had advanced.

"Then what is the part you propose for me in the settlement of the Cade-Aymes difficulty?" I asked.

"To buy the land—and make a fortune for yourself; or by the Lord Harry, my secured luck will force me to do it for myself," said Martin with a burst of energy rather extraordinary for one of his usually unruffled temperament.

"You have saved something, Mr. Hagan, from the liberal salary allowed you by Messrs. Plunkett & Diver, you can take the bit of ground called Carson's Flats; and I will do all I can to help you. You will make a fortune that the world shall hear of, and then you can return to the Order of Carpet Knighthood, and leave mining to the like of me."

"But I have only two thousand dollars in the world," I said with a pang.

"That's about the amount I gave for it," replied Martin, resuming his pipe, "and you may have it for fifteen hundred. If you don't want to give up your engagement with Plunkett & Diver, you can employ an agent there—me for example."

"But," I hesitated, "suppose I lose by it?" And I should not like to do that."

"I'll guarantee that you shall do nothing of the kind," he replied in a low tone. "You may pay me out of the clear profits of the concern."

"Suppose there are none?"

"Then you need never pay me at all."

"The man of Arabian Nights celebrity who went about the world in search of an unlucky, poor mortal might have put out his lantern when he found you," I said with a laugh. "The resources of the place were comparatively untried by Aymes?"

"Almost entirely so."

"And you think there is money there?"

"I know it."

"The sublimest of all philosophers," I replied, "why is it that you have not made explorations yourself."

"I am afraid," he whispered. "Young boss, believe me, I do not want money. My prayer is truly that of the Psalmist: 'Give me neither poverty nor riches.'"

"That is well for a man who has a diamond of fifty thousand dollars value in his hand," I returned, still a little incredulously.

"I tell you this is no longer mine," he answered with a frown. "I shall start from here ere noon. Now, Mr. Hagan, in spite of your conceits and follies I like you, and I think that the stuff that you are made of is rather too nice for these parts. I had rather see all those hills off there ribbed with rock than with gold if they belonged to me."

"And you are determined to sell the land on which you have picked up a jewel of such value?" I still asked.

"Determined!" was the emphatic response.

"Then," said I, rising once more and clasping his hand. "Relying on your judgment I will at once become master of Carson's Flats; but it must be on condition that you allow me to hand you the purchase money when you give me the deed. I could never consent to the all-gain-nothing-risk arrangement that you proposed. It would be a meanness."

"As you will, then, Mr. Hagan," he answered. "I begin to see you a fashionable swell in the gay world already, and right royally do I think you will play your part."

This was the beginning of my rise in life.

The legal forms were easily gone through and I became master of Carson Flats.

I had begun to fancy that there was a secret tone in Cade's cranial machinery somewhere, and that it would all turn out a sort of Quixotism, in spite of the big diamond he had picked up.

Cade was to share the expenses of the mining, and I had begun to think I would be entirely satisfied if I could draw out of the concern at any time I wished, without absolute loss.

So you will see I had but a few hopes of realizing a fortune when I took my first ride to view my possessions. Cade bore me company. I felt considerable pride even when I found myself "monarch of all I surveyed"—I mean, of course, the surveying with the square and compass, for my visual range was somewhat further than the barren-looking spot of four acres, that had been measured out as my portion of real estate in the world.

The hazy spell had set in and our operations had been suspended down at the Plunkett mines in consequence, but the water had run off the level surface here, and there was nothing to prevent us from using the picks we had with us.

We had been wandering over the hills for six hours, digging here and there, until hope and my breath had nearly left me, when, as we threw up the earth on the left bank of a little ravine, Cade collected a handful of mud, threw it into a bucket of water and washed and poured off, and dipped up fresh water, until I would never have imagined one particle of the original element to be left.

When he had repeated these operations to his entire satisfaction, he drained the bucket once more and I saw half a dozen small pebbles and about half a thimbleful of some shiny substance left at the bottom. Taking the pebbles carefully out he poured some quicksilver into the basin, and in another moment placed in my hands a solid piece of gold about half as big as a black-eyed pea.

"That much gold for that much mud will do very well," he said, and so I thought. But in the course of the next few days the supply of mud grew largely on the increase, and the gold in inverse proportion.

At the end of the third day our eyes sparkled over a nugget of gold for which I was offered a thousand dollars in less than an hour.

I determined to resign my commission under Plunkett & Diver, and sink or swim by my venture.

I employed a few trustworthy hands and went back and forth until I could hear from my employers. Martin had announced his intention from the beginning of remaining with the old firm, but had agreed to take charge of my men until such time as I could supervise them in person.

At the end of another month I left the old place for better or for worse and went over to Carson Flats. And it was but a short time before I had decided in my own mind that it was emphatically for the worse.

There was a scarcity of everything but rain. There was neither sunrise nor sunset for us, for the mountains were a second Alps on all sides of us, and their wild desolation was terrible to behold.

So, my friends, you will not realize half the truth in imagining me shut in the "Heaven's great hollows." With only nature in her primeval rudeness and barrenness; with the scantiest of rough fare—unless I except the game which we sometimes shot down—cooked by my own hands and half a dozen outlaws as ignorant and uncultivated as it is possible to conceive people in a civilized country to be.

No one will wonder then that I grew restless and moody and despairing, by turns; and that I began to ask myself seriously if it were worth those best years of my life, though all the jewels of Golconda should open at my feet, when the warm blood of youth which alone gives genuine enjoyment to the pleasures of earth should have subsided. One evening when such reflections as these were overwhelming me with rather crushing force, I dropped my spade in sheer disgust at my weariness, and plunged recklessly into the adjoining ravine with the determination of overcoming the weariness of the mind with that of the body; or, perhaps, with an indescribable longing for adventure, such as Carson himself had met and triumphed over when the tracks of civilization first began to obliterate those of the bear or of aboriginal savage.

I don't know how long I had been scrambling about the conical spur of these Cis Atlantic Bernese Alps, when a table-rock that seemed a platform to a solid granite stairway up a second spur—as it seemed but a couple of feet beyond me—attracted my attention, from their singular mechanical regularity, and caused my desire to extend the field of my explorations still further.

Recklessly regardless of consequences I plunged down the slope, and after some detriment to my clothing, as I thought, some risk to my neck, I found myself on a level with the abutment to which I have alluded, and which proved to be much farther from me than I had thought.

A dextrous leap—of which I might have been something nervous in a calmer moment—landed me safely on the moss-covered surface, from which a slip of the foot might have plunged me into the abyss where certain death would have awaited me on the rocks below, and I again began a toilsome and for some time a rather monotonous ascent.

I had been singularly unmindful of the time thus consumed, when suddenly the sun broke forth from behind a cloud and lit up the extreme summits of a distant mountain range with a splendor of beauty that I can never recall without a quickening of every pulse of my being. A mantle of crimson and purple and gold fell from their rugged tops, and as by magic, transformed them into a royal couch fit for the repose of the king of day.

I stood gazing afar, with emotions of rapt adoration, until the deepening tints upon the mountain warned me that night and darkness were rapidly approaching, when I came down to the disagreeable, unreal part of my situation, and began to look around me, indeed wondering where and how I should pass the night.

Reflecting upon the toils and tortureousness of the route by which I had come, I knew that it would be fraught with greater dangers than I would willingly have incurred with a long day before me and my strength unbroken, but with the night coming on and my total lack of observation on the direction I had taken, it was a simple impossibility. I was in a wilderness to keep off ravenous wild beasts, and the starry heavens for a canopy," I muttered with a slight expletive that I shall not introduce here. But wilderness and starry heavens, however romantic they may be with certain adjuncts, are by no means desirable when a fellow has the solitude of Robinson Crusoe about him; and hence my anxiety to find, if possible, some human companionship for the next twelve hours, until I might have some hope of finding my way back to my companions again.

With this object in view I looked narrowly about me and started with an exclamation of delight at finding a narrow path, with visible human footprints, making a detour around a little ravine in front of me.

I turned into it at once without a moment's consideration as to where it might lead me, and prance on with a spring that Mark Tapley would have considered highly creditable, until the shadows of the night fell fast and heavy around me, and I could no longer trace the uncertain indices of human invasion about me.

I think I was about to give up in despair, when the sweetest sound—as I then thought—that I had ever heard fell on my strained hearing.

It was the barking of a dog.

I looked about me once more with renewed hope and shook that made the welkin ring and listened, but there was no response.

"As well the den of the marauder as the hug of the bear," I muttered, and I pushed on in the direction from which I fancied the sound had proceeded.

Fate had directed me, as I soon saw, for the renewed barking of the dog came nearer and nearer, and finally as I turned a rude escarpment of the mountain a light flashed upon me.

It was gone in a moment with the closing of a door, but just before me under the shadow of huge boulders of rock, that might, at any time have fallen and crushed it into ruins, stood a rude cabin, as rude indeed as such buildings here necessarily were, but, even as I discovered at a first glance, surrounded with something of the appliances of eastern comfort that had not gladdened my heart in many a weary day.

Across the barred windows, suspended curtains shut in the light, but a slanting ray here and there convinced me that the house was inhabited.

"Some outlaws who would refuse me admission if they knew the state of my finances beforehand," I muttered. "But as I have my arms about me, I shall keep my eyes and ears open and enter."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EXERTION and enjoyment are the two appointed conditions of mortal existence. Either, without the other, is dead, and alone. All work and no play is mere misery. All play and no work is also miserable, with the great aggravation of being confined to ourselves.

A TURNED-DOWN PAGE.

There's a turned-down page, as some writer says,
In every human life—
A hidden story of happier days
Of peace amid the strife.

A folded leaf that the world does not—
A love-dream rudely crushed;
The sight of a foe that is not forgot,
A lithe' the voices be hushed.

The far-distant sounds of a harp's soft strings,
An echo on the air;
The hidden page may be full of such things,
Of things that once were fair.

There is a hidden page in each life, and mine
A story might unfold
But the sad wail and of the dream divine—
It better rests untold.

THE BELL OF ST. HILAIRE.

A LEGEND FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDRE PREDAGREL.

Translated by C. Grimbell.

"Ding! dong! Ding! dong!"

Do you hear these alluring sounds, those joyous, heart-soothing vibrations?

To all, old and young, rich and poor, this bell of St. Hilaire speaks in mellow yet sonorous tones at early morning and quiet evening, and in a voice that never falters, says:

"Courage! patience and faith! Hope always, good people, and love one another. Listen to me and believe! The only real treasures in this world are Love and Hope!"

St. Hilaire is indeed a happy village. A calm repose seems naturally to rest upon it.

All faces there look smiling and happy, because in this tiny corner of the big world each one knows how to limit his desires, (ah, wonderful science!) and no one dreams of going beyond the modest estate of his neighbor.

On Sunday morning, when the bell calls the peasants to their prayer, the little church is quickly filled. Within its modest walls you might seek in vain to find elaborately sculptured marbles or richly carven works of art, but instead, there are to be seen green clustering garlands with wreaths of spotless immortelles adorning the walls, while lovely flowers beautify the sacred altar.

The gardens in St. Hilaire are redolent with blended perfumes and jubilant with sweet bird-voices. Here one may see the first laden currant branches leaning familiarly against the fragrant, less burdened rose bush. The lettuce, the sage and parsley live in friendly proximity to the spicy pink and modest mignonette. Honeysuckle and clematis vines with the glycena twine loving arms about the trees, or drape the rustic trellisis; the ivy attaches itself with careless grace to the gray old walls as though wishing to clothe them in a mantle of living green, while fragrant wall-flowers cluster at its base.

On summer days you can see the busy, noisy bee flying and buzzing from corolla to corolla, while the idle blue-fly takes a sip of dewy nectar from the fresh cup of an eglantine.

You can admire the gay butterflies, with their velvet wings, brilliantly embroidered with gold and azure, rivalled by no other creature in grace and in constancy! Fruit trees starred with blossoms snowy-white or rosy-red brighten the landscape; waiting for glowing August and ripe September to crown them with golden, luscious fruits.

At St. Hilaire (happy village!) hearts are frank and true, hands are ever more ready to give than to receive. Children are rich in health, and their mothers without exception faithful and tender.

"Ding! dong! Ding! dong!"

Behold the fresh morning! See the glorious sun! Good morning, my friend sun! Thou art he who heals and comforts us; thou art welcome indeed! To greet thy coming the bell gives out her clearest, most caressing tones at early morning! The heavens above bend over us unflecked by the smallest cloud, and blue as the periwinkle of the woods. A frolicsome breeze passes the acrias in the grass square, scattering softly their odorous snow here and there; while a band of saucy sparrows and finches settle among the leaves, chattering and warbling a tumultuous chorus of delight over the joyous new day which has dawned. The swallows, sacred tenants of the mossy old church-tower, flit to and fro in search of food, their cunning little heads glancing in and out among verdant clusters of iris and maiden hair.

The bell has awakened all this small, busy world, and by degrees the entire village arouses, commencing the day in its morn as gaily as the finches and swallows do. A window, thickly embowered in ivy and nasturtium vines, stands open a little way; an inquisitive sunbeam steals swiftly in, sliding along the snowy cover of a small bed, where lies the fair young maiden, Madeline, who, moved to obey the voice of the silver-toned bell, she smilingly saluted the little intruder, saying:

"Good Morrow, friend sun!" How she loves to listen to the voice of the bell, this fair Madeline. There is a tender tie between this bell and herself.

The day of its baptism was also hers—the poor orphan child, adopted by the warm-hearted peasants of St. Hilaire. Faithful to his duty the sun was very careful to shine his brightest upon that happy fete day when she bore the baptism!

She is very pretty, this young girl, Madeline; straight and fair as a lily, light in her motions as a bird. But old "Aunt Suzette," her good neighbor, often shakes her head and murmurs to herself, when she passes by, wiping away the while a furtive tear: "Alas, alas, the poor little darling, so frail and so sweet; one can see that her place is not upon this earth. It is plain that the good God wishes us to give her up."

And "Aunt Suzette" is a wise woman, too, full of experience and ripe love.

It is true that Madeline coughs a little at times. This little, dry cough gives a warning sound. Sometimes, too, h r pale cheeks flame up with a sudden flush, her large eyes, so limpid and deep, shine with a strange, burning light, and her little hands grow hot and fevered.

But then the doctor has said that "it will all pass by;" yet, not with the air of one who is convinced of the truth of his own assertion.

"To work! to work! Let us have no idleness here!" calls the wise, friendly bell.

The venerable priest, breviary in hand, walks down his garden-path with a slow, meditative step, under the cool shadow of the horse-chestnut trees; and, even from this distance, he waves the young girl a paternal "good morrow!"

The peasant goes to the field, song on his lips, to earn the bread that feeds his loved ones.

"Who works well, prays well," says the old proverb.

The toilette of the young girl is quickly done, and her swift needle is already flying as though it never meant to stop; at this rate she will have made good progress when the Angelus shall sound in the evening.

Each day, whether in spring or winter, the hours glide by swiftly and happily for her; because she seeks and finds her happiness in her work, and the good God protects the orphan.

To-day the bells seem to speak more joyously and hopefully than ever. To-day the good peasants will celebrate a double anniversary. To-day Madeline and the bell are both twenty years old.

When the dreamy twilight settles down upon the little town, at the time of the Angelus, it speaks to all hearts, again, this blessed bell of calm repose, of the joy of a peaceful conscience, and the unspeakable happiness that this hour brings, if the day has been well-spent.

Ah! the ineffable joys of one's own hearth-stone! The laborer returns there from his toil, to find his children, a rosy cluster, clinging about the mother's apron, while she busies herself to prepare the evening meal—so dark and robust, so comely, ruddy as a peony beneath the wide pleats of her snowy peasant-cap.

This merry band, so happy and noisy, have come upon the door-step, waiting impatiently for the return of the father, and as he approaches, joy paints itself on every face. A loud, happy shout greets him. He, first wiping away the moisture from the sunburnt brow, sacred dew of honest toil, embraces them all round; and in a strong, laughing voice says:

"Good evening, dear wife! Come, let us go in to supper, little rascals!"

No one dreams of disobeying this, yon may be sure. On the contrary, right gladly is the invitation responded to, and each one does ample justice to the appetizing cabbage soup that smokes in a great wooden bowl, upon the centre of the rustic table.

A domestic content reigns within, while outside the plump hens walk slowly about picking up here and there disregarded fragments, closely followed by their downy chicks. The big sly dog, with an air as once grave and indulgent, regards kindly a frolicsome kitten. At the bottom of the long room, between the tall, old-fashioned clock and the great fireplace, is placed an oaken shelf, black and shining with age, on which are carefully ranged a half-dozen copper vessels, polished and scrubbed until they shine like gold.

Through the wide, open door, in the fading light, one can still see the hedges of hawthorn and elder, the limpid river caressing lovingly as it passes the foot of the gnarled, old willow tree; the fields of corn starred with poppies and bishop's-wort; and in the distance, beyond the hills, tapestried with moss and herbage, and crowned with elms and chestnut-trees, a century old.

As the first notes of the Angelus fall upon Madeline's ear, she drops her work, and folding her hands lower her head, and ceasing her song, breathes a prayer,—a short, simple prayer, which ascends straight to heaven, even as the pure incense of fragrance from the hearts of flowers. Afterwards she gazes pensively from the window and falls into a reverie. Her dream is evidently sweet, since her lips curve with a soft, happy smile. Look! a thought has made her blush, the artful child! She thinks of Pierre, her betrothed, to whom she will soon be married—in less than a month now, on Midsummer day.

He is a fine young fellow, too, this Pierre, with a heart of gold.

Poor, it is true, but full of courage to work, and all affirm, entirely worthy of the happiness that awaits him.

* * * * * * * *

"Ding, dong! Ding, dong!" Ah, it is a long time since these tones have thus rung forth so penetrating, so full of sorrowful meaning. Many joys have it rung out, this bell of St. Helaire, has announced many a christening fete of new-born babes so longed for, so joyfully welcomed, and happy have been its tones of joy, when chiming in rosy marriage days.

Good bell and dear—faithful and consolatory when sad destiny has appointed its mission to toll for funeral knells, what solemn tones and sweet have then fallen upon the listening ear, bringing holy resignation to the soul, as though its voice proclaimed:

"Beyond the grave there is life eternal! Wipe away your tears. Lift up your drooping heads and hope. The good God wills that we shall hope and trust as well as love."

"Ding, dong! Ding, dong!" A month has gone by since we first listened to that sound. It is the blessed St. John's day—Midsummer-tide. All the inmates of the little village are assembled together at the gate of the church-yard.

This morning the bell of St. Hilaire should ring in the marriage day of Madeline and Pierre. Why then does it sound so feebly, so mournfully, one can scarce recognize its tones? What has happened? Within the church there rests a narrow bier, covered with a snowy cloth, and bestrewn with white roses and fadeless immortelles. Tall waxed candles burn around the dead. Alas! alas! the heavy sight!

Madeline is taken away by the good God to dwell in His Paradise. Since the day-dawn of yesterday there is another angel in heaven—an angel-soul escaped from the bitter grief of humanity! Happy, happy Madeline! Alas! poor Pierre!

The old priest wiped away his tears as he murmured the solemn prayers of farewell. He remembered that he baptised the orphan—that he gave her her first communion. He thought to-day he should have blessed her marriage. He weeps as he recalls these words, his voice broken with emotion fails him, and the people sob aloud as they vainly strive to chant the responses. In the shadow kneels Pierre, pale and despairing, he wishes to die also.

Farewell Madeline!

The finches and lively sparrows still sing and chatter among the clustering trees in the "Great Square."

The sun leaving the colored windows of the church that a moment since he made sparkle, smiles more tenderly into the window of the little room; alas, so empty now—of the fair Madeline.

"Ding, dong! Ding, dong!" This voice more and more feebly resounding, sounds mournfully in the depths of the listening hearts.

The bell also weeps for the young girl! A strange thing has happened!

Since the death of the orphan the bell of St. Hilaire seems unable to give forth aught but muffled, plaintive sounds. One can scarcely hear them now.

The good old peasants assure me that it has a soul which has gone to rejoin the beloved Madeline.

But when the old priest hears them, he sighs, crosses himself, and with tearful eyes looks upwards.

FRUITS OF VIRTUE.—If you should see a man digging in a snow drift with the expectation of finding valuable ore, or planting seeds upon the rolling billows, you would say at once that he was beside himself. But in what respect does this man differ from you, while you sow the seeds of idleness and dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution, elevated affections, and holy principles! If you desire a virtuous and happy life, in youth you must plant in your bosom the seeds of virtue.

ADVENTURES IN SIBERIA.

BY A SAILOR.

It was at the close of a summer day that a whaleship let go her anchor off the mouth of the river on which was situated the little settlement of Tacouk, on the eastern coast of Siberia. Night soon shut in the already dim scene of the shore, but there was a venturous party on board who were eager to visit the place before the return of daylight, and as the sea around was nearly calm at the time, they readily obtained the desired permission. Of this party, I myself was one.

Two boats put off from the ship at the same time in one of which I found myself comfortably seated. The night proved very dark indeed, that we lost sight of the ship before we saw the shore; but as each boat was provided with a compass, and we had taken the precaution to obtain our bearings before losing sight of her, we felt no uneasiness, and we pulled steadily on until we reached a dark spot in the middle of a white line of breakers, and knew that we had gained the mouth of the river we had sought.

We now supposed we should have an easy time, in ascending the stream, but soon found to our chagrin, that the current was so rapid that, with the utmost exertion of the men at the oars, we could only make very slight headway against it.

Suddenly the bow of the boat was struck by something like a descending log, was turned partly round, and was swept downward like a feather. In less than a minute it struck upon a sand bar, rolled over, and every living creature it contained was thrown into the boiling surf. Wild human cries of distress arose on the still air, and thrilled the hearts of all who were not themselves struggling for life. Our comrades in the other boat heard us, and shot down like an arrow to our rescue. They heard us aboard the ship, and had as quick as possible another boat put off to our assistance.

My companions were more fortunate than myself. In less than five minutes from the accident every other man had been picked up, but unluckily I had been caught by a breaker and buried against a rock, which so terribly dashed me that the only wonder is I am alive to tell the tale.

I have only a dim, shadowy, dream-like recollection of being whirled around in the seething surf, and my ears being filled with a hollow roaring, and of having a sensation and conviction of drowning. There were flashes of the past that I remember, in which, in the twinkling of an eye, my whole life, from earliest consciousness to that awful present, was presented in a manner that showed me the good and evil of long years—home, friends, incidents—more in fact, than ordinary memory can recall by a process of striving, tedious though.

How long I remained in the water, and what dangers I went through, can never be known to mortal man. The arm of the Omnipotent upheld me above the Gulf of Death, and conducted me by unseen existences. They formed in line, some distance apart, and advanced with great caution, every weapon in readiness for instant duty. Slowly and stealthily they drew nearer and nearer to the terrible beast, which now began to show some signs of uneasiness—looking round behind him, first on one side and then the other, holding up his nose and snuffing the tainted air.

"He very cautious, lads!" I said; "he very cautious! The fearful beast is still here; but he scents new foes, and my spring down the mountain upon you without the slightest warning. If you get a chance to fire, let every rifle speak at once, with a certain aim, and then be prepared for the rush of an avalanche."

The men began to get a glimpse of the bear, and he of them; and glancing his sharp eyes from one to the other he uttered a fierce growl of defiance, raised himself upon his hind feet, and seemed about to make a spring among them. At least six pieces were at this moment levelled at him; and as if actuated by one thought and one fear, every man pulled his trigger at the same instant, and five of them sent their leaden balls into his head and breast. With a roar of rage and pain that I can liken to nothing but a sudden clap of thunder, he pitched forward, rolled over and over, regained his feet, all covered with blood, reared again, gnashed his teeth in wild fury, struck out at the air, and then leaped at his nearest assailant.

A wild shriek of human agony followed—such a shriek as I pray heaven I may never hear again! It was the death-shriek of a poor fellow who was already in the clutches of the enraged animal, and who was crushed to death and torn to pieces before the eyes of his almost paralyzed comrades ere any attempt at rescue could be made!

With loud shouts and cries of anger, each now rushed forward for revenge, and with a recklessness that would have cost more lives had not the huge beast already been dying from his previous wounds. Pistols, knives, harpoons and boat-hooks, however, used by active, fearless, and furious men, soon put an end to the gland of the forest.

But no shout of triumph followed his death. With him had perished a comrade beloved by all; and as they gathered up the mangled remains of the latter and bore them down the mountain, every eye shed tears of sorrow.

I had been saved from two fearful perils. Why—why had I been so wonderfully preserved, and this poor fellow, for nobly coming to my rescue, been so fearfully lost? Who can answer? Who can solve the mysteries of life?

LOVE PUT TO FLIGHT.

A few days ago a young couple were "sighing for the knot there's no untying." They had known each other long, and thought they knew each other well. One evening the gallant called upon his future bride. He had passed the previous night with a party of bachelor friends, and had got home until morning." As a consequence, not even the bright eyes of his Dulcinea could drive sleep from his eyelids. He reclined upon the sofa, and suddenly dropped into the land of dreams. Heavy breathing was followed by a light snore. There was as little variation in the music as in the puffing of a high pressure steamer. The young lady, thinking of the future, then wept. She shook her sleeping lover but he snored with renewed vigor. At last she was furious, and seizing his hair, gave it a jerk that brought him to his feet. He stammered:

"What's the matter, my——"

"Matter enough," she replied. "I shall die old maid before I marry a man that snores. Good night!"

She left the room—he the house. The young lady could not keep the secret, and the reason why the match was broken off is now generally known among their circle of friends.

COMMON SENSE.—Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

A RHYMING ROMANCE.

He was young he was fair, and he parted his hair, like the average beast, in the middle; he was proud, he was bold,—but the truth must be told—he played like a fiend on the fiddle.

Barring his voice he was everything nice, and his heart was so loving and tender, that he always turned pale, when she trod on the tail of the cat lying down by the fender. He clerked in a store and the way that he tore off calico, jeans and brown sheeting, would have thrilled a calf, and made the brute laugh in the face of a quarterly meeting. He cut quite a dash with a darling moustache, which he learned to adore and he thought for one girl had said, while she drooped her proud head, that 'twould kill her to see the thing perish. On Sundays he'd search the straight road to the church, unheeding the voice of the sorrier; and demurely he sat, like a young tabby cat, with the saints, in the amen corner. He sang like a bird, and his sweet voice was such a pity, charming this vice she was and we speak but the truth, when we say that that this youth could out-sing a hungry mosquito.

She was young she was fair, and she scrambled her hair, like the average belle of the city; she was proud, but not bold—yet the truth must be told—the way she chawed her was a pity. Charring this vice she was everything nice, and the world admired her bustle; and the Fayetville boys, being calmed by the noise, walked miles to hear it rustle. She cut quite a swell, did this wax-chewing belle, and men flocked in crowds to meet her; but she gave them the shirk, for she loved the young clerk, who sang like a hungry mosquito. Bashe hemmed and she hawed, and she sighed and she chawed, till her heart and jaws were broken; then she walked by his store where he stood at the door awaiting some loving token. She raised up her eyes with a mock surprise, and tried to enact the scorner, but in fact truth, she grinned at the youth who loved the amen corner.

* * * They met—alas! what came to pass, was soft and sweet and precious; they found, they could not live apart—she chewed—oh! how he loved! Good gracious! They had to part, he 'rose to start, her grief cannot be painted; these are the facts: she swallowed the gum, then sorrowed because she fainted. Her pa appeared; her beau, quite scared, rushed out to get some water; the watch-dog spied his tender hide, and bit exactly what they had to fear. Unfortunately, they had come off without sufficient arms; and informing me of this, and saying they would soon return, they all went down the hill on a run, and were soon rowing back to the vessel with all their might.

In less than an hour two boats were fastagainst the shore, and ten hardy, resolute fellows, armed with rifles, pistols, harpoons, boat-hooks, and knives, were cautiously ascending the steep hill, to attack the formidable enemy, that was still keeping watch below.

As soon as within hearing of my voice, I gave them directions how to proceed, and watched the result with painful interest. They formed in line, some distance apart, and advanced with great caution, every weapon in readiness for instant duty. Slowly and stealthily they drew nearer and nearer to the terrible beast, which now began to show some signs of uneasiness—looking round behind him, first on one side and then the other, holding up his nose and snuffing the tainted air.

"He very cautious, lads!" I said; "he very cautious! The fearful beast is still here; but he scents new foes, and my spring down the mountain upon you without the slightest warning. If you get a chance to fire, let every rifle speak at once, with a certain aim, and then be prepared for the rush of an avalanche."

The men began to get a glimpse of the bear, and he of them; and glancing his sharp eyes from one to the other he uttered a fierce growl of defiance, raised himself upon his hind feet, and seemed about to make a spring among them. At least six pieces were at this moment levelled at him; and as if actuated by one thought and one fear, every man pulled his trigger at the same instant, and five of them sent their leaden balls into his head and breast. With a roar of rage and pain that I can liken to nothing but a sudden clap of thunder, he pitched forward, rolled over and over, regained his feet, all covered with blood, reared again, gnashed his teeth in wild fury, struck out at the air, and then leaped at his nearest assailant.

A wild shriek of human agony followed—such a shriek as I pray heaven I may never hear again! It was the death-shriek of a poor fellow who was already in the clutches of the enraged animal, and who was crushed to death and torn to pieces before the eyes of his almost paralyzed comrades ere any attempt at rescue could be made!

With loud shouts and cries of anger, each now rushed forward for revenge, and with a recklessness that would have cost more lives had not the huge beast already been dying from his previous wounds. Pistols, knives, harpoons and boat-hooks, however, used by active, fearless, and furious men, soon put an end to the gland of the forest.

But no shout of triumph followed his death. With him had perished a comrade beloved by all; and as they gathered up the mangled remains of the latter and bore them down the mountain, every eye shed tears of sorrow.

I had been saved from two fearful perils. Why—why had I been so wonderfully preserved, and this poor fellow, for nobly coming to my rescue, been so fearfully lost? Who can answer? Who can solve the mysteries of life?

CAT CAPERS.

W. Gordon Staples, M. D., C. M., R. N., has a book on cats, in which he tells how you can teach tricks to any intelligent puss. There, for instance, is the common trick of jumping through your arms. Begin, he he says, by holding your arms low between your legs,; then hold them on one side and make her jump either way; raise your arms higher and higher, until standing erect, you form a large P, and puss springs through the bend of it; and finally she may be taught to leap over your head— if you are not too tall.

You can, with patience, teach her to go through a hoop—even covered with thin tarry paper (as Barnum has returned, so as to be nearly transparent), or you can dip your hoop in methylated spirits of wine, and she will go through all the same.

Many wonderful stories of cat sagacity are told by the learned surgeon—stories both pathetic and amusing. The doctor once, as he tells us, drowned a favorite animal, rather than leave it with people who would not take good care of it. There's devotion for you.

He tells about one pussy who knew certain days in the week. A shopkeeper had a Tom tabby which he kept night and day in his shop, to keep off mice and rats. On Sundays, Tom was allowed to accompany his master home, a distance of nearly a mile, and to remain at home until the following Monday. Pussy got used to this; and as Saturday came round, she waited up until 10 o'clock on Saturdays, Tom regularly left the place and went home three hours before his master. On Monday morning, he was always ready for his run again. When he grew older, he tired of night duty. So to avoid this, he would leave the shop when his master made signs of putting up the shutters. He would wait a respectful distance till his master came, but finding that he was always caught and carried back, he took to leaving the shop an hour before closing time. His master, however, followed him half way home, but never could lay hands on him.

Here are some more of Mr. Staple's stories. The door of a bird's cage having been by accident left open, the pet canary flew out, and at once made for the outside door, which happened to be open. The cat, however, immediately gave chase, and captured the bird in the lobby. Instead of making a dish of Dicky, Tom at once returned and placed the frightened bird at his mistress's feet.

A cat that lived in an out-house was seen one day to take deliberately a portion of her dinner and place it in front of a mouse hole in a corner. She then retired to a distance, and set herself to watch. Not many minutes after a fine, plump mouse came out gave one look around, and seeing nothing to disturb its enjoyment, fell to the crumbs, while the mouse was thus pleasantly engaged, pussy made the fatal spring.

A DANISH LEGEND.

It happened in days of yore, when the enemy were pillaging the Danish country, that a battle had been fought and won by the Danes, many killed and wounded, and lay on the field of battle. One of these, an enemy, had lost both legs by a shot. A Danish soldier, standing near by, had just taken out a bottle filled with beer and was about to put it to his mouth, when the badly wounded man asked him for a drink As he stooped to hand him the bottle, the enemy, actuated by revenge in him, but missed his shot. The soldier drew his bottle back again, drank half of it, and gave the remaining half to his enemy, only saying, "You rascal, now you will only get half of it."

The King afterward hearing of this, granted the soldier and his descendants an armorial bearing of nobility on which was painted a half filled bottle, in memory of his deed.

He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes, and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what we reckon mistakes in others.

NEWS NOTES.

GENERAL GRANT intends to sail for Europe, with several members of his family about the 10th of May.

ABOUT fifty journals are now published in Japan. They have all been started within the last four or five years.

THE engineers of the Western Maryland railroad are engaged in surveying a route from Waynesboro to Chambersburg, Pa.

HUNGER has driven a large number of hostile Sioux and Cheyennes to surrender at the Red Cloud Agency, and peace on the plains is assured.

THE thirty-fourth annual boat race between the Oxford and Cambridge boat crews, resulted in a dead heat; the first time such an ending has been known in their history.

THE prisons of New York last year exceeded their income some $700,000. The Clinton prison alone, with an average of about 600 convict inmates, ran behind to the extent of $230,000.

THE peach crop for this year, according to the reports coming from all parts of Delaware, promises a large yield. With favorable weather, it is thought there must be as large a crop of good peaches as we have had for many years.

The Lebanon, N.Y., Shakers have recently started a graveyard on a new and improved plan. The graves are to be twenty feet apart with a tree planted over each one, so that in time a grove will grow up and make a pleasant cemetery.

WHILE stagnation has prevailed in every other branch of business, the dull times appear to have sharpened the wits of the inventors, for a larger number of applications for patents are being filed now than at any previous time in the history of the office.

A NEW steamer, the Rockaway, a very large excursion boat, intended to ply between New York and Rockaway the coming season, was driven ashore at Atlantic City, N. J., March 26, and destroyed. She was being towed from Norfolk to New York to receive her machinery.

DESTRUCTION of property to the amount of some $300,000 and the loss of three lives were caused by the bursting of a dam at Stafordville, Conn., March 27th. The reservoir was about a mile long and a quarter to half a mile wide. The immense volume of water released, swept all before it.

LESS tobacco than usual will be grown in the lower Connecticut valley this year. The light Connecticut seed-leaf has gone out of fashion somewhat, and prices for last season's crop have ruled low. The dark Pennsylvania weed commands the market, being in demand for the best "Havana" brands.

ADVICES from Congo, West Coast of Africa, state that the British war steamer Avon had destroyed seven villages on the Congo river and killed three natives as a punishment for plundering the American schooner Thomas Nickerson, of New York. This vessel had been captured by the natives, and about thirty tons of coffee were carried off up the country. She was fired by the Avon in order to prevent further plundering.

ANOTHER phase of the State House bell question is engaging the attention of the republicans and of the officers at the police stations. The trial recently showed that the last cast of the Seybert bell has produced a much more satisfactory article than the first, though neither of them nor the predecessor supplies the full, rich volume of sound possessed by the displaced bell, and to which the ears of more than a generation of Philadelphians had become agreeably accustomed and attuned.

IN Washington, lately, the Fifth Baptist Church entered suit against the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Company, to recover damages to the church property, estimated at $20,000. The complaint avers that the defendants have built certain engine houses and machine shops "in which they keep and propel engines back and forth on Sabbath days when not engaged in works of necessity or Christian charity, adjoining the church, the noise from which shops and engines, together with the smoke and cinders, interferes with religious worship."

THE steamer Spartan, which sailed from New York on Saturday, for various ports in Java, is said to be the first steamer despatched from New York for the East Indies by way of the Suez Canal. Her voyage will be watched with keen interest by business men, for the venture is not only novel as to the route, but is otherwise a novelty. Her cargo is nearly 400,000 gallons of refined petroleum, said to be the first cargo exclusively of oil ever loaded in an ocean steamship. It is packed in ten gallon cases enclosed in wood. The steamer will stop at Gibraltar and Port Said for coal, and is expected to complete her voyage in forty or forty-five days.

THE Appointment of the Fishing Commission, provided for by the Treaty of Washington, to ascertain what sum the United States ought to pay for the privilege of sharing in the Canadian in shore fisheries, has been held in abeyance ever since the ratification of the Treaty. Neither government pressed the subject, and it was only recently that the announcement was made that Sir Alexander T. Galt was to be the Canadian Commissioner. The United States Commissioner, just named, is Mr. E. H. Kellogg, a member of the Massachusetts Senate. The third Commissioner, on whom both countries have agreed, is the Belgian Minister at Washington. The Commission is now ready to go to work, and is expected to hold its first meeting this spring, or early summer, at Halifax

THE Great Eastern has generally been a losing craft for its owners, and has changed hands several times. During late years she has chiefly been employed in laying or repairing telegraph cables, but even that occupation seems now to be gone. She has for some time been offered at Liverpool for charter, and the chief proposals made for her are from Americans anxious to send live cattle to England. She is said to be well adapted to this trade, and "if $250,000 can be raised to fit her with modern engines and boilers," we are told "she would be able to carry goods across the Atlantic at a lower price than any vessel afloat." She is a constant source of expense, and is at present having two iron masts put in her to replace the wooden ones. Her treasury contains $40,000, but the directors hesitate to declare a dividend until they know whether she can find employment.

WHEN MIND AND BODY are out of sorts, owing to a disordered Liver, try at once Dr Jayne's Sanative Pills, a sure remedy for all Bilious Affections, Costiveness, &c

DIPTHERIA is induced by coal gas; indigestion from food not properly cooked; enormous coal bills from fuel wasted. These evils can all be remedied with the Spiral Draft Chimney Regulator. Cullwood & Co., 728 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WHEN YOU'RE DOWN.

BY R. R.

What legions of "friends" always blest us
When golden success lights our way!
How they smile as they softly address us,
So cordial, good-humored and gay!
But oh! when the sun of prosperity
Hails not, then how quickly they frown.
And cry out, in terms of severity,
Kick the man; "don't you see he is down"

What, though when you know not a sorrow,
Though your heart was as open as day,
And your "friends" when they wanted to borrow
You
You obliged, and never asked them to pay
What though not a soul you e'er slighted,
As you wander about through the town,
Your friends become very near sighted
And don't seem to see when you're down

When you are "up" you are lionly exalted
And traders all sing out your praise;
When you're "down" you have greatly defaulted,
And they "really don't fancy your ways."
Your style was "dig-top" when you'd money,
So stingy every sucker and clown,
But now 'tis exceedingly funny,
Things are altered because you are down.

Oh, give me the heart that for ever
Is free from this world's selfish rust,
And the soul, whose high, noble endeavor
Is to raise fallen men from the dust.
And when in adversity's ocean
A victim is likely to drown,
All hail to the friends whose devotion
Will lift up a man when he's down.

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[This story was commenced in No. 12, Vol. M. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MADEMOISELLE'S LETTER.

"A parcel for you sir!"

"A parcel for me!" repeated Mr. Atkinson to his servant, some slight surprise in his tone. For he was not in the habit of receiving parcels, and wondered what was being sent to him.

The parcel was done up rather clumsily in brown paper, and appeared, by the label on it, to have come by fast train from Hereford. Mr. George Atkinson looked on the address with curiosity. It did not bear his name, but was simply directed to "The Resident of Eagles' Nest."

"Undo it, Thomas," said he.

Thomas took off the string and unfolded the brown paper. This disclosed a second envelope of paper, white, and a sealed note, similarly superscribed, lying on it. Mr. Atkinson took the note in his hand, but Thomas was quick, and in a minute the long-lost ebony desk stood revealed to view, its key tied to it.

"Oh," said Mr. Atkinson. "What does the letter say?"

The letter proved to be from Mademoiselle Delrue, the former governess at Eagles' Nest. In a long and rather complicated explanation, written partly in French, partly in English, the following facts came to light:

When about to leave Eagles' Nest, things and servants being at that time at sixes and sevens there, the kitchen maid, one Jane —or as mademoiselle wrote it, Jeanne, a good-natured girl, had offered to assist her to pack up. She had shown Jeanne her books, stacked ready in the small study, and Jeanne had packed them together in parcels, for Mademoiselle's stock of books was extensive. After leaving Mrs. Raynor's, Mademoiselle Delrue had gone into a family who spent a large portion of their time in travelling on the Continent and elsewhere; much luggage could not be allowed to Mademoiselle, consequently her parcel of books had remained unpacked from that time to this. She had never settled down with the family in Herefordshire, had her parcels forwarded to her, and unpacked them. To her consternation, her grief, her horror—Mademoiselle dashed all three of the words—in one of these parcels she discovered not books, but the black desk, one that she well remembered as belonging to Major Raynor; that stupid Jeanne must have taken it to be hers, and committed the error of putting it up. Mademoiselle finished by asking whether she could be forgiven if one slight element of consolation could peep out upon her, she observed, it was to find that the desk was empty. She had not had an instant in sending it back to Eagles' Nest, and she begged the resident gentleman there (whose name, she had the pain of confessing, had quite escaped her memory, to be so kind as to forward it, together with this note of contrition and explanation, to Mrs. Raynor —whose present residence she was not acquainted with. And she had the honor to salute him with respectful cordiality.

"Don't go away, Thomas," said his master. "I want you to stay while I search the private compartment of this desk. I fancy those missing papers may be in it. Let me see? Yes, this is the way to do it and here's the spring."

With one touch the false bottom was lifted out. Beneath, quietly lay the lost bonds; also, a copy of Mrs. Atkinson's last will—the one made in favor of George Atkinson, and a few words written by her to himself.

"You see them, Thomas? See that I have found them here?"

"Indeed I do, sir."

"That's all, then. People are fond of saying that truth is stranger than fiction," said Mr. Atkinson to himself, with a smile as the man withdrew. He examined the bonds, ascertained, to his intense astonishment, that the money they related to had been invested in his name, and in one sole profitable undertaking. And it appeared that Mrs. Atkinson had given directions that the yearly interest arising should remain and be added to the principal, until such time as he, George Atkinson, should step forward to claim the whole.

"Little wonder we could not find the money," thought he. "And now—what's to be done with it?" And taking only a few minutes for consideration, he addressed the letter spoken of in the foregoing chapter, to Frank Raynor, which brought the latter down in person.

"I never heard of so romantic a thing!" cried Frank, with his sweet smile and gay manner that so won upon everybody; and was now winning upon George Atkinson, as he listened to the narrative on his arrival at the Eagles' Nest. "I am sure I congratulate you very heartily. The hunts that poor Uncle Francis used to have over these very bonds! And to think that they were lying all the while close under his hand!"

"I expect not much of the money would have been left for me, had he found them," significantly remarked Mr. Atkinson.

Frank laughed. "To speak the truth I don't think it would. Is it very much?"

"A little over one-and-twenty thousand pounds. That is what I make it at a rough calculation—of course including the interest to this date."

"What a lot of money!" exclaimed Frank. "You can set up a coach-and-six," added he, joking lightly.

"Ay. By the way, Mr. Frank Raynor, how came you to treat me so cavalierly when I was playing 'tiger' here?—the name you and Charles are pleased to bestow—"

"Oh, Charley gave you that name," interrupted Frank, his blue eyes dancing with merriment. "He took you for a sheriff's officer about to capture him. I'm sure I never was so astonished in all my life as as when Charley told me the other day that the tiger had turned out to be—not a tiger —but Mr. George Atkinson."

"I can understand his shunning me, under the misapprehension. But why, I ask, did you, after you were not in fear, I presume, of a sheriff's officer?"

Frank's face grew grave at once. "No, I was not in fear of that," he said, dropping his voice, "but I had fears on another score. I had reason to fear that I was being watched—looked after—tracked: and I thought you were doing it. I am thankful to say," he added, his countenance brightening again, "that I was under a misapprehension altogether: but I only learnt that very lately. It has been a great trouble to me for years, keeping me down in the world—and yet I had done nothing myself to deserve it. I—I cannot explain further, and would be glad to drop the subject," he continued, seeing his eyes ingeniously turn to George Atkinson's. "And I heartily beg your pardon for all the discourtesy I was guilty of. It is against my nature to show any—any—to a tiger."

"As I should fancy. It gave me a wrong impression of you. Made me think all you Raynors were worthless. It's true, Frank, I was very ready to be a good friend to you then, had you allowed me. And now, tell me all your plans."

Frank, open-hearted, full of candor, told freely all he knew about himself. That he did not intend to remain at Mr. Max Brown's, for Daisy disliked the locality, and he should look out for a more desirable situation at the West-End, as assistant-surgeon.

"Why not set up in practice for yourself at the West-End?" asked George Atkinson.

"Because I have nothing to set up upon," answered Frank. "That has been a bar all around. We must live, you see, while the practice was coming in."

"You could do it on seven thousand pounds."

"Seven thousand pounds!" echoed Frank. "Why, you're not in the half of it; on the quarter. But I have no money at all, you understand."

"Yes, you have, Frank. You have that much. At least you will have it in the course of a few days!"

Frank's pleasant lips were parting with a smile. He thought it was meant as a joke.

"Look here, Frank. The money that has come to light of your Aunt Atkinson's—you cannot, I hope, imagine for a moment that I should keep it. By law it is mine, for she has willed it to me, but I shall divide it into three portions, and give them to those who are her rightful heirs: her brothers' families. One portion to Mrs. Raynor, one to you, one to that angel of goodness, Edina——"

"And she is an angel," interrupted Frank, hotly, carried away by the praise. "How we should all have got on without Edina I know not. But, Mr. Atkinson, you must not do by us this that you are talking of, at least so far as I am concerned. It would be too ridiculously generous."

"Why not by you?"

"I could not think of taking it. I have no claim upon you."

"You should benefit me."

"I benefit you as your father's son. Were he alive this money would be his: it will now be yours. There, say no more, Frank, you cannot talk me out of doing bare justice. You will own seven thousands pounds next week, and you can lay your plans accordingly."

"I shall not know how to thank you," cried Frank, with something lik a sob in his throat. "Eagles' Nest first, and twenty-one thousand pounds next! You must have been living a lesson from Edina. And what will Max Brown say when he hears that I shall leave him for certain? He does not believe it yet."

"Max Brown can go promenading."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SUNSHINE EVERYWHERE.

It was a warm, balmy September day. The blue sky was without a cloud; the sunbeams glinted through the many-hued foliage, beginning to change with the coming autumn, and fell on the smooth velvet lawn at Eagles' Nest. In that same green lawn stood a group of people in gala attire, for this had been a gala day with them. William Stane and Alice Raynor were married in the morning. They had come, driven from the gates, around which the white satin shoes lay, and the rice in showers.

It had been Mr. George Atkinson's intentions to resign Eagles' Nest at the end of June, almost immediately after he first spoke of doing so. But his intention, like the

ESPERANZA,

or the

Story of the Swallows.

After a time he said, "I went out into the world seeking my fortune, and, tempting the sea, I fell amongst pirates, and was carried into Barbary, and there sold for a slave. Ever trying to come back to Arcadia, I worked hard, and lo! at last I gained my liberty. Then it was I found the rings upon my pillow, and I wept, for hope was dead—hope of the love I had for home. But other hope was born—the hope of love. For I told myself, did not my mother and my father forsake theirs, and did they not cleave to each other? *She* was a slave, my wife, and my new hope was to purchase her freedom. At last, this done, we married, I being then very poor, except that both were rich in hope. Hope prospered with me, and when, I being thirty, my son was born, I hoped to see him a man. Hope gave me strength, strength fortune, and the years went on."

"Drink of the milk, good old friend," said Baucis.

"And here is honey," whispered Philemon.

"Time, a year ago, when he was married, and I was alone again, for long since my my wife was dead. Then came the news of the father and mother, watching here in Arcadia for the return of their son; and the desire came strong upon me to see the spot where my father and mother lived and died.

"Being fairly rich, I started for this land. But I fell amongst robbers; was beaten, and left for dead by the road-side; yet I still hoped, and journeyed as a beggar, as you see me coming to this spot. Thanks, many thanks, gentle strangers, for your charity. Forgive me that I turn my back so soon upon you—but the hut they lived in is so near, that I am wicked if I lag. Mayhap you have heard of them?"

"How were they named?"

"The wood-cutter—*he* was Philemon; and she his wife, was called sweet Baucis."

So up the old man and woman stood, trembling, and with high raised hands.

"Then shouldst thou be named Donis!" cried Philemon.

"Donis—Donnette!" said the sweet Baucis.

"That is my name, good brother and sweet sister."

"O tender Hope! O cruel Time!" says Philemon.

"Those arms carried thee!" wails Baucis.

"I am Philemon."

"I Baucis!" adds she.

"I—I am Donis!" cried the traveler.

And thus they met.

So as Philemon and Baucis wept tears with their son, lo! the radiant, smiling statue of Hope in the temple became incarnate, and came down from her pedestal, and cast away her emblem of silence, the rose in her hand.

"Fair Philemon, and fair Baucis," said the fairy goddess, "sweet servers in my fairest temple, ye have taught the world for ever that Hope is deathless. Never, through thirty years, have you once faltered in your faith, and in your faith have found your sweet reward. What though your son be changed? Know that his son, yours as much as his, looks to human eyes much as this your Donis was when he went forth to face the world."

"Think you, fairer Baucis, and fair Philemon, that had your son been with you all these years, you would have ceaseless loved him, as you have through me? Hope teaches this lesson in the world,—that wise men only meet to part, with the sweet hope of meeting once again."

"Let go," the goddess said, "those who do part in anger, and beat down all hope of meeting once again."

"Fair Hope," said Baucis, "by what means went our betrothal rings from our hands?"

"Good Baucis, when with coming age your hands were shrivelling, do you remember came ye unbelieved, raven, bird of ill-omen, found croaking on the threshold?"

"Truly," said Philemon, "a bird that would not eat, that flapped and sat upon a bust of Pallas, and cried 'Never more!'"

"Twas my twin sister, Despair, known as Melancholia, and who hates my work."

"I bethink me," said Baucis, "next morning he was gone."

"As ye slept, he stole the posy rings from your shrivelling fingers, and flew with them to Donis, for Despair is swift and hard of flight—and thus your Donis thought you shades in Hades."

"He has come!" cries Baucis.

"Our only son!" says Philemon.

"And father of a son," sings Hope, sweetly, "whom ye have already hope to kiss."

The aged couple smiled.

"Yet is he happy in his native land," urged Hope. "Why tear him from his home?"

Baucis and Philemon looked steadfast in each other's eyes.

"Why should we seek to tear him from his home?" whispered Baucis.

"It would be evil love that dragged him into danger," said gentle Philemon.

"Yet ye are too aged to journey into Africa," murmured the smiling goddess.

"The gods are good," said Philemon: "perchance when we are dead the gods will pity us, and give us such forms that we may see our own son, and even touch him and his."

Said Baucis, "Even though he knows us not."

"So be it," said the radiant goddess, Hope.

"Go with your son down to your smiling hut—mayhap the gods shall speak. Fair Donis, give Baucis and Philemon their betrothal rings—I see them on their ribbon lying over your warm heart. Fair morn to thee and thine, sweet Baucis, and thou, my Philemon, bear me in loving remembrance. If but the gods love you—give me the votive offering of your mutual faith and love.

So these three went down to the little hut, and there the smiling sun shone on them.

Next day, no Philemon, no Baucis watched the valley, and looked toward the east.

And lo! when Donis sought them, they were gone.

Up to the temple went he.

Once again Hope was mute marble; once again the rose of silence bloomed on her open palm.

"Have the gods spoken?"

The marble spoke not.

But two twittering birds, such as he had never seen, swept rapidly about him, and twisted as they flew.

At last the smaller one touched his lips with its beak.

Yet Donis knew not, and the remorseless marble had no word for him.

At last, being very desolate, he went back to the African land, where he had lived thirty years, and where now his heart was wholly planted.

"Father," cried his son, "we have wonders to tell thee. Two strange birds have built in our roof, and hang upon a twig, we found the two posy rings you have worn upon a ribbon round your neck as long as I remember. See, here come the birds. How swift they fly—how strange they are! Never saw I such birds before!"

And now one of the strange winged creatures came near Donis, and with her beak touched him on the lips.

"The gods have spoken!" cried Donis. "Baucis and Philemon see their sons child, and will see his children's children."

So the birds remained all the winter, but flew away in spring—flew to Arcadia, and built their nest, between two silver anchors in the Temple of Hope in Arcadia.

And thus it happens that the swallows are so fond of man, being all descended from Philemon and Baucis, that they love to build in their nests in the caves of houses where live the humans.

And for the same reason they fly away to Africa every autumn in imitation of their pair's example, who flew thither to see the sons of Donis.

So thus it comes to pass that the swallow is the bird of Hope.

Good bye.

'Tis true some say that Baucis and Philemon, loved of the immortals for their faith and mutual devotion, were changed by the fairies or gods, into trees.

But I had this tale from the very swallows themselves.

APRIL FOOL'S DAY.

BY EPHEMMIR.

All researches, ancient or modern, fail to give us the origin of the term "April fool." The French call it *poisson d'Avril*—April Fish—and some suggest that that fish may mean the herring, which is a fish so easily caught that sometimes a piece of red flannel will be sufficient for a bait; but there is no positive explanation of the term.

The Hindoos have their April Fool's Day but they call it the *Hull-foag*—whatever that may mean—and the Romans have theirs, and they call it *Festum Futuorum*, or Fool's Holiday.

It has been traced by some to the passage in our Saviour's life when he was sent back and forth from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod to Pilate, but we do not like to entertain this version.

Some date it as far back as the days of Noah, and say that he made an April fool of the dove which he sent out the first day of the month, before the waters abated: sending the bird on a fruitless errand.

Well, whatever its origin, it obtains at the present day, and is a source of plenty of fun with all classes of persons. While the fun is harmless, we enjoy it, but where it is the source of pain, trouble, or even inconvenience to others, we do not see any fun in it.

One would think that the old hat placed upon the sidewalk with a brick or cobble-stone under it, would be too old a joke for any one in this enlightened age to be caught by it; but there are those living who could not resist giving it a kick, and thereby "stubbing" their April-Fool toes.

Then again there are those so wide-awake and wary that they sometimes lose an opportunity of benefitting themselves in the fear that they may be the victims of a joke.

Two little boys were staying with the writer one April-Fool's day, when she folded up three packages neatly, and placed them on the floor of the piazza. She watched the lads as they came in to breakfast, and noticed them wink knowingly at each other, as much as to say "you can't catch old birds with chaff;" but the laugh was turned on them when she opened the parcels and displayed a piece of money in each.

The day has its advantages. Thus: a lady in New York lost her pocket-book in the Bowery; she thought she had dropped it in her pocket, but she accidentally let it fall in the street. Some time after words she discovered her loss, saw at once how it must have occurred, and retraced her steps to look for it, with little hope, however, of finding it, but fortunately it was April-Fool's day, and no one was going to be "fool" enough to pick up that pocket-book! It had been kicked a great way from where she dropped it, but there it was. The boys laughed at her when she stooped for it, but she didn't mind that.

The writer was in Buffalo once on April-Fool's day, and sat at a window within sight of a blacksmith's shop. The men within the shop were enjoying themselves by throwing out hot horse-shoes, and seeing the people who came along turn their fingers by attempting to pick up the hot iron.

That was one of the jokes that the writer did not approve of, and she was seriously contemplating sending out some warning signal to the unwary, when an old countryman came along the road, stopped his horse, got out, took his cane out of the wagon and with the hook end of it lifted the hot shoe into the wagon, and, nodding good-naturedly to the blacksmiths, went on his way.

The men didn't throw out any more horse-shoes.

A SIMPLE-MINDED ALLIGATOR.

Considerable commotion was recently caused at the Brighton Aquarium by a singular escapade by a young alligator, specimens of a kind in the new tropical room. A day or two since the little pachyderm, which is about two years old and about 18 inches in length, was missed from its favorite corner.

The attention of the curator, Mr. Lawler, was directed to the matter, and noticing something unusual about the jaws of one of the larger alligators, he had the reptile's mouth gently pried open, upon which the missing little one was found to be inside.

The "baby" was at once withdrawn tail foremost, and appeared to none the worse for its adventure, saving a somewhat severe abrasion just above its left hind leg. The two alligators came from South America, and have shared the pool in peace for six weeks, and from the pacific disposition of the larger reptile (which measures over five feet), it is conjectured that the little one had of its own accord unsuspectingly crawled into its open jaws.

The authorities, considering the confidence to be rather misplaced, have prevented a repetition of the fate by giving the innocent infant separate accommodation.

The more honesty a man has the less he affects the air of a saint: the affectation of sanctity is a blot on the face of piety.

The pleasure of the senses is as a flower whose perfume quickly evaporates, and whose brilliancy fades in the hand that gathers it.

HERE AND THERE.

Hood was a good writer, but he can't be considered a side of Bacon.

MRS. PARTINGTON pathetically remarks that "very few people suffer from suggestions of the brain now-a-days."

A VIRGINIAN HEARTED old bachelor says he always looses under the head of marriages for the news of the week.

"CHANGE can!" is what a bootblack said to a countryman, the other day, when he had finished one of his brogans.

THE wedding ring of a lady who was buried in Pottsville twenty-seven years ago was recently identified by the sexton and sent to the husband of the deceased in California, where he now resides.

INDIGNANT boarder to his landlady:—"Madam, if you expect flour buck-wheat cakes to go into five persons and leave any remainder, allow me to say that you are decidedly out in your arithmetical calculations, for they won't do it. I'll trouble you for that plate of hot ones you've got concealed behind the sugar bowl." He got 'em.

"WHO is brave, Bessie?" asked a minister of one of his parishioners, alluding, of course, to the word in its spiritual sense. "Hod, fye, sir!" answered Nannie, blushing to the e'es' boise. "dinna ask me sic a daft-like question; I'm sure ye have been—for me lad love's just next to cholera. Love is just the worst inside complaints for a lad or lassie to have."

YET a little while, and the woman, the home-goddess, who now stands looking dreamily down at the sitting room carpet, wondering if it hadn't better be turned when she cleans house next month, will be charging around in the pantry, ordering four three bushels and a half of red ants can crowd themselves into a half-pint sugar-bowl.

THERE has been a separation between an uptown lover and his sweetheart. She presented him with her photograph, which he, on his bended knees, swore he would always wear next to his heart. Last Sunday evening he pulled out his handkerchief from his back pants pocket, when lo! the photograph fell at his lady's feet. She says he is either a liar or else his heart is not in the right place.

SOME parties who recently left this State for Florida telegraphed home to a friend as follows: "Send us down by express, C. O. D., some sweet potatoes, a case of oranges, some canned peas, some Bermuda onions, and the photograph of a crocodile. Have not seen any of the above, although here for that purpose, boarding at a fourth-rate hotel, at $4 per day."

A FRANKFORD, Ky., policeman who had recently been appointed on the force, in passing a clothing store the other night discovered what he took to be a party of burglars in the rear of the building. He at once blew an alarm and summoned the night-watch, but when the alarm was surrounded by the burglars seized, they were found to be a half dozen slow figures, dressed in heavy overcoats and sealskin caps.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Paris *Figaro*, lately strolling about the London streets, noticed a large crowd hurrying into a wooden booth. Having paid his shilling, he entered also, and found the great attraction to consist of a sailor sitting quietly smoking and drinking beer. Over his head was the following inscription:—"This is the only sailor in the Arctic Expedition who succeeded in perspiring at the North Pole."

"STOP, stop, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. A., "don't burn those old papers, I want them for Pansy and Bobby to make lighters of this evening."

"Ah, yes," replies her obedient spouse, "a penny saved is as good as a penny earned; and now I think of it, why not take my old love letters? First-rate things to kindle a flame with, you know."

"Oh, you, excelsior," rejoined Mrs. A. "I am sure they are dry enough."

Recently a beggar of Algire, who died in Paris some time ago, was so parsimonious that seeing his servant with a smart-looking hat, he reprimanded him for his extravagance. "But it is the old hat you gave me, I had it ironed for a frame." "Ah," said the Marquis, "but I did not know it could be restored. How is the time you paid—I will take the hat." And he forthwith transferred the renovated beaver to his own head.

THEY had a tough subject in the inquiry meeting this week. Moody wrestled with him and Sankey sang with him, but the man seemed to despair of forgiveness. Finally, Moody asked him what heavy sin burdened his mind, and he confessed having been a newspaper publisher out of three years' subscription. The evangelist informed him that they did not profess to perform miracles, but if he would settle up his dues, with compound interest, and pay a year in advance in advance, although they could not open the doors of the church to him, perhaps he might be snaked in under the canvass.

A MIDDLE-AGED man applied to Mayor French yesterday for a position as janitor of one of the public schools. His Honor told him there was no vacancy in any of the schools at present. "Why did you say your services ain't provided with?" No which?" "No vacancy." The applicant looked very wise for a short time, and then replied with an engaging smile: "No vacancy. I see—exactly. I comprehend. Well, you see I never did teach in a school that had a vacancy. Out in the country, you know, the schools don't have no vacancies. I ain't got no use for a vacancy no how. I'm salary for only part regularly." His Honor promised to lay the matter before the board as soon as they held a sitting.

THE famous Dr. John Brown, the commentator, experienced a fright also on one of Philadelphia's Fool's day, and no one was going to be "fool" enough to pick up that pocket-book! It had been kicked a great way from where she dropped it, but there it was. The boys laughed at her when she stooped for it, but she didn't mind that.

The writer was in Buffalo once on April-Fool's day, and sat at a window within sight of a blacksmith's shop. The men within the shop were enjoying themselves by throwing out hot horse-shoes, and seeing the people who came along turn their fingers by attempting to pick up the hot iron.

That was one of the jokes that the writer did not approve of, and she was seriously contemplating sending out some warning signal to the unwary, when an old countryman came along the road, stopped his horse, got out, took his cane out of the wagon and with the hook end of it lifted the hot shoe into the wagon, and, nodding good-naturedly to the blacksmiths, went on his way.

The men didn't throw out any more horse-shoes.

A SIMPLE-MINDED ALLIGATOR.

Considerable commotion was recently caused at the Brighton Aquarium by a singular escapade by a young alligator, specimens of a kind in the new tropical room. A day or two since the little pachyderm, which is about two years old and about 18 inches in length, was missed from its favorite corner.

The attention of the curator, Mr. Lawler, was directed to the matter, and noticing something unusual about the jaws of one of the larger alligators, he had the reptile's mouth gently pried open, upon which the missing little one was found to be inside.

The "baby" was at once withdrawn tail foremost, and appeared to none the worse for its adventure, saving a somewhat severe abrasion just above its left hind leg. The two alligators came from South America, and have shared the pool in peace for six weeks, and from the pacific disposition of the larger reptile (which measures over five feet), it is conjectured that the little one had of its own accord unsuspectingly crawled into its open jaws.

The authorities, considering the confidence to be rather misplaced, have prevented a repetition of the fate by giving the innocent infant separate accommodation.

The more honesty a man has the less he affects the air of a saint: the affectation of sanctity is a blot on the face of piety.

The pleasure of the senses is as a flower whose perfume quickly evaporates, and whose brilliancy fades in the hand that gathers it.

GLEASON'S MONTHLY COMPANION.—This magazine is, without any exception, the cheapest monthly in existence. Each number is beautifully illustrated with numerous engravings. The price is only $1 25 a year, and it is sent to subscribers free of postage; besides an extra large oil chromo is given gratis, and sent free of postage, to every subscriber. Good cash commission to agents. Sample copies 10 cents, free of postage. Address F. GLEASON, Publisher, 738 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

THE HOME CIRCLE.—This elegant weekly is the best and cheapest illustrated literary paper in the United States, brimful of good things every week. Only $2 50 a year, and sent free of postage; besides, an extra large elegant oil chromo, gratis, to every subscriber and free of postage. A large commission is given to agents. Sample copies free, on receipt of a stamp for return postage. For sale by all newsdealers, at 6 cents per copy. Address F. GLEASON, Publisher, 738 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.—"Beautiful!" "Charming!" "Oh, how lovely!" "What are they worth?" &c. Such are the exclamations of those who see the large, elegant new Chromos produced by the European and American Chrome Publishing Co. Everyone will want them. It requires no talking to sell the pictures—they speak for themselves. Canvassers, agents and ladies and gentlemen out of employment, will find this the best opening ever offered to make money. For full particulars send stamp for confidential circular. Address F. GLEASON & CO., 738 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC ERUPTIONS, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT. PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEARS THE MOST OBSTINATE COMPLEXION SOURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT FAR MORE FROM AGAINST AUDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED RATHER SALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Sore Lungs, Rheumatism, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach Cramp, Liver and Kidneys, or with Cramp, Quinsy, Pleurisy and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Bruises, or Pains in the Limbs, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of those complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fevers, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,

32 Warren Street, New York.

If you want to be Strong Healthy and Vigorous, take R. T. Knokel's Bitter Wine of Iron. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change produced by taking R. T. Knokel's Bitter Wine of Iron in the debilitated and shattered human system. Whether broken down by excess, weak by nature, impaired by sickness, the relaxed and unstrung organization is restored to perfect health and vigor. Sold only by druggists. Sold by all druggists and dealers every where.

Nervous Debility. Nervous Debility

Debility, a depressed, irritable state of mind a weak, nervous, exhausted feeling, no energy or ambition, confused head, weak memory, the sense impaired, no confidence in self, and all the nervous debility finds a sovereign cure in R. T. Knokel's Bitter Wine of Iron. It tones the system, dispels the mental gloom and despondency, and rejuvenates the entire system. Sold by druggists. Sold by all druggists and dealers every where.

40 FANCY Mixed visiting Cards, 10cts. 20 Assortments of 100 Visiting Cards, 10c. 10 Transparent Cards, 10c. Universal Directory of Business Cards, 25c. HENRY BROS., Rockford, Ct.

$55 $77 A Week. Outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

$5 to $10 A DAY to Agents. Sample free; wages guaranteed. Address, with stamp, P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

$5 to $10 A DAY to Agents. Sample free; wages guaranteed. 10 Page catalogue free. J. FLETCHER, 11 Day street, N. Y.

$5937 Made by 17 Agents in January. 79 Agents wanted for Rev. Arthur's Wonderful Miracle. Address as above. Address Lisington, Chicago.

YOUR NAME Printed on 30 cards, 10 styles, for 10c. and stamp. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct.

ARE PLANTED BY A MILLION PEOPLE IN AMERICA. SEE Vick's Catalogue 250 Illustrations, only 2 cents.

Vick's Floral Guide, Quarterly, 25 cents a year.

Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 50 cents; with elegant cloth covers $1 00.

All in elegant English and German. Address JAMES VICK Rochester N. Y.

25 Fancy Visiting Cards, with name, no two alike, in 9 New Styles. No Wretched Marble, Jet, Snowflake or Chromo Cards. 10 Gems, Favorite, 20c. 3 Rolls of Mc Cards, 25c. Card Cases and Ink, 25c. Agents Outfit and Instructions, 10c. Sample Set No. Name on Cards, answered C. E. HAYNES, Wilmantic, Conn. Box 1, U. S. A.

50 MIXED CARDS with name, 10c and stamp. 28 styles Aristocratic Cards, 10c. Samples for 3 stamps. W. DOWD & CO., Bristol, Conn.

40 Finely Printed Visiting Cards, 10cts. 1 Pack with your name on them 40 cts. only in the STAR PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.

40 Elegant Visiting Cards, (3 lists), with name, 10 cts. Agents Outfit, 10 cts. Box 2, 24, Fair Haven, Ct.

21,000 FACTS for workingmen of every trade, in the Workingmen's Hive and Home. FARMERS' MECHANICS' MANUAL. Edited by George E. Waring, Jr. Its interesting articles on Agriculture, Stock, Poultry, and Bees, and its numerous pages on the best method of doing all kinds of work around the house, will save its cost many times every year. Sent postpaid. J. B. HUNTER, Nassau, Rensselaer Co., N. Y.

SOME NEW AND ORIGINAL FIRESIDE GAMES

Most Laughable thing on Earth 25c. The Central Trio, or Three Merry Men, 25c. Rarissa, Knave or Conscience Cards, 25c. Cards and Dance, the Fashion Game, 25c. The Reigning Comic Playing Cards, 25c. post paid. Address, AUSTIN & CO., 24 South 10th st., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

EJACULATIONIST'S JOURNAL, gives choice and original Love Letters, Poetry, Conundrums and amateur Readers and Speakers, select exhibitions, and interesting articles on appropriate subjects. Just the thing wanted. In press 10 cts.; $1 per year. Address JENKINS & CO., 159 Nassau street, New York.

25 Extra Fine mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts. postpaid. 13 Jessie Cards, No. 20. 13 Mixed Cards, 10 cts. postpaid. 10 Jessie Cards, 10 cts. postpaid. 10 Mixed Cards, 10 cts. postpaid. J. H. HUNTER & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

THE TOLL-GATE Price 10 cts. Agents wanted. Specimen sent free. An ingenious game. Address with stamp, E. C. ABBEY, Red Hook, N. Y.

ABSOLUTELY NEW STOCK

OF

DRY GOODS

AT

NEW SCHEDULE OF PRICES,

SOLD ON

NEW SYSTEM, NAMELY:

1	2	3
All goods may be returned for exchange or for the money.	No evasion of, or change in, price	A guarantee as to Quality, Price and Terms of Sale to each purchaser.
	A Fixed, Uniform Rate to all.	

Be good enough to examine the stock and

TEST THE ADVANTAGES

of this New Department.

John Wanamaker.

THIRTEENTH STREET.

$50 to $200 A MONTH FOR AGE UNIVERSAL HISTORY, ANCIENT, MIDDLE-AGES and MODERN. The great interest in all nations and in our own history makes this the best selling book out. Sells faster than any other. 8 books a day. Beautifully illustrated. Low price, quick sales, extra terms. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

CAGTS WANTED FOR HISTORY CENTEN'L EXHIBITION. It contains 600 fine engravings of buildings and scenes in the Great Exhibition, and is the only authentic and complete history published. It contains all the grand buildings, wonderful exhibits, curiosities, great events, &c. Over 100 pages, sells at sight. One Agent sold 60 copies in one day. Send for our extra terms and a full description of this great work. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION. Dare Rubbe and Worthless books are now on the Exhibition are being stereotyped. Do not be deceived. See that the book you buy contains 856 pages and 600 fine engravings.

40 FANCY Mixed visiting Cards, 10cts. 20 Assortments of 100 Visiting Cards, 10c. 10 Transparent Cards, 10c. Universal Directory of Business Cards, 25c. HENRY BROS., Rockford, Ct.

$55 $77 A Week. Outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

$5 to $10 A DAY to Agents. Sample free; wages guaranteed. 10 Page catalogue free. J. FLETCHER, 11 Day street, N. Y.

$5937 Made by 17 Agents in January. 79 Agents wanted for Rev. Arthur's Wonderful Miracle. Address as above. Address Lisington, Chicago.

YOUR NAME Printed on 30 cards, 10 styles, for 10c. and stamp. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct.

ARE PLANTED BY A MILLION PEOPLE IN AMERICA. SEE Vick's Catalogue 250 Illustrations, only 2 cents.

Vick's Floral Guide, Quarterly, 25 cents a year.

Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 50 cents; with elegant cloth covers $1 00.

All in elegant English and German. Address JAMES VICK Rochester N. Y.

25 Fancy Visiting Cards, with name, no two alike, in 9 New Styles. No Wretched Marble, Jet, Snowflake or Chromo Cards. 10 Gems, Favorite, 20c. 3 Rolls of Mc Cards, 25c. Card Cases and Ink, 25c. Agents Outfit and Instructions, 10c. Sample Set No. Name on Cards, answered C. E. HAYNES, Wilmantic, Conn. Box 1, U. S. A.

50 MIXED CARDS with name, 10c and stamp. 28 styles Aristocratic Cards, 10c. Samples for 3 stamps. W. DOWD & CO., Bristol, Conn.

40 Finely Printed Visiting Cards, 10cts. 1 Pack with your name on them 40 cts. only in the STAR PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.

40 Elegant Visiting Cards, (3 lists), with name, 10 cts. Agents Outfit, 10 cts. Box 2, 24, Fair Haven, Ct.

21,000 FACTS for workingmen of every trade, in the Workingmen's Hive and Home. FARMERS' MECHANICS' MANUAL. Edited by George E. Waring, Jr. Its interesting articles on Agriculture, Stock, Poultry, and Bees, and its numerous pages on the best method of doing all kinds of work around the house, will save its cost many times every year. Sent postpaid. J. B. HUNTER, Nassau, Rensselaer Co., N. Y.

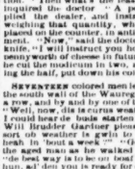
SOME NEW AND ORIGINAL FIRESIDE GAMES

Most Laughable thing on Earth 25c. The Central Trio, or Three Merry Men, 25c. Rarissa, Knave or Conscience Cards, 25c. Cards and Dance, the Fashion Game, 25c. The Reigning Comic Playing Cards, 25c. post paid. Address, AUSTIN & CO., 24 South 10th st., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

EJACULATIONIST'S JOURNAL, gives choice and original Love Letters, Poetry, Conundrums and amateur Readers and Speakers, select exhibitions, and interesting articles on appropriate subjects. Just the thing wanted. In press 10 cts.; $1 per year. Address JENKINS & CO., 159 Nassau street, New York.

25 Extra Fine mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts. postpaid. 13 Jessie Cards, No. 20. 13 Mixed Cards, 10 cts. postpaid. 10 Jessie Cards, 10 cts. postpaid. 10 Mixed Cards, 10 cts. postpaid. J. H. HUNTER & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

THE TOLL-GATE Price 10 cts. Agents wanted. Specimen sent free. An ingenious game. Address with stamp, E. C. ABBEY, Red Hook, N. Y.



By universal accord, AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgative medicines we know of. Hence they are the product of long labor, observation, and successful chemical investigation. Their extensive use by Physicians in their practice, and by all intelligent persons who have tried them, proves them to be the most reliable purgative Pill that medical skill can devise. Being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use. In intensity, as well as curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them, and every person knowing their virtues, will employ them, when needed. They keep the system in perfect order and vitalities in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild searching and effectual, they are specially adapted to the cure of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure. If timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild, but effectual, cathartic is required.

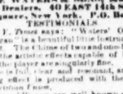
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

HELP for the weak, nervous and debilitated; chronic and painful diseases cured without medicines. Electric Belts and other appliances, all about them, and how to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. Book, with full particulars, mailed free. Address PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO., 302 Vine street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

World's Sole Manufacturer of WHEEL CHAIRS ONLY ALL Styles and Sizes. For INVALIDS and CRIPPLES.

Easily propelled in the house or out doors, by any one having the use of hands. Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and prices of 12 different styles. Inventor and Manufacturer of the "Rolling Chair" used at the Centennial. Please mention this paper. HARLEY SMITH, Jr., Erie, N. Y.

RABBITT'S TOILET SOAP.



The Finest Toilet Soap in the World. Easily prepared in 10 minutes. For Use in the Nursery it has No Equal. Will remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, and Roughness of the Skin, leaving a clear and beautiful complexion. Ask your Druggist for it. Manufactured by T. Rabbitt, 69 Fulton street, New York City. For sale by all Druggists.

A GREAT OFFER! We will during the present season, in order to introduce these dispose of 100 PIANOS & ORGANS, new and second-hand of first-class makers including WATERS'S at lowest prices for cash or installments or to let until paid for than ever before offered. WATERS' GRAND SQUARE and UPRIGHT PIANOS & ORGANS INCLUDING THEIR NEW STYLE ELECTANTE 8 OCTAVE DOUBLE REED ORGANS are the BEST MADE. 7 Octave Pianos $150. 71-3 do $160 not used a year. 7 1-3 Octave Uprights $265. 6 stops, Solid Walnut case $125. 8 stops $175. 10 stops $88. 12 stops $100 cash; not used a year, perfect order and warranted. LOCAL & TRAVELING AGTS WANTED. Illustrated Catalogue Mailed. A liberal discount to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, Lodges, &c. Sheet music at half price. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers, 40 EAST 14th STREET, Union Square, New York. P.O. Box, 3567.

TESTIMONIALS

The N. Y. Times says: "Waters' Orchestrelle Chime Organ" is a beautiful little instrument, simple and perfect. The Chime of bells and the Sub-Bass add much to the effect, and the whole is produced by the player are singularly fine.

The Independent says: "Waters' Pianos are well known among the very best. We can unhesitatingly recommend them to our readers."

We speak of the merits of the Waters' Pianos from personal knowledge, as being of the very best quality.—*Examiner*.

PHILADELPHIA WAREROOMS

C. J. HEPPE,

Corner of 916 and Thompson Streets

WE unhesitatingly place ourselves and our advertising before the readers of this paper. Reliable and trustworthy advertisers only are admitted. Our columns are always pleasant and valuable. Look out for them.

BIG PAY to sell our SEASON PRINT Tattoo & Co. Circulars free. Address Tattoo & Co., Cleveland, O.

25 Fine Cards, 10 styles, with name, 10 cents, postpaid. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

Men or women $10 a week. Free Horse and carriage to employ. Business pleasant and honorable, with no risk. A 16 page Illustrated Catalogue and Terms Free. Address or call on or address P. GARRETT & CO., 119 Nassau street, New York.

YOUR Name neatly printed on 30 mixed cards, for 10c. Agents wanted. Full outfit 10c. CLINTON PRINTING CO., Clintonville, Ct.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY!

AYER & SON'S MANUAL For Advertisers

Contains a list of Newspapers and Periodicals, and Estimates showing the cost of advertising. Mailed to any address for 25 cents. N. W. AYER & SON, TIMES BUILDING, Philadelphia.

THE FASHIONS.

Despite our fond belief and the positive assertion of the almanac that Spring has really come since we are already past St. Patrick's day, the very marked tendency of old Father Winter to linger in the lap of his fair successor prevents us from entirely doffing those articles which are so delightful to the feminine heart. For while we cheerfully and without a stinging pang lay past "until the threesome weather smiles," in favor of a more flowing straw, "garnished deep Angelina, you know, with sweet roses of the best shade in France and north as regularize Normandy cream of somebody-colored silk." Yet just such exercises must be endured through March at least. One seldom sees other than the velvet bonnets and felt hats grown familiar through constant wear of the last three months. Dressmakers, however, are very busy, and the store windows are full of new satin. The fashionable dress still holds supremacy although it is now shown with certain modifications and additions which render it almost novel. Among these later models is one of great elegance, called La Comtesse.

The model shown was in steel grey silk and a demi-saison material of silk and wool of the same tint. The front widths were separate from the waist, although attached to the back and side widths. These front and two first side widths were of plain steel grey silk, laid in diagonal, upturned folds, about four inches wide, from belt to within six inches of the bottom of the skirt. At the bottom were two knife pleatings, each six inches wide. The waist portion was of the demour, having a plain silk front, or long vest extending down six or seven inches below the belt, and laid in horizontal upturned folds. The rest of the waist was of the demour, and was cut in one with the side and back widths of the skirt. A double box pleat, set in under the central seam and about seven inches below the belt, gave the needed fullness to the skirt. From each side where the demour overlapped the plain silk, the edges were cut in square lags, called turrets, under which was set a knife pleating of the plain silk. This trimming terminated around the bottom of the back and side widths, which formed a moderately long and bag-shaped train.

The looping of the back widths was very slight. The sleeves of the dress were of the plain silk, with a turreted ruffle falling over a knife pleating. The upper ruffle being of the demour, and the knife pleating of the plain silk. A pleated ruffle encircled the neck.

A dinner or reception dress, of heavy black cachemire silk was shown. The front of the waist falling in square jointed pockets, each but one inch deep, of the same silk as the damasse silk, on the Louis XVIth shape, extending low down to front, occupied the middle of the waist, being buttoned from throat to lower edge with blue silk buttons. The sleeves of the dress were the tight, plain fitting coat sleeve, with a slight widening at the wrist, forming a sort of cuff. A band of blue faille ribbon, matching in color the vest, was passed around the sleeve, three and a half inches from the edge, and tied in a single bow on the outer seam. The entire buttons of the skirt was cut to deep, rounded points, and below them a knife-pleating of blue silk matching the vest and sleeve-ribbon. A diagonal scarf of the black silk, pieced on each edge with the blue silk, and laid in upturned folds, trimmed on the front of the dress, was caught under the deep pleat of the back widths, and looped there by a sash of blue silk, disposed in loops and a loose knot. We were especially charmed with this costume, which, for either elegance or taste, must commend itself to all persons of good taste.

In walking or street costumes, there are so many pretty models shown, that it is quite impossible to make a selection of any one particular style. In all the newest, however, the polonaise over-dress is given preference over the upper skirt, yet overskirts are by no means entirely abandoned, only the polonaise has just now a more stylish appearance. For the intermediate season, although gray in all shades is preferred as being quiet, yet darker colors seem more in accordance with the wintry weather that still lingers. Many polonaises for quite young persons are buttoned down the back, and have also a row of buttons down the front, ending half way down, and there met by looped bows of ribbon. It looks best for these bows to be placed, each upon a slight, upturned pleat. Fringe for an edging is still largely used. Deep knotted fringe being preferred, or fringe with a wide heading. Many of the French polonaises have the sides cut open and held together by a slashing of narrow velvet ribbon, or a narrow bias fold of silk. Either of the two which may be used for this trimming is continued in other parts of the costume, where ornament is needed—such, for instance, as several rows around the edge of the polonaise, a succession of the knotted fringe on the outer seam of the sleeve, rows around the edge of the pointed collar laps, or else the collar and cuffs are made entirely of the silk or of velvet. A propos of this style of trimming, which is only an old mode fresh, I noticed a very neat and inexpensive suit of plum colored cassimere, combined with a paler shade of plum-colored basket cloth. The lower skirt was of the cassimere, and a very sensible length, just clearing the ground. A knife-pleating of the same edged it, then came three rows of plum-colored velvet ribbon, half an inch wide. Then a box pleated frill of the basket-cloth, headed by two rows of velvet ribbon. The polonaise was of the basket cloth, having vest front of the cassimere, the joining of which to the basket-cloth material was married by three rows of velvet ribbon. Commencing half way down the front were narrow upturned pleats, each held by a bow with looped ends of velvet ribbon two inches in width. Around the edge were three rows of the narrow velvet ribbon. On each side of the front with this over-dress was cut open, corded and slashed in a lattice work pattern, with the narrow velvet ribbon. Far back on the right side and hanging quite low down was a chatelaine pocket of velvet and cashmere suspended by straps of cashmere bound with velvet. The shape of this pocket was pointed at the bottom, sloping roundly upwards, square across the top, and having an overturned flap. The polonaise was slightly looped to the back, low down, and held in place by velvet bows similar to those used in front. The sleeves were cut with a lattice trimming on the outer seam of short strips of the cashmere velvet ribbon, cuffed with turned-down points of velvet.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Mantle-scarfs are growing in favor.

For a piece of embroidering, white or cream-color, about your throat and you are in the fashion.

Garnet jewelry is very becoming to pensioned brunettes.

Cream-tinted mask veils are much worn; blue are better for the eyes.

Half-bad-sachets of *crepe de chene* or serge silk in bright or light tints, made with Valenciennes insertion introduced and having a lace edging of the same, are among the novelties.

Wide cuffs ettes of muslin and lace insertion are worn by young ladies.

The new bonnet laces are run inside and are plainly stitched in black.

Novelties in handkerchiefs are shown with round corners and also with knife pleated frills, laid flat, and laced edge, surrounding them.

A full blown rose worn on top and near the centre of the head, is the newest in coiffure ornaments.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer and Ormsbee for unbreakable record-files.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We have a small, but easily made article to present to our readers this week—a Lamp Mat. For foundation have a round of scarlet Berlin or cloth. This must be moderately long stiff—and so making a nice mat, which does not need to be lined. The round piece should be six inches across. Lay on the top of this a piece of pale blue flannel of an equal size with the underpiece. On a leaf of the oval or obtate form cut of a piece of stiff white paper. Lay it on the edge of the flannel and fastening it, carefully cut the edge into similar leaves, removing the pattern from one to another part of the edge until the entire round is completed. Now lay a piece of fine white flannel over the under scarlet on top of the blue. Cut a smaller leaf pattern and cut from it leaves around the edge of the white piece. If preferred, the edges of these leaves may be wrought in loose buttonhole stitch. The blue wrought in the color of the blue; while the veins of the blue leaves may be wrought in white silk in chain-stitch, and the white leaves in red.

Let our young readers just try this pretty simple mat, and then tell us how delighted the recipient of the pretty gift was.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss E. T., Ashmore, Ill.—We unwound the wire from the spool, and send coiled, for fear the spool would bend and injure the wire.

Miss J. Carrie Clark.—Your letter about the remodelling of the black silk are very good. Lay the back widths in double box pleat under the middle seam. No. the pensioned bunties are not worn by people of good taste. A slight one-dozen good wire is keeping out the dress-skirt, but no longer appearance is fashionable about the back widths. Many thanks for your kind words and good opinion.

Several answers are crowded out in this issue. NIXON.

BIRD BUILDING.

Lady bird, lady bird, wake from your dreams!
The winter, all dreary, is over;
I hear the murmur of myriad streams
Singing soft through the imprisoning clover.
I've wooed you by melody tender and low,
And yon—you remember it, sweetest!
You gave me my answer while stars were asleep,
By flowers the shyest and fleetest.

Then hasten! the blossoms are ripening fruit of bloom.
And we, in the April moors,
Must finish our nest where the rich perfume
Will reach us from all the flowers.
Our little mate hoards while the cherries are red.
Can clue at their own sweet pleasure,
And guarding them close while their banquet is spread,
We'll sing without stint or measure.

MY MYSTERIOUS MULETEER

We were a party of three Englishmen, traveling by rail from Madrid to the east coast, bound to Puerta Muerta, to buy transport mules for a certain little war then in progress in the south-east.

It was at Almanza, the junction for Valencia and Barcelona, that I first saw my mysterious muleteer.

No muleteer was he then to all outward seeming; but dressed like a Spanish gentleman of the old school, wrapped in a wide cape or cloak, which, when he choose, completely enshrouded his face. He was not invariably; more than once I saw his features plainly enough. He was not alone. A strikingly handsome girl, so like him that she must be evidently his daughter, clung to him in a manner that betrayed evident anxiety and nervousness on his account. Her eyes, full of loving solicitude, were continually turned to his; now and again she motioned to him as if she wished him to cover up his mouth with his cloak. Was this for cold weather, or was he an invalid?

They were rather a remarkable pair. Possibly it was the splendid Spanish beauty of the girl that attracted me, but I found myself thinking of them for the remainder of the journey. I looked out for them on the platform at Puerta Muerta, but they were nowhere in sight. Then the pressure of my own affairs drove them quite out of my head for some time. I was so busily occupied that I had no leisure for vague dreams.

Puerta Muerta, when we reached it, might, in truth, have been dead a thousand years. The houses were like crumbling mummies set up in rows along the deserted, dust-encumbered streets; only a stray fulcro or two with ragged sails lay in the harbor. The warehouses were all boarded up, the mole overgrown with grass. The great caravanserai or fonda by the sea-shore could not be open to do business for years; we had the greatest difficulty in persuading its landlord that business had come at last.

But in an hour or two all was changed. A Spaniard has a keen scent for gain, when money can be made without great expenditure of force. The town awoke with a start, galvanized, as it were, into life by the addition of English gold. The shop-keepers took down their shutters; merchants hitherto idle, came to proffer their services; dealers without mules came in crowds to propose commissions for their supply.

We divided the labor. Clayton—by nature and professional training a suspicious, hard-headed man of business—looked to the finance, and was soon in agonies about exchange and the value of treasury bills, full of vouchers, tenders, agreements, a willing slave to the whole machinery of bargain and sale. Harding, a civil engineer, undertook the purchase of stabling for our stock, to the supply of water—an important item at Puerta Muerta, where rain had not fallen for fourteen months—bought mule medicines, and examined specimens of alfalfa (clover) and algorraba beans; while it fell to my share to organize the corps of muleteers, to provide nose-bags, head-stalls, picket-ropes, mule-shoes, and marking-irons, so that our mules, when they arrived—as they did presently in hundreds—might be properly cared for, and embarked fully equipped for service in the field.

My duties brought me into close connection with the people of the place; good, easy-going country folk, speaking a provincial dialect, clinging to local costume—a black, flat sombrero, as wide as a cart-wheel, a white shirt, black sash, white petticoat or kilt, hoofless stockings, and rope-soled sandals on their horny feet—very temperate, not over-industrious, but patient and willing to work for very moderate wages. The times were hard; recent political troubles had been a bad harvest, had brought many to the verge of want, and men came in great numbers to be "spanitado"—put down," or hired for employment, by us, by no means particular at times to choose, but I relied chiefly on my own judgment of physiognomy and physique, provided always I could produce, as proof of respectability, their cedulas de vecindad," or passports, signed by their local authorities.

We were seated in the patio smoking one evening, after dinner, when we say a man had called to be "put down." It was after business hours, but he was shown in. He was a tall, well-grown man, in the prime of life, dressed in the country fashion, holding his hat very straight, and with voice and manner seemingly above his station. He made his request for employment in an independent, straightforward way, which pleased me.

"What do you think of him?" I said in English to Clayton.

"Looks honest," said the applicant, also in English, correct, but not fluent, "I understand your language."

I liked him for his honesty.

"You have papers; your cedula, and all that?"

"No, I have none. I stand simply on my merits, such as they are. I am accustomed to animals, strong, willing to work, honest so."

"That you had better leave us to say," put in Clayton. We were still speaking in English.

"Do you doubt it, sir?" said the stranger, raising his voice, as if disposed to call the questioner to serious account.

"Come, come," said I, "to the Bull Ring, our headquarters, for orders."

He made me a courteous bow, and, without speaking again, left us.

"Well, of all the idiotic proceedings," cried Clayton at once—"to engage a man who has no papers; a man who speaks English——"

"That ought to be in his favor."

"My experience is that the linguists of an out-of-the-way foreign town are all rogues. How comes he to know English? It looks flashy."

"Your absurd mistrustfulness, Clayton, is the worst trait in your character. You will never be a great man."

"Rubbish! That is beside the question. I protest against the employment of this fellow."

"And I insist upon it. I was much taken with his looks. Don't you agree with me, Hinks?"

The "vet" never ventured an opinion spontaneously; even when directly asked, he hesitated. Now, he felt the sinews of one arm slowly up and down, a favorite habit of his when in doubt, as if he were trying the tendons of a suspicious horse, and after a time only said:

"I wonder what he knows about animals? He may be of use."

And he was, undoubtedly. Before he had been in our employment for twenty-four hours, Enrique, as he was called, became our right-hand man. We were now in the full swing of purchase; daily and hourly we had a long table in the arena of the Bull Ring, and gave audience to high and low. The dealers flocked in—some with droves of mules; others with a team or a pair; now and again, a laboring man, with tears in his eyes, brought his one precious beast—his bread-winner and familiar friend—and sold him to us, or tried to sell him, for which latter task he was worth. Enrique was invaluable; he was profoundly knowing in animals, and up to all tricks of the trade. To save trouble, although I spoke a certain amount of Spanish, we installed him as interpreter and go-between; and as such he gave such sound advice, and seemed so trustworthy, that even suspicious Clayton began to appreciate him. He became Hinks's lieutenant, serving him ably when that satire "vet"—a large-limbed, powerful man—put in practice his favorite method of buying a mule's temper, which was to hold the brute with one hand and to belabor his blind-quarters with the other. Enrique possessed, also, the rare gift of making persons pass through seemingly strange, unless it were the result of long practice added to natural powers. Seeing this, and that the rest of the muleteers readily admitted his superiority, I gave him carte blanche. Within a week Enrique and animals were brigaded; responsible heads were appointed; our stables were as well disciplined and orderly as a regiment of horse.

Enrique gave us, ere long, a more substantial proof of his loyalty to our service. One fine morning, with a certain flourish, there entered to us, when we were busy buying, a tall man with a commanding presence. He had a hawk-like nose, bright eyes, and the dark blood of the gitano (gipsy) mantled beneath his brown cheek.

He came forward with a theatrical air and touched himself on the breast.

"Behold me! In me your excellencies see the key of La Mancha. You want mules? I have but to turn the lock—pauf! pauf! and I will be overrun with beasts;" and he touched his waistcoat, as if he carried them there within on his manly bosom.

"Tell him to wait his turn," I said rather unpityingly to Enrique. We showed no favor or affection. It was first come, first served; and the keys of La Mancha had no special claim to consideration.

"They speak no Castilian, then?" said Rafael Sandunga, as I found out he was called.

"Not a word," replied our interpreter, with so much aplomb that I felt sure he had some reason for concealing that I understood the language.

"Pues, bien! So much the better. It is with you, then, that I shall deal. Vamos al casa! Let us come to business; let us arrange the account. They are rich, these English? *Of course*, all are. They want mules; they have little intelligence in mule stock, how should they? I have the best in the world; they shall have them—as a gift."

Overhearing this, I became fully aware that Don Rafael Sandunga proposed to rob us to the utmost farthing.

"I will tell him what I offer your liberal offer," said Enrique, dryly.

"Wait, friend. For a mule fourteen hands, sound, gentle, young, the price is—ten ounces."

Henrique laughed aloud.

"Hush. The masters will suspect. I mean ten ounces between you and me. Get me ten ounces and you shall go halves."

I was much interested. Enrique hardly meant to play us false. Next moment he said:

"I must tell them something; they will wonder what we are talking about. You hear, captain of my soul," he quietly observed, laying one hand on my head? He means that if you pay ten doubloons, one hundred and sixty dollars, he and I can divide the difference between the said and the real value of the beast. Parcour!"

"What do you think I should do?"

"Turn him out of the Ring, neck and crop. He is a rascal, Enrique, who deserves to go to the common jail."

Taking my cue from this, I rose and made "the key of La Mancha" a low bow.

"I am sorry, Don Rafael, my decision," I said slowly, in Spanish, "we are obliged to you for your obliging offer to our servant, but we decline to deal. Anda usted," I added, sharply, "Hook it, begone. You shall never enter the Ring again."

At the first sound of Spanish from my lips the rogue had turned pale. Then he put his hand to his sash, as in search of a knife, but some of our men seized him before he could do any harm.

"Cursed traitor!" he cried, turning with concentrated malice on Enrique, who stood by smiling with contempt. "I will be even with you. There is no debt that is never paid, no bond unfulfilled. I know you. I have sworn to be revenged, and I will be revenged on you."

Next minute Don Sandunga was removed from our premises.

Work, unremitting and anxious, prevented my questioning Enrique further as to the threats of this disappointed sharper; nor did the man himself refer to it. He went on with his duties steadily and quietly, and he made friends among the muleteers; he seemed to talk to no one but myself, and even with me, although I treated him, as I felt he was, quite my equal, he was singularly reticent.

Every night at varying hours I visited the Bull Ring, and found Enrique prompt always to answer to my call.

Once, rather late, he was accompanying me on my rounds, when a tremendous knocking at the outer gate made us both start.

"Go and see, Enrique, what that means."

"Excuse me, Senor Captain. I will send Alejandro;" and with strange alacrity Enrique left me.

I myself reached the gate in time to hear the following short colloquy:

"Who goes there?" from within.

"A muleteer! (the authority). Open in the name of the Queen."

Isabella was on the throne; Narvaez at her right hand. The political air was heavy with clouds, and all Spain was under martial law.

"I am the master here," said I, at once putting myself forward. "What is the meaning of this intrusion?"

The visitors consisted of a posse of civil guards, and at their head was a small dried-up atom of a man, who seemed all gray moustaches and gold-headed cane.

"I am the chief of the police of this city. I require to see all your muleteers. I am informed that you harbor the employment of this fellow."

"Rubbish! That is beside the question. I protest against the employment of this fellow."

"And I insist upon it. I was much taken with his looks. Don't you agree with me, Hinks?"

The "vet" never ventured an opinion spontaneously; even when directly asked, he hesitated. Now, he felt the sinews of one arm slowly up and down, a favorite habit of his when in doubt, as if he were trying the tendons of a suspicious horse, and after a time only said:

"I wonder what he knows about animals? He may be of use."

And he was, undoubtedly. Before he had been in our employment for twenty-four hours, Enrique, as he was called, became our right-hand man. We were now in the full swing of purchase; daily and hourly we had a long table in the arena of the Bull Ring, and gave audience to high and low. The dealers flocked in—some with droves of mules; others with a team or a pair; now and again, a laboring man, with tears in his eyes, brought his one precious beast—his bread-winner and familiar friend—and sold him to us, or tried to sell him, for which latter task he was worth. Enrique was invaluable; he was profoundly knowing in animals, and up to all tricks of the trade. To save trouble, although I spoke a certain amount of Spanish, we installed him as interpreter and go-between; and as such he gave such sound advice, and seemed so trustworthy, that even suspicious Clayton began to appreciate him. He became Hinks's lieutenant, serving him ably when that satire "vet"—a large-limbed, powerful man—put in practice his favorite method of buying a mule's temper, which was to hold the brute with one hand and to belabor his blind-quarters with the other. Enrique possessed, also, the rare gift of making persons pass through seemingly strange, unless it were the result of long practice added to natural powers. Seeing this, and that the rest of the muleteers readily admitted his superiority, I gave him carte blanche. Within a week Enrique and animals were brigaded; responsible heads were appointed; our stables were as well disciplined and orderly as a regiment of horse.

Enrique gave us, ere long, a more substantial proof of his loyalty to our service. One fine morning, with a certain flourish, there entered to us, when we were busy buying, a tall man with a commanding presence. He had a hawk-like nose, bright eyes, and the dark blood of the gitano (gipsy) mantled beneath his brown cheek.

He came forward with a theatrical air and touched himself on the breast.

"Behold me! In me your excellencies see the key of La Mancha. You want mules? I have but to turn the lock—pauf! pauf! and I will be overrun with beasts;" and he touched his waistcoat, as if he carried them there within on his manly bosom.

"Tell him to wait his turn," I said rather unpityingly to Enrique. We showed no favor or affection. It was first come, first served; and the keys of La Mancha had no special claim to consideration.

"They speak no Castilian, then?" said Rafael Sandunga, as I found out he was called.

"Not a word," replied our interpreter, with so much aplomb that I felt sure he had some reason for concealing that I understood the language.

"Pues, bien! So much the better. It is with you, then, that I shall deal. Vamos al casa! Let us come to business; let us arrange the account. They are rich, these English? *Of course*, all are. They want mules; they have little intelligence in mule stock, how should they? I have the best in the world; they shall have them—as a gift."

Overhearing this, I became fully aware that Don Rafael Sandunga proposed to rob us to the utmost farthing.

"I will tell him what I offer your liberal offer," said Enrique, dryly.

"Wait, friend. For a mule fourteen hands, sound, gentle, young, the price is—ten ounces."

Henrique laughed aloud.

"Hush. The masters will suspect. I mean ten ounces between you and me. Get me ten ounces and you shall go halves."

I was much interested. Enrique hardly meant to play us false. Next moment he said:

"I must tell them something; they will wonder what we are talking about. You hear, captain of my soul," he quietly observed, laying one hand on my head? He means that if you pay ten doubloons, one hundred and sixty dollars, he and I can divide the difference between the said and the real value of the beast. Parcour!"

"What do you think I should do?"

"Turn him out of the Ring, neck and crop. He is a rascal, Enrique, who deserves to go to the common jail."

Taking my cue from this, I rose and made "the key of La Mancha" a low bow.

"I am sorry, Don Rafael, my decision," I said slowly, in Spanish, "we are obliged to you for your obliging offer to our servant, but we decline to deal. Anda usted," I added, sharply, "Hook it, begone. You shall never enter the Ring again."

At the first sound of Spanish from my lips the rogue had turned pale. Then he put his hand to his sash, as in search of a knife, but some of our men seized him before he could do any harm.

"Cursed traitor!" he cried, turning with concentrated malice on Enrique, who stood by smiling with contempt. "I will be even with you. There is no debt that is never paid, no bond unfulfilled. I know you. I have sworn to be revenged, and I will be revenged on you."

Next minute Don Sandunga was removed from our premises.

Work, unremitting and anxious, prevented my questioning Enrique further as to the threats of this disappointed sharper; nor did the man himself refer to it. He went on with his duties steadily and quietly, and he made friends among the muleteers; he seemed to talk to no one but myself, and even with me, although I treated him, as I felt he was, quite my equal, he was singularly reticent.

Every night at varying hours I visited the Bull Ring, and found Enrique prompt always to answer to my call.

Once, rather late, he was accompanying me on my rounds, when a tremendous knocking at the outer gate made us both start.

"Go and see, Enrique, what that means."

"Excuse me, Senor Captain. I will send Alejandro;" and with strange alacrity Enrique left me.

I myself reached the gate in time to hear the following short colloquy:

"Who goes there?" from within.

"A muleteer! (the authority). Open in the name of the Queen."

Isabella was on the throne; Narvaez at her right hand. The political air was heavy with clouds, and all Spain was under martial law.

"I am the master here," said I, at once putting myself forward. "What is the meaning of this intrusion?"

The visitors consisted of a posse of civil guards, and at their head was a small dried-up atom of a man, who seemed all gray moustaches and gold-headed cane.

"I am the chief of the police of this city. I require to see all your muleteers. I am informed that you harbor the employment of this fellow."

I resented these peremptory tones, but even before I could protest, the muleteers, with the instinct of obedience to despotic rule, had ranged themselves in a row.

"They are all here?" said Don Cirilo, turning to me, as soon as he had inspected each in turn by the light of a lantern. "All your muleteers are here?"

"All my muleteers are here," I repeated. Enrique was absent; but he was now our muleteer, not a muleteer, I permitted myself this slight evasion, for I felt certain Enrique wished to remain concealed.

"It is very strange."

And then the intruder made a thorough inspection of the place, all to no purpose. Presently, without a word of apology they took their leave.

When I was telling the affair to Clayton, all his old suspicions of Enrique revived.

"I knew how it would be. You have made a fatal mistake. You were particularly desirous to avoid any collision with the local government, and yet your hastiness in engaging this fellow will compromise us seriously."

"You have always admitted Enrique was worth his weight in gold to us."

"He will be dearer than that, if the Spanish authorities, as I fear, order us to leave Puerta Muerta."

While he was still speaking, a pair of civil guards appeared, and one of them served upon me a summons to appear immediately before the military governor of the town.

Till now, although employed by our own Government, our operations had been conducted as private persons: has we were a mercial enterprise suffers from official recognition. But feeling that now we were in some danger of misconstruction, I hastily donned my uniform and went to the citadel.

I was received most courteously. The uniform did that. Directly I entered, the commandant turned to the chief of the police and said rather sharply:

"He is an English officer, you see. This can go no further.—Captain," he said to me, "pardon my error. Some wise people have discovered a dangerous conspiracy in your doings. Tell me the truth. What is the object here?"

"We are buying mules."

"That I know but for what purpose?"

"To send them to the East."

"For the British Government?"

"If you must know, yes."

"We heard you were drilling and raising a force of insurgents, and that you meant to arm the citadel for——Prim. Forgive me. Will you take a cigar?"

He was decorated with the Moorish war medal, and perhaps was not violently opposed to Marshal Prim.

My interview with the authorities ended thus. But we were not yet out of the woods. I saw from the face of the chief of the police that he was dissatisfied, and a glance of a beast on her chin, the rest of the visage a mass of white, except the black-penciled eyebrows. Our marriage ceremonies are remarkable for their antiquity, and have varied but little. The wedding ring, which the Puritans repudiated as a Satanic bauble, has been worn from time to time on the right hand, the reason for its present assignment to the latter being a tradition, whether authentic or not, that some vein in the third finger of the left hand has a direct communication with the heart. Our bridal vail is of modern introduction though it is said to have replaced the Agulo-Saxon custom of the bride wearing her hair floating on her shoulders. For many years nothing but the wreath was worn over loose tresses. Bridal favors are said to be of Danish origin, and at one time these were made entirely of white, but in the bride's own colors, whatever they might be.

IN California, horses and horned cattle are having there comparative intelligence discussed in the newspapers, the subject being given notoriety by observations made by the passengers on the train as the Arizona Plains during the deep snows this winter. Cattle were reported to be dying by thousands from starvation and exposure, and not sheep are not much better off. On the contrary, the horses were regarded as likely to get through the winter in safety. The reason of this is said to be that the horses have sense enough to paw away the snow with their feet, and thus get down to the "bunch grass" beneath, which is sufficiently grown to give them food. The cattle and sheep, however, stand in the snow and make no effort to help themselves.

SCIENTIFIC.

On the closing up of the Smith & Rogers silver plating establishment in Meriden, Conn., preparatory to its removal to Hartford, the floor of the plating room was taken up, and the sand and ashes analyzed, with the result of procuring pure silver to the amount of $600.

The steam-heating experiment is practically realized in Boston, although on a small scale that it is being tried by Mr. Holly, in Lockport, New York. One entire square is warmed by steam from a central station, which has sufficient power to compress for the *Post* and *Transcript*, daily, its issue of 100,000 copies, and other needs. It is regarded a very economical and successful plan.

Major Rehmont, of the Royal Engineers, has, it is said, devised an atmospheric locomotive, which is found to work well at Woolwich Arsenal. The reservoirs for the compressed air are cylinders about six feet in length, by three inches in diameter—a method which enables the speed to be kept up for a considerable time. The air locomotive has a suitable field in places where an ordinary fire-driven engine would be dangerous; but, of course, the air cannot be compressed without expending more power than is subsequently obtained from it.

A Flux for Cast Steel.—One of the greatest difficulties to a smith is the welding of cast steel, and an art or operation in which he rarely succeeds. A mass of ingredients and receipts is sold for the purpose of welding cast steel, but the simplest and best method is the one employed by Mr. A. Fiala, of Prague. He uses the fine yellowish prussiate of potash, out expending more power than is subsequently obtained from it.

A Flux for Cast Steel.—One of the greatest difficulties to a smith is the welding of cast steel, and an art or operation in which he rarely succeeds. A mass of ingredients and receipts is sold for the purpose of welding cast steel, but the simplest and best method is the one employed by Mr. A. Fiala, of Prague. He uses the fine yellowish prussiate of potash out expending more power than is subsequently obtained from it.

I left them as soon as possible, although it was sweet to hear Concha's voluble thanks, and to look into her grateful eyes.

By this means my affairs were kept upon the ship. Civil guards patrolled the wharf; the chief of the police came on board several times, and I was obliged to show him every article in our cargo, and even visited the mule deck, and inspected our muleteers every day. To the very moment of starting he hovered about, his myrmidons within call, as if he expected the last.

But the good ship Sophonisba at length cleared for sea. Warp after warp was cast adrift, and she forged slowly ahead past the mole; then, as she neared the light, she gained the open sea and went fairly off under full steam, pausing only to pick up one of her boats which appeared to be waiting for her captain.

Enrique was in this boat.

* * * * *

Years passed, and I heard nothing more of the mysterious muleteer; years of turmoil and disturbance in Spain. First Isabella fled before the insurrection of Montpensier and Prim; then came the Republican risings, quenched in torrents of blood; next, Amadeo, and the assassination of the kingmaker; last of all the Carlist invasion, and the bitter civil war.

Concha I had never quite forgotten. Often I had wished to revisit Spain. In all the changes and chances of these last years, perchance her father might have found himself at the top of the tree, perhaps, also——

Then a roving spirit took me to the Northern Provinces. San Sebastian was besieged; I must needs push forward and see all I could, when I suddenly found myself surrounded, and a prisoner in the hands of Alphonist troops.

I spoke in Spanish, and said I was an Englishman.

There were Englishmen among the Carlists; my knowledge of Spanish did not befriend me. I was evidently a suspicious person. The lieutenant in command was for disposing of me at once. My fate would have been sealed but for the opportune arrival of a colonel, in staff uniform, who, hearing my explanation, decided that I must go before the general-in-chief. Accordingly, bound with a thin cord in that ingenious Spanish fashion which is more effective than handcuffs or shackles, I was, after a long delay, ushered into the presence of the great man.

"Your name," said he, without looking up.

"Gaythorne."

"Gracios al cielo!" cried the general, springing to his feet. "At last we meet, Senorita mia! Embrace me instantly. This gentleman is most dear to me—dearer than a son."

"Enrique!" I cried.

"Enrique Guevarra y Campocillos, captain-general and commander-in-chief of the armies of Castile, and your firm friend till death."

I spent the following winter at Madrid, and, renewing my acquaintance with Concha Guevarra, think it is not unlikely that I may become the general's son in more than in name.

ABOUT BRIDAL VAILS.

We have learned to consider white as essentially a bridal costume, but it has not been always so; and even now the Bokharia bride wears a rose colored vail on her marriage day, and in the modern Greek bridal the face is further hidden by a linen vail over which falls another of gold tinsel, and a part of the ceremonial is for the priest's wife to die the nails of the bride a deep red made from henna. In Turkey, the bride appears in rich white satin brocade, shot with silver, and bedizened with pearls, a jeweled girdle around her waist, her face whitened, over which falls a large cape of a heart on her chin, the rest of the visage a mass of white, except the black-penciled eyebrows. Our marriage ceremonies are remarkable for their antiquity, and have varied but little. The wedding ring, which the Puritans repudiated as a Satanic bauble, has been worn from time to time on the right hand, the reason for its present assignment to the latter being a tradition, whether authentic or not, that some vein in the third finger of the left hand has a direct communication with the heart. Our bridal vail is of modern introduction though it is said to have replaced the Agulo-Saxon custom of the bride wearing her hair floating on her shoulders. For many years nothing but the wreath was worn over loose tresses. Bridal favors are said to be of Danish origin, and at one time these were made entirely of white, but in the bride's own colors, whatever they might be.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To Correspondents.—No rejected articles will be returned to writers unless the exact postage in stamps be furnished. It is better for writers to keep a copy of their articles to insure safety, as we cannot be responsible for the loss of MSS. If requested to hold them in case of rejection, we will do so, if the request is made at the time the MS. is forwarded.

Declined with Thanks.—"Distinguished Men, (the penmanship was superior to the poetry); "A Love Adventure with a painter." "A Sketch from Real Life."

Peter G. (Clay Co., Kas.)—It is entirely safe to have nothing to do with the man who advertises to send a few dozen of flowers. In some cases it is a blind way of offering counterfeits for sale, but usually it is only a swindling way of disposing of cheap photographs of bills.

Lucy G., (Ingham Co., Mich.)—There are many flowers and ornamental plants which thrive well in the shade. A good selection can be made from the following: Coleus, Ageratum and florists. Write to James Vick of Rochester, N. Y., and he will gladly send you full information.

G. M. Nicholson (Lee Co., Ill.).—The ensanied steel collars for gentlemen's wear were introduced a number of years since, but they do not appear to have become popular. We have not seen them for a long time, and doubt if they are now being manufactured. We do not know where to obtain any.

F. George (Wilson Co., Tenn.).—The eyes do sometimes change color. It may occur from illness, a violent excitement, or the like, but only a change in intensity from one shade to another of the same color. We have never heard of blue eyes changing to black, although black eyes have become brown. Still, such a change may be possible.

Wallace (Stokes Co., N. C.).—It is not customary for gentlemen to wear engagement rings. It is the custom to be simple and gratify the curiosity of others in this matter, but one can place it himself for proper occasions. If asked about all the questions put to him he hands upon his bed. If they were too short to fit it, they were stretched out, if too long, their time he were cut off.

L. Messelin (Macon Co., Ga.).—The belief in purgatory, or a place for expiation for sin before entrance to Heaven, is believed as a church tenet to the Roman Catholic and Greek churches. A modified form of this belief, under the name of restitution, appears to be gaining ground among the members of other denominations, especially the Unitarian and Universalist sects.

Klein J. Warren Co., Ill.).—Note paper is perfumed by the addition of powdered orris, in the form of powder, placed in the box which contained the paper. Rose, violet, musk, etc., in this form can be bought at the druggists. As such colors are not very agreeable to all your correspondents, it is more advisable to let the sense of your writing constitute the charm of your letters.

Inquirer.—One can learn to translate German, Spanish, French, etc., without a master, with the help of the grammars and dictionaries of those languages. But to speak them correctly will require the aid of the living teacher, or the constant attendance which must be heard to be correctly imitated. Almost any foreign language can be learned with the proper text books, of which there is a great variety.

C. P. Reed, (Wood Co., W. Va.).—The records of the weather kept through many years by careful observers who have made the subject a special study, fail to show that any predictions based on the changes of the moon are to be regarded as reliable. The moon is changing every hour, and no reason has been given why its changes at the quarters are more potent than at any other stage of its revolution around the earth.

Mary E. Bates, (Chicago, Ill.).—We do not remember the writings about which you inquire, and cannot give you the information desired. No one is required to make answers to questions in this column; its object is to economize time and labor for writers and to subscribers. Although inquiries of rather a personal character are sometimes answered, preference is always given to such as contain matter of common interest.

Grammarian, (Philadelphia, Pa.) asks for an instance in which the word "gratifying" belongs to the pronoun which it qualifies, according to part of the rule given in Hart's Grammar. "Yes," he adds, "I should say in this case appears to qualify and to belong to Thy. The letter *y* in the word is a consonant sound in such words as "grazier, soldiery," etc., or when it is preceded by a vowel. If at the beginning of a syllable and followed by a vowel.

L. Pente, (Wyoming Co., Pa.).—The planet Vulcan has not yet been seen. Le Verrier the distinguished French astronomer who discovered Neptune by calculations which showed whereabout in the heavens it should be looked for, believes that a small planet exists between Mercury and the Sun. According to his calculations it should have been visible in August last, but it was not. Recently, but observers failed to find it, and its existence is yet doubtful.

S. J. (Schuyler Co., Ill.) A gentleman knows better than to consider it a ground for offence because a lady does not recognise him when meeting her in the street without introduction. It is the lady's privilege, which she should carefully exercise, to bow to the acquaintance or to decline further intercourse. If the person manifests displeasure on such ground he is not a gentleman. Politeness is the etiquette for a gentleman, and so gives a reason for your continuing to ignore him.

W. Heffron (McLean Co., Ky.) Nocticific man that we know of believes that wheat can be transmuted into corn, although thousands are confident that they have observed facts which prove it. Large rewards have been offered by newspapers at different times to any who would demonstrate such a fact by actual experiment, but none claimed been able to do so. In every case investigated it has turned out that the chess grew from the own proper seeds.

D. Wellings, (Perry County, Pa.).—The aquarium was first brought into notice by a French lady at the Paris Exhibition, 1867, with a little study of the water plants and forms of your neighborhood, and that done practically how to start and manage one which will afford much amusement and instruction, you will soon be initiated by following the directions given in the works of those who have made it a study. Any bookseller can procure you a work called "Aquaria and their Management."

Sarah, (Henry Co., Ga.).—You are right about the misconception of the rule for producing the best results. When coffee is allowed to boil for half an hour, all the delicate aroma of the berry is driven off and the liquid has a bitter taste. Ten or fifteen minutes are sufficient. As the oil which gives the pleasant flavor is easily dissipated, it is desirable to have the coffee freshly roasted and ground as possible before using, and care must be taken not to grind it too much, so as to expel the desirable qualities.

Mary Fleet, (Lancaster Co. Va.) Although a lady should observe all delicacy in speaking to her gentleman friend, a gentleman who is persistent in attentions without declaring himself, does not act in a manner to please. If, as you say, he has kept you company regularly for about two years, it is high time he should say what he means, or leave the way clear for some one else, and it would be proper for you to tell him so.

T. Nefus, (Fairfield Co., O.).—The first locomotive in this country was used on a road built from the mines of the Delaware and Hudson Coal Company, at Honesdale, Pa., to Port Jervis, on the Delaware river in New York. The first steamboat was constructed by John Fitch who, in 1785, exhibited a model on a mill pond in Bucks county, in Pennsylvania. In 1786, he built a steamboat which made several trips on the Delaware river,

FULFILLED.

Four rose-blooms ago, little namesake,
I gave, with my heart's earnest love,
Three kisses to you, tiny baby,
Three wishes, recorded above.

On mouth, for the coveted blessing,
Of dear human speech, one was laid;
On hands that the guidance unfailing
Might hold you till death unafraid.

On eyes, that no vision of sorrow
Might dim the bright glance for aye;
And now I've a namesake beloved,
Not to kiss but to keep in the sky.

Fulfilled the three wishes so early.
And now, through the hot blinding tears,
I see that the blessings I counted
Come never through multiplied years.

True love might enfold her for ever,
And "Great Heart" uphold to the end,
But sorrow comes surer or later
From which love nor care can defend.

Now, since the small life, touching softly
My own by a name and a kiss,
Has gone with the birds to the South-land—
Bright land that is fairer than this.

We try to say patiently over,
"Her new name is on the white stone—
Her angel is singing"—then whisper,
Though moaning, the name we have known.

MARTIN BLAIR'S REVENGE.

PART II.

The doctor never quite gave up the idea that Lillian Grantley had been frightened, though how, did not seem quite clear. He had seen her the day before, very well and cheerful, with no sign of nervousness about her, but looking forward to the prospect before her with a quiet happiness that augured well for her safe convalescence. He made inquiries as to whom she had seen, but could not find that anybody had called on her. An opposite neighbor had seen her speak to a man, who seemed to be a beggar, from the open window, but it was only for a minute, and he had passed on, leaving her still sitting there. The beggar was described and easily found—a crippled tramp, who had not hopped a mile away from the place.

Yes, he had spoken to a lady, he said, when he was questioned; she had beckoned to him and asked him how he came to be lame, and had given him sixpence—nothing more. She didn't seem afraid of him.

But the man turned deathly pale and trembled violently when he was told Lillian was dead, and the doctor felt sure there was something in the background. Nothing could be discovered, and the beggar went his way, and in time Mr. Beechford left off talking about the Grantleys, and poor Lillian's untimely death.

Many months had passed away before Gilbert Grantley had sufficiently recovered from the terrible shock, to attend to any business matters, but the work at the Cornucopia went on all the same; and by the time he had roused himself from his dazed trance of grief and terror, the dingy old building had put on a new face, and risen, Phœnix-like, a stately and imposing pile. It was well for its new lessee that the plans had all been laid before his bitter loss, or he would have flung the whole concern to the winds and let his life drift on as it would. The necessity for action roused him, and his friends spurred him on. London was beginning to talk of the Cornucopia, which was to be a perfect thing of its kind.

Not only a theatre—there were to be lounges, and promenades, smoking and refreshment rooms, and various pretty things to be seen, beside the theatre itself. The best artists were employed for the decorations, and the first upholsterers for the furnishing. The opening piece was to be a comedy by the most popular dramatic author of the day, and a burlesque was in course of fun, but nothing broad. Gilbert Grantley, kept to his old Beechwood scheme, and would have no shameless, half-naked women on his stage, let rich ones bid as they might for his coy private boxes.

The Cornucopia was to be opened at Christmas. Sixteen months had passed since Lillian was laid in her quiet grave, with her baby on her breast, and her husband was strong and well again—a handsome man, of commanding presence, young yet, but with silver streaks in his brown hair, bleached by the hand of grief, not time. He had not forgotten old friends; most of his Beechford company were with him still. All that he could find for were to be employed at the Cornucopia, supplemented by a few actors and actresses of known repute, and sundry men of London experience in front.

The arrangements before the curtain, were under the command of a man well known in London, who had engaged a competent staff. He had been acquainted with Gilbert Grantley in his Beechford days, and had known Lillian too. To him there came asking for work, a pale faced cripple, who gave his name as Campbell, and who said he was able to do anything almost about a theatre, either before or behind the curtain.

He was a pitiable object—the whole of one side of his face having been beaten in by some accident, and one leg being hopelessly crippled. But he was quick and handy, and showed himself to be dexterous and expert at one or two small jobs he was set to do that he was taken on temporarily, pending the arrival of some one else to whom the place had been promised.

"If I can only stay on a fortnight after Christmas, it will stand between me and starvation," John Campbell replied. "I know where to look for a job then."

If Gilbert Grantley ever saw him he hardly knew him for one of his employees. Mr. Starr, his acting manager, took all the trouble of the underlings off his hands. John Campbell was very quiet—very useful—and being so, was but little noticed.

The opening night came at last, and the Cornucopia, packed from floor to ceiling, was a splendid place to look upon. Gilbert had not kept to his old Beechford ideas of cleanliness alone, and his London theatre glittered with glass and gilding, and was resplendent with red velvet and yellow satin. A more comfortable house, people said, could nowhere be found. The pit people were not stuffed away under boxes, and even the gallery folks had comfortable seats. As for the boxes and stalls, they were luxurious, and the crowning glory of the whole was an imitation of what the Beechford boys called "taking off the tiles." The centre of the roof—a pretty structure of glass and iron,—could be rolled entirely away, leaving the place open to the sky.

The notion had been tremendously ridiculed, as well as praised. Envious people said that it wouldn't work—that it would stick half-way, leak in wet weather, and let in draughts in dry; in fact do everything but what it was devised for, viz., cool the place and let out the hot air.

But it was found to work well, and, when on the opening night Gilbert Grantley stepped upon the stage, hat in hand to say a few words, and was greeted with loud demands for the roof to be opened, he only smiled, and bowed in acquiescence.

The piece had gone without a hitch, and proved a complete success. Author and actresses had been called and complimented, and the time had come when according to the bills, the welcome relief of a little fresh air was to be granted to the crowded audience. The manager looked up to the shouting gallery, and lifted his hand to them for leave to speak.

"It has been raining outside," he said, with a smile, "or I should have anticipated the time a little. But the night is fine now, and the roof will be removed."

He stood there on the stage for a minute looking up, as was everyone else in that packed house. For a moment the Cornucopia and its brilliance faded from before his eyes, and he was back again in the little town where he had been so happy, listening to the request to "Take off the tiles, gurnor."

Lillian seemed to be beside him once more, her sweet eyes looking into his; and he was only aroused from his reverie, by the universal thunder of applause which greeted the first movement of the roof on its silent wheels. Slowly and noiselessly it slid back, till nothing remained where it had been save the blue sky above it, and the bright stars shining down their message of "peace and good will to men."

A mist gathered in Gilbert Grantley's eyes. There was a sharp pain in his heart, in spite of his success, but he bowed low in response to the cheers of the people in front.

All at once there was a sort of gasp of astonishment amidst of the clapping, and he looked up to the roof to see that all was right. Merciful heavens! was he mad or dreaming? There above his head, her pale face showing distinct and clear against the dark background of sky, was Lillian, his dead wife!

Very pale, and with wide open eyes and hair floating in curls as he loved to see it, she leaned over the edge of the aperture, and looked down straight at him.

He could see her hands as she held the ledge, and just the top of her white dress, with the little frill around her throat, as she used to wear it. And as he had looked for scarce an hour before she lay dead, and the crowd of excited people reeled before his eyes.

It was with a great effort he had saved himself from fainting, and managed to get off the stage. The vision, or whatever it was, had disappeared as quickly as it came, and the roof had rolled back to its place silently and swiftly. But the audience were excited—the face had been seen by all who had looked up, and recognized by many with a shiver of horror.

"For heaven's sake don't break down, Grantly," said Mr. Starr; "it's some vile trick. Go on and talk them into a good humor, and I'll go up to the roof and ferret it out."

But Gilbert could not do that. Whatever it was it had thoroughly unhinged him, and he could not shout himself. The stage manager went before the curtain and apologized.

"Some person must have got up there by mistake," he said. "The manager, Mr. Starr, had gone up to see."

Mr. Starr came down in due course, and the audience were informed that it had been a mistake, and that the person intruding there had been removed. But somehow or other it leaked out that Mr. Starr had found nobody on the roof but John Campbell, who had been sent up to keep any one from interfering with the gear; and who swore positively that no one had passed through the trap door but himself. He could not see over the edge of the opening from where he was placed, and it was quite certain no woman could get there.

It was very odd, for at least a dozen people had recognized the pale face of Lillian Grantley looking down at them: and where was an eerie feeling among the company when they assembled on "Boxing Night"—a disinclination to go up any dark staircases, or to open any doors. If the new theatre was to be haunted, it might be as well for them to keep their eyes open for whatever might be doing elsewhere.

As for the general public, plenty of fun were crowds on Christmas Eve they were doubled on Boxing Night. The theatre was crammed long before the curtain drew up, and hundreds turned away to seek enjoyment elsewhere; the sliding roof had provided an entertainment not by any means expected.

But nothing happened on this night; no white, weird face looked down upon the panting crowd below; and Gilbert Grantley, who had gone on the stage with his heart beating almost to suffocation, left it like a man relieved from some awful dread. He looked very ill, the people remarked; and, indeed, he had been more worried by the strange illusion than he had by the hubbub caused by the unexpected removal of the roof.

He went upstairs himself, every nerve strung to find the frame work closed again, and John Cambell coming down.

No, he had seen no one, the man said, and he could hear nothing of what passed in the theatre. He was not paid to listen, the proper time had been anticipated, and thought it was all right.

And so time wore on, and twice more had Gilbert Grantley seen his dead wife's face looked down upon him under the winter's sky; and spiritualists began to write exultant letters to the papers, and all London to talk about the "Cornucopia ghost."

Its manager was on a sick bed, on the verge of brain fever, the doctors said, and no solution had come of the mystery. Money was pouring in, the theatre nightly full, such success had been achevied for many a year; but he was stricken down in the midst of it, and his friends were at their wits' end.

But Gilbert Grantley was not to die of the horror of that inexplicable apparition, and one morning play-going London woke up to have the mystery made nightly plain to them, and to talk over the "Cornucopia ghost" as they consumed their matutinal eggs and bacon.

There was a boy on the establishment—a regular Flibertigibbet for mischief—an apprentice in the painting-room, who was a thorn in the flesh to his master by reason of his irrevocable propensities. To swing from impossible bars, to stand on one leg on extreme edges where a cat would shiver, to turn double somersaults, to do anything, in short, but learn to paint scenery, was the delight of his life; and one morning the spirit moved him to get out at the trap door on the roof, which John Campbell had neglected to fasten, and "have a lark." First he inspected the movable roof, round the flat ledge of which it pleased him mightily to run; the long flagstaff took his fancy, and he made for it cautiously, and proceeded to swarm up it like a monkey. Halfway up he attracted the notice of the people in the street, which charmed him immensely, and he waved his hand just at the moment that his master and John Campbell appeared at the trap door. The former shouted, and the lad lost his balance, and fell on the smooth new slates of the roof, with a fall of seventy feet first below him into a paved courtyard beneath.

The scene painter saw nothing for a moment. He heard no fall save something like a slate or two far below, and after a moment he heard the boy's voice.

"All right, master, I'm stuck; help me up and I won't do it again."

The boy was sticking in the space left by two dislodged tiles, and could be easily reached by a strong arm from where his master stood.

In a minute he was safe, and clinging to the framework of the movable roof in a state of pitiable terror.

"Don't hit me," he gasped. "I won't go there again."

"I don't think you will. It ought to give you a sickener of such monkey tricks."

"Taint that," the boy replied, shuddering, and almost as soon have been killed. There's a dead body hid away under there!"

"Nonsense!"

"There is; it's a woman. I came right upon her head. She's got long hair!"

The urchin spoke loud enough for John Campbell to hear, and when the painter looked round he had disappeared.

"It would take a cat to get down there," he said to himself, looking at the hole which had saved the lad's life. "You go and see what it is, Jack; I'll hold you."

"I don't want no holding," the boy replied; "but I won't go near it again—no, not if you was to kill me," he added, defiantly. "It's a dead woman, I tell you. I felt her hair!"

They went down together, the boy shivering with terror, and found the theatre in a commotion. John Campbell had fallen down a flight of stone stairs and been carried off to the hospital dying.

"Then it's been some of his devilry up yonder," the painter said. "I saw an awful fear in his face when my boy here said he had tumbled upon a dead woman. He was trying to get away too fast."

There was a chorus of explanations about the accident that had so nearly taken place, and the one that had really happened.

John Campbell was hurt almost to death, and that he had something to do with the mystery of the roof seemed equally evident. A *posse* of men went up with a rope, and pulled out of the cavity the lad had tumbled into what seemed to be a woman's head. It was a very fairly made mask, with a wig and flowing black hair, and some white drapery underneath which might look like a dress at a distance.

* * * * * * *

Late that evening Mr. Starr stood by Gilbert Grantley's couch. He was in a bad way, the doctors said, and they looked very grave over him.

"I think I can cure him," the acting manager said, in answer to their dismal report. "We've laid the ghost!"

"You here—at this hour?" Gilbert said, lifting his head languidly as his colleague came in. "Why have you left the theatre?"

"Because I have news for you."

"Ah! has *it* been seen again?"

"Yes; seen, felt, handled. I told you it was some vile piot; but the discovery cost a man's life."

"Whose?"

"John Campbell's. He was hurrying away too fast when the discovery was made and fell, I am afraid to say how far. They took him to the hospital, and I have just come from his deathbed. He will play tricks on no one in this world again. To think that a creature of people should have been frightened and mystified by a puppet held up at the end of a stick."

But it was Lillian's face!"

"Not a bit of it. The likeness is not so striking when you have the mask in your hand. It was made from a photograph, the poor wretch told me."

"A photograph?" Gilbert Grantley said, thoroughly mystified. "Where did you find it, and what did he know about Lilly?"

Mr. Starr told of the boy's escapade and its results, and then of John Campbell's dying confession of how he had planned the trick ever since the moveable roof had been announced as the feature of the Cornucopia.

"But why?" Gilbert asked. "What had I ever done to him? I hardly know him by sight."

"You stole the woman he loved, he said," was the quiet reply.

"That he lored!" Great heaven! I must be going mad! Who was he?"

"Martin Blair!"

Gilbert Grantley turned white, and sank back upon the pillows almost in a swoon.

"Martin Blair," he gasped. "He went down in the Sunbeam."

"No, he didn't. He met with a dreadful accident on the eve of her sailing, and never went—no one knew he was not on board—and he come out of hospital the disfigured wretch we know him. He was the beggar Lillian had spoken to the day she died—but, there, we will not speak of that—and the wretch who planned the scheme that has nearly worried you to your death. You will see the ghost no more. He confessed to me how he managed it all. It was absurdly simple, because we were all so unsuspicious of him. That absurd puppet was modeled within inch of every one who went up there to look at it, and the Cornucopia might have been haunted forever but for that young imp's pranks. This time you will see you on your legs, I hope, Grantley."

"I can't realize it yet," Gilbert said, gravely. "Are there no mistake?"

"Not a morsel. The man who died just now was Martin Blair without a doubt. It's almost a pity he escaped his deserts. You need fear him no more, Grantley. He went out of the world, as he had lived in it, bitter, unrepentant, and cursing."

It was a fine thing for the embryo artist in the Cornucopia that he escaped with breaking his neck, for the manager made his welfare his especial care, and helped his widowed mother, till they came to bless the impudent mystery that so nearly ruined them.

Gilbert Grantley went and looked at the man who had striven to terrify away his life and reason, and recognized in the still features the face of his former wife.

"Heaven forgive him," he said, as he gave orders for a simple funeral: but it was many a long day before he could look up to his lovely, sliding roof, without a shuddering thought of "MARTIN BLAIR'S REVENGE."

THE effect of character is always to command consideration. We sport, and toy, and laugh with men or women who have none, but we never confide in them.

THE FOOT.—Man is the only animal in which the whole surface of the foot rests on the ground; and this circumstance arises from the erect stature which belongs exclusively to him.

HOW GREAT STORMS ARISE.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B. A., F. R. A. S.

The cyclone which swept on October 31st last over the eastern parts of British India, appears to have wrought greater destruction to life, if not to property, than any storm on record. Indeed, on this occasion the hurricane, heretofore surpassed in sudden destructiveness of the earthquake (though far more destructive in the long run), has shown itself more terrible than the fiercest earthquake shock. The powers of the air and water have asserted their supremacy as agents of destruction over the earth's vulcanian energies—that is, over the powers of the earth and fire. It has been asserted that more than 100,000 perished during the Great Sicilian earthquake of 1865, and nearly twice as many during the first of the two earthquakes which assailed Antioch in 526 and 612. But during the cyclone of October 31st, no less than 215,000 persons perished. The three large islands—Sundeep, Hattiah, and Dakhan Shahazpore—at the mouth of the Megna (the river formed by the confluence of the Ganges and the Brahmapootra) were entirely submerged by the great wave which the wind raised in that great river. The mainland districts of Blackergunge on the west, Noakolly on the north, and Chittagong on the east of the archipelago, at the mouth of the Megna, were submerged to a distance of five or six miles from the usual shoreline. The catastrophe was rendered specially disastrous by the hour at which it occurred. Up to eleven in the afternoon there were no signs of danger; but before midnight a wave had overspread the islands to a depth of twenty feet in some places, surprising the unfortunate inhabitants in their beds. It is said that scarcely any escaped who failed to climb some strong tree. The wind seems to have rushed northwards over Chittagong and Sundeep, driving a great sea-wave into the river Megna. It appears, however, while the hurricane was thus heaping up the waters of the Megna that the most destructive effects were produced, but soon after, when the pressure of the air being reduced, a great wave rushed southwards from the Megna over Dakhan Shahazpore and Hattiah.

Last October and November seem, indeed, to have been remarkable for the number, as well as the severity, of their hurricanes. A hurricane of great severity swept over Central America on October 3rd and 4th. The town of Managua, on the west of Lake Nicaragua, was inundated, and 400 houses blown down. The hurricane then passed eastward over Lake Nicaragua and descended over Blewfield, on Mosquito Gulf, overturning upwards of 300 houses in that town. It was probably the same hurricane which was encountered at the same date by the mail steamer *Costa Rica*, about 300 miles to the southeast, near Parita, on the Gulf of Panama, where the sea ran mountains high, and the wind, shifting all around the compass, blew so strongly that the hurricane-deck of the *Costa Rica* was blown clear away, and the mainmast carried off.

From October 17th to 21st, Captain Brenner, of the steamship *Chilian*, reports the heaviest hurricane he ever encountered, as raging to the west of Jamaica. At Cayman's Island 170 houses were destroyed. Besides these destructive hurricanes, may be mentioned the recent severe weather in Behring's Strait, where only a dozen whalers, the great gale near Cheefoo, in which the *Lapwing* was lost; fierce storms in Madeira and Portugal since November 11th, and the destructive storm and floods in Great Britain during the last fortnight in November.

There are few questions in which mankind generally are more deeply interested, than in those relating to the production and the progress of storms.

Great storms have their origin in the same causes which produce ordinary winds and steady currents of air—viz., the different degrees of heat poured by the sun upon various parts of the earth. At all times the sun is heating one half only of the earth, the air over the other, or night-half, is cooled and contracts. But the changes thus arising are short-lived. The alternations between the heat of day and the cold of night produce, in particular regions of the earth, diurnal air-currents, and often interfere with winds already blowing; but the great industrial winds are not to be accounted for in this way. The sun's heat is poured unequally on different parts of that half of the earth which is turned towards him. Its central region is that in the middle of that face of the earth which an observer on the sun would see—are heated most intensely; while the parts near the edge—or in other words, near the boundary between the day-half and the night-half—receive very little heat. Now the central part which is thus intensely heated, and where the air is expanding, rising, and passing away above, lies always within the tropics. *Always*, therefore, during all the seasons, and throughout all the twenty-four hours, the tropical zone of the earth is receiving somewhere an excess of heat, whose effect is to expand, raise up, and draw away the air. Air is drawn in towards this region of greatest heat, from all sides, but any flow from the east or from the west can attain no great velocity, for the place of greatest heat is continually traveling towards the west as the earth rotates. A region on the west of it at one hour begins to send air towards it (forming a gentle western breeze), but being soon itself the place of greatest heat, becomes a region of indraught, while a little later it has passed to the east of the region of greatest heat, and pours towards that region a gentle easterly breeze. On the other hand, the parts lying north and south of the region of greatest heat, pour in air all the time from the north and from the south respectively, though with changes in the amount of westing and easting—and thus arises a steady in-draught from high latitudes towards the tropics. If there were no changes of season, and if the earth's surface were either all land or all water, or else very uniformly distributed into land and water, and free from mountains, forests, and other irregularities, this in-draught would be quite constant. Modified by the effects of the earth's rotation, the in-draught would produce steady trade-winds near the tropics, northeasterly winds in the northern hemisphere, and southeasterly winds in the southern, while in higher latitudes the flow towards the region of greatest heat would be compensated by steady breezes from the equator, forming steady counter-trade winds, southwesterly in the northern hemisphere, and northwesterly in the southern.

But instead of these uniform effects we find variations, some regular and some irregular.

The chief regular variations are those arising from the seasons, or rather from that cause to which the seasons are due, the inclined position of the earth's axis. In our summer the northern tropics are bowed southwards, and their zone is the region of greatest heat, towards which air flows in from the unequal regions north and south of it. In our winter the southern tropics are the region of greatest heat, and air flows in towards its zone from the unequal regions to its south and north. In spring and autumn the equatorial regions receive supplies of air from both the northern and southern hemispheres. It would seem that the time when the region of greatest heat and in-draught is passing from the northern to the southern hemisphere, or vice versa, is always a time of disturbance, but not equally for both hemispheres. The hemisphere *from* which the region of greatest heat is retreating, is always the one which suffers most, probably because being at first the smaller region of the two into which the zone of greatest heat divides the earth, all disturbances are then most concentrated, and later zone has to be acquired to restore the disturbed equilibrium. Thus by far the larger number of the great storms which have been recorded in the northern hemisphere have occurred between August and November, while by far the larger number recorded in the southern hemisphere have occurred between February and May.

Another cause of regular variations is to be found in the arrangement of land and water in tropical regions. For in the hottest season the land is more heated than the water, and currents of air from the sea towards the land are produced, while in the coolest season the reverse happens. The monsoons of the Indian Ocean are among the regular winds caused in this way.

Irregular variations arise in many ways. Strictly speaking, of course, all air-currents, and all changes affecting them, arise from the action of regular causes, but in perfect accordance with law. But there are circumstances which may be regarded as accidental; as the state of the sky in particular regions, and the action of various aerial currents, so as either to combine together and strengthen each other, or to oppose each other, or to pass side by side, or one above the other, varying in direction, in force, and so forth. It is when several of these irregular causes chance to combine their effects in one direction that we get great storms, precisely as when the crests and the several waves which have travelled from different directions coalesce into a single one, that single wave of destruction which would not have been produced by the successive action of a hundred among the surrounding waves.

It would seem as though warm sea-currents, or rather the warmer and rarer air above sea-currents, were a special cause of destructive hurricanes. I have elsewhere thus described the manner in which winds are generated during the course of the Gulf stream, and what applies to that current applies to other warm currents: "Along the whole of the Gulf-stream, from Bemini to the Grand Banks, there is a channel of heated, that is, rarefied air. Into this channel the denser atmosphere on both sides is continually pouring with greater or less force. When the wind begins in the Atlantic it always makes for this channel, and follows its course sometimes entirely across the Atlantic."

The torrid zone is the region where the fiercest storms usually commence to rage, though they often pass thence, retaining their full violence, or even gaining fresh fury, until they have reached the middle of the temperate zone. Very few great storms which have raged in the temperate regions have had their origin there, and those few have not had the cyclonic character now to be described.

A steady current can only flow through air or water if room is continually found for the on-coming fluid to enter. Whenever there is resistance eddies are formed. Where air or water flows towards a centre an eddy is invariably formed. It is easily understood, then, that the greater number of aerial currents, being generated by the rush of air towards a region of in-draught, would presently acquire a whirling motion. Again, it is easily seen that in the northern hemisphere this whirling motion would carry the air round in a direction contrary to that of the hands of a watch held face upwards, if the region of in-draught in the middle of France is a region of in-draught; then the air above Calais would travel southwards towards this region of indraught. In travelling it would acquire a westwardly motion; because it would be passing towards lower latitudes where the earth's rotation is more rapid, and so would lag behind, or be left behind in the water and thus eastwardly) would pass towards the west. The air above the Eastern Pyrenees would start northwards towards the region of indraught. It would, therefore, acquire by an eastwardly motion, because it would be passing towards higher latitudes where the earth's rotation is slower, an (so would gain on the middle of the region of in-draught) pass towards the east. Air traveling more or less towards the south would acquire a greater or less westwardly motion; air traveling more or less towards the north would acquire a greater or less eastwardly motion. If we consider the effects of the various aerial currents, thus pouring originally towards the region of in-draught, we see that the air over that central region will be, as it were, swept round by currents brushing past it from the northeast in its northernmost parts, and from the southwest in its southern parts. It will turn round, therefore, in a direction contrary to that of the hands of a watch laid face upwards upon the middle of the region of in-draught.

The same reasoning would apply to any place in the southern hemisphere. For the southern hemisphere it will be seen that the air would take place the other way, or in the same direction as the hands of a watch laid face upwards on the map.

We thus see why it is that in the rush of the winds a limited region of in-draught or rotation cannot but ensue, and why this rotation has always its distinctive character in each hemisphere. Only when a region of in-draught has a supply very extensive, but elongated in some one direction, can the rush of air towards it assume the character of a steady wind.

It is easy to understand why, as a rule, the most destructive storms have been cyclonic in character. If the destructiveness of a storm were measured by the average velocity of the winds, then would not be more destructive than a direct wind. But this is not the case. It is the fierce gust which does the real mischief, not the steadily blowing breeze. Thus the gusts of a mighty storm make no reparation for the fierceness of the gusts; nay, in the main they only help to make those gusts more terrible by adding their force to that of the steady wind, and it passes over them harmlessly; but the gusts of a hurricane are not only twice as effective, concentrated as they are in the centre, as the aerial movement which in a steady wind would have occupied the sum of the intervals required for gust and lull; but they find the trees standing upright, even every second over to meet them, and before the tree can bend it is broken at the ground or torn from its roots. So when they overtake a ship at sea. Every sailor knows the danger when a ship rolls to windward between the fiercer blasts of a fitful storm. Caught by the returning gust in a position of danger, she is swayed until her lee yard-arm dip, or even thrown on her beam-ends, and only saved from destruction by the giving way of her masts. Now a cyclone is like a fitful storm, only on a far larger scale. The wind does not blow at one constant rate, but on side the whirl of the tornado conspires with the onward rush of the cyclone, and produces a double velocity, while on the other side the two movements are opposed, and the resulting wind has only the difference of the their velocities. So tremendous is the velocity of the wind in the former case, that in a Chinese typhoon a ship has been known to be thrown on her beam-ends when not showing a yard of canvass. The steamship *San Francisco*, caught in a tornado about 300 miles off Sandy Hook on December 24th, 1853, was in a few moments made a complete wreck!

The knowledge of the law of cyclones, however, generally enables a sailor to escape from the most dangerous part of a cyclonic storm; unless the wheel be of limited extent, in which case he may have no time to judge of the nature of the cyclone until its centre is upon him. A moment's consideration will show that when we face a cyclonic storm in the northern hemisphere the centre is to the right; while in the southern hemisphere the centre, when we face the storm, lies to the left. By noting the changes of the wind a seaman can usually determine whether a cyclone or an ordinary storm is approaching; and if the former, then, from a knowledge of the law just stated, he can determine in what direction to steer in order to avoid the centre of the storm.

The force with which the wind has blown in some great storms is amazing. In the great cyclone of October 10th, 1780, the strongest buildings at St. Lucie were torn from their foundations, a cannon was flung to a distance of thirty yards, and men and animals swept lifelessly from the ground. Of 600 houses at St. Vincent, fourteen only remained standing. In the Leeward Isles the inhabitants took refuge in a Government building, having circular wall nearly a yard in thickness. But the wind penetrated every where and lifted off the roof, so that they were compelled to take refuge in the cellar. Driven thence by the water which poured over the walls, they fled to the battery, where they found that the force of the wind displaced even the heavy guns. When day broke, the country looked as in mid-winter; not a single branch remained on the trees.

The greatest storm ever known in England, was that of November 10th, 1703, in which the first Eddystone Lighthouse was destroyed. It has been said that Winstanley, who built it, was so confident in its strength as to express a wish that he might be in the lighthouse when the greatest tempest that ever raged swept the waters of the British Channel. He was inspecting some repairs the day before and the hurricane, and was unable to get to shore that evening. During the night the storm raged with terrible fury, and when morning came many anxious eyes were directed from Plymouth towards the place where the lighthouse had stood. Not a trace of the building could be seen; nor, when it was possible to visit the rock, could any vestige be found, except a few iron stanchions and one fragment of chain. In the same storm the Bishop of Bath and Wells perished in the ruins of his own palace.

SATIRE is a sort of glass wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

A CHEAP ICE PITCHER.—The following simple method of keeping ice water a long time in a common pitcher is worth knowing: Place between two sheets of paper (newspaper will answer, thick brown is better) a layer of cotton batting about one inch in thickness, fasten the ends of paper and batting together, forming a circle, thus: now or paste a crown over one end, making a bag the shape of a sleeping nimus the rim Place this over an ordinary pitcher filled with ice water, making it deep enough to rest on the table so as to exclude the air, and you will be astonished at the length of time this ice will keep, and the water remain cold after the ice is melted.

VIENNA COFFEE.—To prepare coffee in the Vienna style Leach or filter the coffee through a French filter, or any of the many coffee-pots that filter instead of boiling the coffee. Allow a tablespoonful of ground coffee to each person, and "extra for the pot." Put one quart of cream into a milk boiler, or if you have none, into a pitcher, and set the pitcher in a pail of boiling water Put it where the water will keep boiling Beat the white of an egg into a froth, then add to the egg three tablespoonfuls of cold milk Mix the egg and cold milk thoroughly together. When hot, remove the cream from the fire and add the egg and milk Stir it all together briskly for a minute or two and then serve. Delicacies unes one and a half pounds of coffee to a gallon of water, pouring the hot water upon the coffee, which is placed in a strainer. The coffee is never boiled

A GOOD CUP OF TEA.—Scald out the teapot, turning out all the water, and put in as many heaping teaspoonfuls as you desire to make cupfuls Place the teapot upon the stove and scald with a little water Then put in a teacupfuld boiling water to every two teaspoonfuls of tea, and if it is green tea, do not let it boil at all, but place it upon the stove or upon the elevated boiler for five minutes to become well infused in the water and then weaken it to the taste. If for an invalid with three cups of cream in it, a large proportion of that, will make the draught more nutritious than if weakened with water. But if the tea is English breakfast or black tea neither of which is far more wholesome than the other I think, it should be steeped from eight to ten minutes, according to its strength and then prepared by turning into the cups of cream and then tea. By slightly roasting the leaves of the pot before the water is added be then a very pleasant flavor produced.

RICE PUDDING.—Take three tablespoonfuls of rice, do not soap them. Wash the rice in three waters, and when the last water is laid on hard then drain off the water, put the rice in a large pudding dish, pour over it a quart of milk, add four tablespoonfuls of white sugar, with butter the size of a walnut, and a tablespoonful of salt, grate nutmeg over the top and place in a moderate oven. Now the excellence of this pudding depends upon the baking. If just so baking a rich brown crust common upon the surface and should be broken down with a spoon, and the whole mixed well together. The pudding should be quite thin when taken from the oven. Let it get very cold by putting it in a cool place, but not ice. When cold it should be of the consistency of boiled custard and a pleasant change can be made by adding a large handful of raisins. It will be necessary then to allow a little cup of milk.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHS TABLE LINEN, TOWELS &c., should be thoroughly examined after washing, as soaps such as Sapolio, Hards &c., will fix almost any stain past removal. Many stains will come out by being simply washed in pure soft water, or ammonia in soapsuds. Iron-mould stains can usually be removed by the use of lemon juice and salt, and a half a pint of rain water Dip the stain in this and set out in the sun to dry. Wash at once if a fabric that will bear washing. A tablespoonful of white cornstarch put in any cake he had is even better than lemon. This preparation may be used on the most delicate articles without injury Shake it up before using it, and be careful and put out of the reach of maidens or little folks, as it is poisonous.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED AUG. 4TH A.D. 1821
1877

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

WITH PREMIUMS.

For $2.50, the Post one year and Mounted Chromo. "In Sight of the Discovery of the Mississippi."

For $3.00, the Post one year and Unmounted Chromo.

For $1.50, the Post 6 months and Mounted Chromo.

For $1.00, the Post six months and Unmounted Chromo.

Without Premiums.

For $2.00, the Post for One Year

For $1.00, the Post Six Months.

CLUB RATES.

Four Copies, one year, $7.00.

Six Copies, one year, $10.00.

Ten Copies, one year, $15.00.

Twenty Copies, one year, $28.00.

An extra copy free to any one getting up a club of ten or more.

Subscriptions may begin or additions be made to clubs at any time.

In all the above cases, postage will be paid by the publishers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Payable in Advance.

Fifty cents per line of space, Agate measurement, for each insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES, 75 cents per line.

READING NOTICES, $1.00 per line.

Address all orders and make all drafts pay able to

ORLANDO BENNETT,

720 SANSOM STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between GEORGE C. BENNETT and WILLIAM A. FITCH, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

GEORGE C. BENNETT,
WILLIAM A. FITCH.

PHILADELPHIA, April 2, 1877.

Saturday Evening, April 14, 1877

THE NUMEROUS ARTICLES.

In our issue for Dec., '22, four prizes amounting to $100 were offered for the best humorous articles sent in before the end of March. The expiration of the time for receiving them occurred just after the previous number of the POST was sent to press, and accordingly this is the earliest date at which this announcement could properly be made.

We have to confess a disappointment, in which the few contributors who have competed, and also the readers of the POST will share. About thirty articles only were received; none of which are deemed of sufficient merit to warrant publication. Nearly all of them have some good points, but in connection with blemishes and weaknesses which would require much revision and amendment. We could not in justice add to or alter any of the articles, and so by the terms of the offer no award can be made.

On considering the whole we must conclude that an offer of money does not stimulate wit. It is in its very nature spontaneous, and those who easily effervesce under inspiration of surrounding circumstances, cannot command their powers to it as a task.

DEALING WITH DEFAULTERS.

How to deal properly with defaulters is unfortunately a question pressed upon public attention with most aggravating frequency. It has come to be a marvel when a week passes without a record of some flagrant breach of trust. Bank employes, confidential clerks, managers of institutions, trustees of funds, after years of seeming uprightness, enjoying the entire confidence of the community, fall before temptation in such quick succession, that the theory of epidemics in different forms of crime is receiving startling confirmation.

It is certain that crime of any kind unrestrained, or improperly dealt with, breeds crime; just as certainly as cholera, small-pox or typhus fever, propagate themselves. It is equally true that proper measures of prevention and cure will counteract the spread of physical or moral diseases.

One of the causes leading to such sad results in crime, has been clearly seen and frequently stated; viz.: the love of display, and the extravagant expenditure required to to gratify it. Living beyond one's means was a prevalent weakness (to use the mildest term) during the money making years preceding the "hard times" of more recent date. It is to be hoped that a good deal of that nonsense has been taken out of people by the heavy pressure of these trying days. Having been obliged to reduce expenses, they have been surprised to find how many superfluities could be cut off without any diminution of real comfort; and enforced economy has given a practical lesson which will not be easily forgotten. "If I ever get to making money again, I will know how to take care of it," is an expression so sincerely made by many, that they will doubtless make their words good. So that we may hopefully look for less temptation to dishonesty in the partial removal of one of its causes.

The proper treatment of defaulters, which must be considered in seeking a cure of the trouble embraces three points needing special attention. First, restitution. If it were understood from the first, that money fraudulently obtained would be exacted to the uttermost farthing, which surely is only just, that no compromise could be expected, it would both deter from crime and open a way for the criminal to prove his reformation and lead to his restoration to society. The bargains made, especially with large offenders, while they lessened immediate loss to the plundered, have inflicted immeasurable injury in the community, by opening a way for sudden enrichment for the easily tempted. It can scarcely be doubted that every dollar so "compromised," has caused the loss of ten dollars thereafter, not indeed to the first loser, but to some other unfortunate. Thus one man's misfortunes are shifted to another, gathering compound interest as they go. Community must demand that the "compromise" business be stopped root and branch, and then ill-gotten booty will not be so easily enjoyed.

The second point to be gained is the reformation of the offender. Restoration of plunder under compulsion will not make this a certainty. Perhaps nothing will; but the likelihood of repetition of such offences will be diminished by sharp unrelenting punishment. To what degree this will need be carried, will depend largely on the nature of the criminal. To discuss this branch of the subject involves too many issues to allow even a fair presentation here, and the suggestion alone is therefore made.

The third point is, that offenders should be so dealt with, that their fate shall be a cogent warning to others and thereby deter from an imitation of their crimes. It is doubtless a terrible fate for the leper to be condemned to isolation from society, to rot among those who, like himself, are incurable, but better so than that he be left to spread his poisonous infection.

If the merely unfortunate must thus suffer that community be saved, how much more requisite that the infection of crime be prevented by visiting penalty on the head of the offender. Much as we may pity him, the innocent sufferers from his crime, or those who may become so, are to be first cared for; not out of pity alone, but from the combined sentiments of justice, mercy and self preservation. To make the way of the transgressor easy, is to put a premium on vice, and a manacle on virtue.

REFORM THE YEAR.

April ought to be reckoned, the first month in the year. It is much the youngest in appearance and general behavior. January, which is absurdly pictured as a new-born child, is the strongest of all the months; powerful in lungs, irresistible in arms, his locks thickly sprinkled with snow, and his smiles, when he deigns to be tender, are but brief illuminations of his stern visage.

April almost invariably comes in with a squall. Its very first day is set apart as sacred to fools, and all babies are fools at the beginning; loved and cared for because of what they don't know.

The whole month is full of the most childish pranks. At one moment the wide-open blue eyes of the sky are filled with sunshine; the next they are running over with inexplicable tears. The lap of earth is filled with toys for the young prattler; tiny plants, frisking squirrels, bleating lambs, and laughing streams. An infantile air pervades nature. Men and women grow young, hopes spring up, new enterprises are entered upon, the very name April, from *aperire*, to open, is expressive of juvenility.

The ancient Jews, who are admitted to have lived very near the sources of truth, and who were full of the highest practical aspirations and inspirations, began their ecclesiastical year at the vernal equinox, about March 22d. In these days when every body is on the lookout for some new development, and is running around the circle of former ideas and experiences to discover it, might it not be possible to start a movement toward April first, and thus unite something of the spirit of the old and the new. An every great movement nowadays requires a convention, we propose that the necessary steps be taken to inaugurate this reform by such a convention to be held at the most central place, say Boston, on the first day of April next, for the purpose of memorializing Congress to pass the necessary laws to make the year begin right. To be sure people will laugh, and call the delegates and their supporters, "April Fools," which will only help the movement, and confirm the faith of its supporters; for all reforms must have opposition to give them strength. Who will offer himself as a martyr to the cause?

THE BASIS OF EDUCATION.

The more nearly a man can bring himself to working like a machine, the more he can accomplish, and the greater the ease with which he can do it.

When the child first tries to walk, he has to give the most careful attention to every part of his body, to keep the proper balance, and it is slow and painful work. After long practice, he acquires the art so completely that his limbs move with little effort, his body seems to adapt itself to every condition needed to keep it upright, and walking, running and leaping are rather a pleasure than a task. So in learning to write. His first "pot hooks and hangers" are hard to make and clumsy enough when made; ultimately, by practice, the letters drop from the pen of the ready writer almost automatically, like coins from under the press.

The same truth is illustrated in every handicraft, art and business of life, and not only in manual occupations, but in intellectual pursuits. The practiced accountant will run up two columns of figures at a time, and with no appreciable effort give the correct amount; the experienced actor will commit page after page of his part, merely by reading it once or twice. And so illustrations might be multiplied from every variety of profession.

The same thing is true in the morals and dispositions of men. Repeated continuous truth telling makes it second nature; frequent lying makes it easier than speaking the truth. The honest man becomes automatically so, and the thief learns to steal with equal facility.

In these facts is found the basis of true education, which seeks to make right doing, right thinking, right living so habitual, that at last it is easier to be right than wrong.

A JUVENILE describing a man who had a habit of constantly winking, said he was "always stuttering with his eyes."

MY LOVE, HUGO.

BY CATHARINE FILSO.

He is so brave, so fine so fair,
My prince, with locks of silken hair;
Like April's sunny skies of blue,
His eyes gleam their lustre through.
I love him, and of him I sing!
My prince, my Hugo! O, my King!

O tall is he, of stalwart grace,
And all the grandeur of his face
Like as the welkin, bright above,
Illumined be with purest love.
When, bending low, he into me sing—
My love, my Hugo! O, my King!

Only a little maiden, I;
Whose life runs light and merrily.
My heart is not great as his own,
Yet is it to loving mine alone;
Where by his side I sit and sing
To Hugo! O my prince, my King!

Across the meadows do we stray,
Unto the forests and away.
Beneath the welkin's shining ray,
Beneath the great galaxy,
While by his side I roam and sing
To Hugo, O my love, my King!

Laugh, winds, as we roam together,
Trill, birds, of winsome summer weather;
Oh, join with me in melody
To wake the echoes far away,
Of wood or welkin, while we sing
Of Hugo, O my prince, my King!

CLARA'S HUSBAND.

BY MAURICE NOAH.

Albert Walne was a confirmed bachelor, everybody said—everybody in our street, at least. He was Mrs. Evergreen's second boarder. When he came I found that my nose was "out of joint." I was no longer *the* boarder, and, as Mrs. Evergreen was remarkably particular in her inquiries about the ancestors of any new acquaintance—this, by the way, is a failing of old school Philadelphians—she soon discovered that his great grandfather had fought in the Revolution. The new boarder was cautionized at once. What chances had a man whose grandfather had arrived in '10 against one whose great great-grandfather had come over with William Penn? No chance at all. Mrs. Evergreen no longer entertained me with the exploits of her ancestor who, surviving Germantown, had lived to fight another day. This treat was reserved for my rival. My taste was no longer consulted in relation to dinner. His was. At last, when a lugubrious picture of Washington was transferred from my bed-room into his, the climax came.

"Mr. Walne," said Mrs. Evergreen one evening, ingering *Watt's Annals* with one hand and putting on her spectacles with the other, "Didn't you say your ancestor, Hubert Walne, fought at Brandywine?"

I was sure this question was asked merely "to show off" the new boarder to our next-door neighbor, Mrs. Green, who had dropped in.

"Brandywine? Let me see," responded Walne, looking calmly over his newspapers. "Yes, he fought in that engagement, but I am no sure on which side."

A awful pause! From that night a reaction took place. Washington's death-bed stole back into my room. Evidently, Mrs. Evergreen felt that the eyes of a man whose ancestor was so doubtful, were unfit to gaze upon that sacred object.

When Albert Walne took to going out of evenings, she feared that he was becoming dissipated. She disapproved.

Now Albert Walne seemed one of the last men in the world to need a Mentor. He had just passed his thirtieth year, and he had quite on the top of his head, his slow, grave movements, and thoughtful face, made him appear much older. Everybody wondered that he had not ere this fallen into the snare of some fair enchantress, for he was intelligent, not ill-looking, and wealthy. He was the junior partner in an old established firm up town.

One morning we received cards—wedding cards. Albert Walne was to be married, at the residence of his married sister, Mrs. Walters, to Clara Briefly.

Clara Briefly! That name gave Mrs. Evergreen "quite a turn." But what better could be expected from that man? Clara Briefly was too good for him, although she had no relatives, except a small brother whom she supported by standing behind a dry goods' counter round the corner, but still Mrs. Evergreen *did* think with his advantages, he might have done better.

For myself I thought that he could not have done better. Clara was a pretty, gentle girl, too yielding and dependant perhaps, but one that could be very firm at times, though not when her husband was concerned. She was his superior in most things, but she listened to his opinions with respectful deference, and was very trying to a quick-tempered third person.

* * * * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Walne took a pretty little house in our street, and when certain improvements had been made by carpenters, upholsterers and painters, they, with little Sam. Briefly, entered into possession of it.

There was no need for strict economy, but Clara was more justice than generosity in Albert Walne's composition, and so he asked his wife to name the *exact* sum which would be required monthly for household expenses. Clara thought about it a long time, feeling as the beggar-maid would have felt if King Cophetua had asked her to make choice among the crown jewels. To her it was a terrible responsibility. She had been accustomed to a very simple *ménage* when she and little Sam "kept house" in two closet-like rooms. Consequently she named a sum much below the actual requirement.

"Very well," said her husband, gravely handing her the amount. "This is to cover all the expenses, including servant's wages. Is it not?"

"Yes," faltered Clara. She felt oppressed by this dry, business-like way of treating a matter of so much to her view, should have been a mutual pleasure.

"And I am to have no further trouble about this," he said. "You have given the matter due consideration that this sum will be sufficient for *all* housekeeping purposes. I think it is more than ample. My mother had less."

He forgot that his mother was a farmer's wife, an experienced matron, versed in making both ends meet, who, having four daughters, needed no servants.

Albert Walne was not a monster of selfishness. He was not even as selfish as the ordinary specimen of the *genus homo*, but he was very inconsiderate, and his long years of bachelorhood had made him a devout adorer of comfort.

When he came home at four o'clock, he expected to find a dainty dinner, with at least one of his favorite dishes, awaiting him. He expected his wife to be ready, cheerful and neatly dressed, to receive him, and to entertain him the rest of the evening. He expected she would have everything in order for the arrival of any chance guest that he might happen to bring home at any hour. "I don't think you ought to make preparation for strangers," he said, one day when she meekly remonstrated with him. "My mother never did. I want everything to be *first-class* for our own use. It need be no better for visitors."

Poor Clara sighed. "Men never can understand."

She had two servants, a cook and a chambermaid. She soon found, however, that *her* allowance would not stand the drain of their wages and that caused by Albert's expensive dishes and his occasional guests. She was forced to dismiss the chambermaid, and take the duties on herself. This additional labor was not great at first, but the washerwoman soon rebelled against Albert's fault-finding and extremely precise directions. In order to have the work done to suit his fastidious taste, Clara assumed it too.

"Really, Clara," he said, one day when things had not gone as well as usual, "couldn't you manage to make a change in the bill of fare for dessert? I saw some splendid pine-apples, or bananas as I came down to-day. I'm sure I allow enough to keep things decent. *My* mother's cuisine was noted for its variety.

Clara began to hate his mother. Whenever he was dissatisfied that respected individual was paraded forth. She became pale and thin; her laugh was forced and her smile querulous; a look of anxiety was never absent from her face; she was constantly planning and mentally endeavoring to make the dreadful paralysis—economy and luxury—need. It is an impossibility, but as long as her husband demanded it, she did her best to accomplish it. Poor Sam's clothes were patched and darned until he was ashamed to go to school; and Albert wondered why that boy was so shabby. He did not know that two week's supply of gas was more than eaten up the theory he had allowed for Sam.

But the day came when Clara could no longer bear the worry and the strain. She fell sick. Her husband was in an agony of terror. It was now that his real love showed itself. He sent for all the physicians within two miles of the house, and deported himself like a man bereft of his senses.

Clara sick, the hub, as it were, fell out of the household wheel. The doctors prescribed perfect rest and quiet. When Albert's alarm had moderated, he began to notice the disorder around him. He sent for his sister, Mrs. Walters, whose husband was away engineering a railroad in Call fornia. Mrs. Walters came and spent half an hour inspecting things.

"I wish you would take charge of this house for a time," her brother said to her. "Poor, dear, Clara managed very well, although she was rather extravagant. She spent all her allowance——"

"What was the amount of this allowance?" interrupted Mrs. Walters, with ominous calmness. Albert proudly named it.

"Albert Walne," cried the little woman, "you are the meanest, most ignorant man in town! And if that meek-spirited wife of yours dies, you will have murdered her! If I take charge of your household I must have five times that amount. Do your hear?"

"Why, my mother——"

"Oh, I know all about that. She was my mother too, and I wonder your meanness had not brought her from her grave."

And then she proceeded to "open Albert's eyes" to the enormity of his offence, and with such effect that, now that Clara has recovered, he has become the most considerate of husbands, and never mentions his mother in connection with household affairs.

THE TWO JEWELS.

I FOUND IN ARIZONA.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

PART II.

Again I rang out a clear call and my friend, the dog, gave an instantaneous indication of his hospitality or enmity, I could not tell which, by a response.

I could distinctly hear some one endeavoring to silence the animal, and then low voices in consultation reached me.

"Helloah!" I cried again; and this time with a happier effect, for a light was brought into the low entry, and a voice—it was a woman's voice, and its soft notes I shall never forget—spoke to me from the interior.

"Who is there and what is wanted?"

"A stranger from the east," I answered, "who has lost his way in the mountains, and being utterly exhausted would implore a night's lodging."

"—I do not know that we could admit you," returned the voice, hesitatingly.

"I will pay liberally for the shelter of a roof, and any accommodation that may be convenient," I said again, for apart from the desolateness of my situation, my curiosity was no little excited to behold the female. I knew intuitively that she was young and pretty—who could be content to dwell in a solitude as profound as this.

"You mistake the motive of my hesitation," was the rejoinder, with the same singularly musical accent. "A stranger has never been refused admission here for any best of reasons; there has been no similar application here within my remembrance. Are you alone?"

"Yes."

"And from the east?"

"Yes."

"Forgive me; there must be one other question. Is your design remaining any length of time near here?"

"No," I returned in all sincerity, for I concluded that "near here" with a woman meant within the next surrounding mile or so. "I assure you you shall have no cause to regret any charity you may extend to me."

There was a sound as of the removal of bolts and bars, and the door swung back.

A young girl stood before me with a rude torchlight throwing its irregular flashes around her—a girl whose face—with the sylph-like figure and the shower of golden hair—I would scarcely have regarded as anything but a child, had not a nameless dignity in both her demeanor and tone that she expected to be treated as a woman.

"I am admitting you on my own responsibility," she said, composedly. "My mother left it to my discretion to refuse you or not."

"I thank heaven and you lady, that your charity overcame all unnecessary scruples; though I should detain you from your mountains again rather than occasion you any annoyance by my visit. But tell me, is it possible that you live here alone with your mother?"

"No," she answered, with rather a nervous glance as I thought towards a door some distance beyond us. My fa——"

A heavy step upon the boards behind us, caused me to turn on the alert, not an instant too soon, for a powerful man stood almost touching me, with a revolver pointed at my head.

"Move but a hair's breath and you are a dead man," hissed an angry voice. "Pearl are you mad? How dare you——"

The torch which the girl had brought out had burned so low that the general outlines of our figures were alone visible to each other. When a second woman—the young lady's mother, as I could distinguish at a glance—came quickly but tremblingly forward with a lamp in her hand.

I saw a look of terror upon her face in the slight glance which I had turned upon her, and concluded justly that there was room for alarm, though I could scarcely imagine why.

"What do you ? And what are you doing here?" asked the man with a fierce scowl.

I was about to make an angry retort, when a light cloak in which he had enveloped his face dropped to the floor, and I started back as though I had been shot.

"My God! Martin Cade!" I cried, "can is be you?"

"I saw my mistake in a moment, for the man before me was larger and darker than my friend Martin Cade; and yet there must have been some startling resemblance called into life by the appearance of this stranger; for at the instant I would have sworn to the identity of the two men.

Whatever it was the likeness faded as quickly, leaving me to wonder at my own folly in supposing Cade in a position so diametrically opposite to all that I could have inferred from my knowledge of the man.

And yet the mere mention of the name to which I had given utterance, seemed instantly to electrify the whole group.

The younger and beautiful damsel turned a face full of inquisitiveness upon me.

The elder woman grew deadly pale and extended her hands wildly in a mute supplication.

The dark, brigandish stranger grasped my arm with a rigidity that threatened a fracture of the bone, and left the prints of his five fingers for weeks to come, while he whispered hoarsely:

"Breathe that name here again and I will slay you. I thought you were an infernal spy, sent to hunt me down."

In the meantime, however, the pistol which he had drawn had been gradually lowered to his side.

"For mercy's sake, do not understand you," I said, quickly. "Nor can I surmise the cause of such very cavalier treatment. I have no idea who or what you are; and my surprise is only equal to my joy in finding this calcin here, among the mountains where I had supposed myself lost, and therefore about to be compelled to pass the night with the wild beasts of some lonely gorge. I am a stranger, so far as hospitality is concerned, at your mercy, and I assure you you are mistaken if you imagine there is any secret cause for fear between us."

"Who are you?" asked the man angrily, still bending his heavy brows upon me."

"My name—your rather singular welcome will hold me excused for not having declared it before—is Eugene Hagan, and my employment I am unable to tell you how far from here, because I don't know exactly where I am, is mining."

There was a moment of embarrassing silence, in which I felt that I was an object of especial scrutiny on the part of my strange host, when seeming to recover himself in a measure, he asked, half averting his head, "And you really found your way here by chance?"

"The veriest that ever directed a benighted stranger," I answered. "Unless I recognize a decree of Fate in the barking of a dog half an hour ago, when I stood despairing on the top of the mountain before us, and fancied myself beyond the reach of human aid or comfort for the night."

In closing my remarks I turned my eyes, where the young lady, who I now readily imagined must have been possessed of a considerable degree of bravery, when she took it upon herself to admit me to this singular abode, and though I could not tell why, I was pleased to find her face suffused with blushes.

"Father!" she exclaimed resolutely, as our glances met, "I am sure the stranger has spoken the whole truth, and the fault, if fault there be, of his admission must rest upon me. He scarcely merits such incivility at our hands."

"Silence! self-willed girl!" he exclaimed passionately. "If my accursed doom should ever overtake me it will be, I am sure, through your instrumentality. And you, Mr. Eugene Hagan,—if such in reality be your name—follow me, as you value your life."

"Every honest man values his life," I answered, "but pray remember that only the guilty and cowardly are to be intimidated."

There was a sneer upon his lips, but he did not deign to reply; and taking up a lamp he moved on to the door in front of me, not even glancing back to observe if I followed.

I bowed to the ladies, imagining as I did so, that the younger gave me a look of encouragement, and following resolutely in the footsteps of mine host, entered a small room to the left, but a moment after he had crossed the threshold; and beheld him close and lock the door behind us with that cheerful composure which even the hardiest desperado of my situation, my curiosity was no little excited to behold the female. I knew intuitively that she was young and pretty—who could be content to dwell in a solitude as profound as this.

"You mistake the motive of my hesitation," was the rejoinder, with the same singularly musical accent. "A stranger has never been refused admission here for any best of reasons; there has been no similar application here within my remembrance. Are you alone?"

"Yes."

"And from the east?"

"Yes."

"Forgive me; there must be one other question. Is your design remaining any length of time near here?"

"No," I returned in all sincerity, for I concluded that "near here" with a woman meant within the next surrounding mile or so. "I assure you you shall have no cause to regret any charity you may extend to me."

There was a sound as of the removal of bolts and bars, and the door swung back.

A young girl stood before me with a rude torchlight throwing its irregular flashes around her—a girl whose face—with the sylph-like figure and the shower of golden hair—I would scarcely have regarded as anything but a child, had not a nameless dignity in both her demeanor and tone that she expected to be treated as a woman.

"I am admitting you on my own responsibility," she said, composedly. "My mother left it to my discretion to refuse you or not."

"I thank heaven and you lady, that your charity overcame all unnecessary scruples; though I should detain you from your mountains again rather than occasion you any annoyance by my visit. But tell me, is it possible that you live here alone with your mother?"

"No," she answered, with rather a nervous glance as I thought towards a door some distance beyond us. My fa——"

A heavy step upon the boards behind us, caused me to turn on the alert, not an instant too soon, for a powerful man stood almost touching me, with a revolver pointed at my head.

"Move but a hair's breath and you are a dead man," hissed an angry voice. "Pearl are you mad? How dare you——"

The torch which the girl had brought out had burned so low that the general outlines of our figures were alone visible to each other. When a second woman—the young lady's mother, as I could distinguish at a glance—came quickly but tremblingly forward with a lamp in her hand.

I saw a look of terror upon her face in the slight glance which I had turned upon her, and concluded justly that there was room for alarm, though I could scarcely imagine why.

"What do you ? And what are you doing here?" asked the man with a fierce scowl.

I was about to make an angry retort, when a light cloak in which he had enveloped his face dropped to the floor, and I started back as though I had been shot.

"My God! Martin Cade!" I cried, "can is be you?"

veteran trapper Casper Aymes, so you, at least have nothing to fear," she answered with a smile

"You know Casper Aymes, then?" said I, suddenly turning to Montell, in my surprise.

"Yes," he answered, with a sudden lowering of his heavy brows. "I should have acquainted you with the fact before you left, Pearl, is there anything more of a disagreeable nature that you can think of just now? lly heavens, if not by design, you would be sure to blunder into a narration of it nonetheless!"

She looked up at him, the only one of us at the moment unabashed, and carelessly arched her pretty brows.

"It is Zimmerman who says that we grow wise by the mistakes of life," she returned, composedly. "And if the assertion be true, my father may yet be proud of the wisdom of his daughter, though he could never have reason to be jealous of her regard for his only friend."

Did she dare to beard him thus? There was evident satire in her voice and manner, and I think not the slightest part of his satisfaction was that he saw that I understood it. He stifled a half-uttered anathema, as he looked at her, and reaching for a decanter of wine, poured out a glass and drained it at single draught, when he passed it to me with a sullen bow.

Feeling sorely in need of the stimulus, I filled a glass for Miss Montell and another for myself, and begged her to join me in a toast, but she took up a goblet of sparkling water instead and bowed graciously in acknowledgement of the compliment.

Montell changed the conversation at once to topics of interest in the East, and though I ascertained in the course of the next half an hour that he had long occupied his present abode, with the exception of occasional flying visits to Carson and Sacramento-cities, I found him at once familiar with political individuals and intrigues, and what surprised me still more, with all the current literature of the day. For was his daughter a wife behind him in those rather unusual accomplishments for one of her age.

My host gradually warmed with the topics of discussion on hand, until I could no longer marvel that even such an abode might be made an attractive one to the two women about him, when he chose to enliven their solitude.

Later in the evening I casually mentioned my visit to Australia, and immediately a number of delicate, pertinent questions followed, from either Montell or the ladies, which it afforded me great pleasure to answer, as I saw that my auditors were most deeply, and hence flatteringly interested.

Feeling that I had the advantage of Othello in the fair epidermis with which nature had favored me, I watched the varying countenance of my lovely Desdemona with an interest that only the young and chivalrous of my sex, who have been shut out from refined female society as long as I have been, could fully appreciate.

She took no decided part in the conversation, but the lights and shadows that played in her luminous eyes were far more eloquent than all spoken language, though in summing up all that she had said during the evening, with much that was highly romantic and imaginative, if you will, I could not recall a single frivolous or indifferent sentiment.

I think Montell was gratified when he could draw her out and show me how priceless was his "pearl of the wilderness," as he called her. I forgot my fatigue of a few hours before, and when, with unfeigned surprise when the master of the house suggested that we separate for the night, as I must be sadly wearied. My polite protestations were silenced as I looked at my watch, and found the hour-hand past midnight.

I arose, made a profound bow to the ladies, and followed Montell through another door into a neatly furnished chamber, the walls of which I observed were lined with books.

"I can now understand at once how easily you can dispense with the gossiping and too frequently distasteful society of neighborhoods," I said. "You have a far higher source of diversion here."

"Yes," he answered, "a mingled dugout of self and my fellow mortals veiled me from the world when I was scarcely your age. It is only in social, ruromantic life, after all, that we see the blemishes and deformities of human nature. Were men ever painted exactly as they are, in books? No. The details would be revolting *ad nauseam*. It is the glamour thrown over them—the veil—like that worn by the prophet of Korassan, which never ceases to excite our interest. Remove it and we turn, sickened and shuddering away. You will find, Mr. Hagan, when you are as old as I am, that the morality of the Spartans is the only genuine one in our day. The crime of dishonesty is but in discovery. The clever, half-disguised knavery of our neighbor is readily condoned, especially if he strut around us in silken hose. It is the robber *sans culottes*—the real, every-day ruffians of the world, that neither Scott, nor Bulwer, nor Dickens, (I name him last, though he ranks in my estimation second to no one that has ever lived) could ever make a hero of."

"Where is the poetry of Bill Sakes, *et tid omne genus?*" said I with a smile.

"Ah!" returned Montell readily, "Bill Sakes in real life would only have admired a Nancy who would have abetted him in the Maylie robbery, and beyond remorse would have waited for his rope from a sheriff's hand, without a sentimental self-lauding was the retribution of the author."

I expected him to say good-night here, but he took up a book on Australia and mining, and read aloud many passages, with an interest that had in it something rather painful to me.

It had struck me that he must be a monomaniac on the subject of money-making, for every allusion to the accumulation of wealth lent at once an unnatural and most unprepossessing excitability both to his manner and countenance.

Who and what was he?

The most rational conclusion that I could come to was, that he must be the chief of some robber clan, the reminiscences, scattered over the country, executed the schemes which his futile brain would concoct, while he chose to remain out of sight, and therefore beyond detection.

The impossibility of communication with the outer world from his present isolated retreat would have convinced me of the absurdity of this hypothesis, had not a haughty and almost insolent pride of demeanor carried with it a conviction that the man before me—whatever the mystery of his life might be—had never sacrificed the respect of self, which, more than all the borrowed honors of the world, enables us to demand the courtesy of our fellow mortals, as our due.

I listened to his varied and elegant dissertations upon men and manners, until a subtle charm had taken possession of me, and made me as wakeful as ever Argus with his hundred eyes might have been.

When he arose at last with a hurried but earnest apology, I found that it was two o'clock.

As soon as I was left alone I drew off my clothes and got in bed, and though my wearied limbs pressed the soft couch with an infinite sense of comfort, I could not for some time compose the turbulent fever of my thoughts. At last, however, the objects around me grew confused and indistinct, and finally the real and tangible gave place to the ideal, and in my dreams on that first night of our meeting, the lovely face of Pearl Montell hovered about my pillow with the ineffable glory of a heavenly vision.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEAUTY IN WOMAN.

BY NANNIE SADLER.

It is an undeniable fact that all women covet personal beauty and comeliness. They may, perchance, tyrannize over their womanly tastes and instincts, and endeavor to persuade themselves that it is beneath the dignity of a woman of sense, to make use of *Creme de Lays* for the purpose of improving their naturally dark muddy complexion, or of *Mascaro*, if their "shining coils" should prematurely glean with "threads of silver." They may even class the arts of the toilet, which it is every woman's duty, to herself, to her friends, and to society, to study and practice, but all the same, they love and covet the beauty which their more fortunate sisters possess, either by nature or by art; and their fine tastes and perceptions, which they have tyrannized over, and ruthlessly crushed back (as if they were sins, will betray themselves by cropping out in the form of jealousies and envious remarks against those who court and cherish the divine gift.

Almost any woman can make herself positively ugly if she chooses; and they are very rare indeed who cannot, by a judicious use of their every-day features, and by taste and art, make themselves at least comely. To be sure, many women court beauty from unworthy motives. Some covet it for the gratification of vanity, and to secure admiration; and these are they whose souls never crave anything higher than the triumphs of the ball-room and the silly flattery of brainless beaux. Many court it for even grosser motives. Some desire it because it secures love, and the sweets of matrimonial bliss; and this is, after all, not an unworthy an aim as many people suppose. But there is still another class—and these constitute the most exalted souls among the sex—who cultivate and cherish the genius of beauty, because to themselves it is a refining and ennobling influence and they bring it to bear in their intercourse with their fellow creatures, that they may make it a power by which to benefit the world.

In the hands of a wicked woman, beauty is a mighty power for evil; so, also, in the hands of a true and noble woman it can be made an almost supreme influence for good. Away with false theories of woman's rights. She has a higher and holier work to perform than fighting for the polls; that of elevating the hearts of mankind, nearer to God, to Heaven, and the right. And when she lays aside as useless the grace and beauty which should characterize the sex, she has dulled the edge of one of her most powerful weapons of warfare. It is only the face whose beauty consists merely of roses and lilies and shining tresses, that fades and loses its charm with the first bloom of youth. True beauty brightens as the deeper thoughts of maturity are stamped upon the brow and gleam forth from the eye. Taste in dress is the natural outflowing of a cultured soul. It is a hard matter for a fine grained nature to dwell in a shabby tabernacle. Women need not be extravagant; but once let the world understand that she seeks to be lovely, because it is the reflection and dictation of a pure and noble soul within, and the most skeptical will have no objections to woman's making herself as attractive as possible. When this is accomplished she shall have revolutionized the world.

BROOKLYN'S DOG STORY.

A few nights after the terrible conflagration that swept into eternity so many souls, an officer attached to the Washington street station house, noticed a medium-sized dog of a tan color, and mongrel breed hanging about the vicinity. He scarcely made a mental note of a circumstance apparently so trivial, and had almost forgotten it, until on a subsequent occasion the circumstance was revived in his memory by again meeting the dog under similar circumstances. Other officers noticed the dog, and the strange attraction which the spot seemed to have for it. The dog was watched, and finally it was seen that at frequent intervals during the night it would approach the entrance of the rooms, and wait as though in expectation of seeing some one, and then disappear to repeat the act. During the day the animal disappeared from the ruins, but was met with in adjacent streets picking up a precarious existence in the gutters and garbage boxes. During the three months that have elapsed since the fire, the dog has never missed a night in visiting the ruins, and the only inference is that its master was among those who perished. On Saturday night Inspector Wadsworth noticed the animal for the first time, and not knowing the history connected with it, remarked to one of the Sergeants of the First Precinct that "that dog ought to be got rid of." Upon being informed of the circumstances above narrated, the Inspector said nothing more on the score of extermination, and it was noticed that as he passed the forlorn animal he uttered a few words that the poor fellow returned with an appreciative wag of his tail.—*Brooklyn Union.*

A NOVEL FOUNTAIN.

The Virginia (Nevada) *Enterprise* describes a fountain which sends up numerous jets from the top of the spire of the new Catholic Church in that place. A large iron pipe is carried up through the church and up the large iron cross surrounding the same. The pipe then takes the form of the cross, behind which it is hidden, and from holes perforated at proper intervals the jets are sent up. From the top of the cross and from the end of each arch large streams ascend to the height of about twenty-five feet, and between these are thrown up a great number of smaller jets. The height of the top of the cross from the ground is 170 feet, and last evening, the air being calm, the numerous jets spread out in the shape of a fan. The rays of the declining sun fell upon the jets and spray at just the proper angle to light up and bring out the whole in a beautiful roseate glow, which surrounded the top of the cross like a glory. This novel fountain was not constructed for mere ornament. It is intended for use, in case of the breaking out of a large fire, as a protection to the spire and roof of the church. It is but the work of a moment to turn on the water and drench the spire. The height to which the water is thrown above the cross shows the great force of the water works of the city.

Books are voices of the dead to the living, and make us heirs of the life of past ages.

WAY-MARKS.

BY HARRIS SADLER.

Sweet childhood spes like a sunny morn,
When the world is agleam with dew;
The rosen it grasps are without a thorn,
Above it, the sky and sun shine.

Bright, buoyant youth, with a smiling face,
Leaps up to the skies above;
And all the earth wears a charming grace,
For youth is the time to love.

Then comes the strife, unto manhood sealed,
A battle with sword in hand;
When brother on life's great battlefield,
Unfeet brother takes his stand.

Pale feeble age, with a cruel haste,
Steals on, ere the strife is done;
But deeds will tell, on the life page traced,
If the battle be lost or won.

Grim Death at last, with his stern decree,
Folds the hands on the wearied breast;
And man from his fevered toil set free,
Lies down in the grave to rest.

THE FIRST CLOUD.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

"It was to meet such difficulties as this that toutinue——" "Bother!"

I wrote the first sitting at my desk, and said the last aloud, impatiently—well, there, angrily—for Mattie had bounced into the room, run to the back of my chair, and clapped her hands over my eyes, exclaiming:

"Oh, Dick, what a stanue!" And you promised to be so good and quiet."

"I do wish you would not be so childish!" I cried, snatching away her hands. "There's a blot you've made on my manuscript."

"Don't be so cross, sir!" she said, laughing, as she gave a waltz round the room, making her pretty silk dress whisk over one of the light chairs, which she merrily picked up, and then, coming to my writing-table, she took a rose out of a basket of flowers, and began to arrange it in her hair.

"I'm not cross," I said coldly, "but engaged in a serious work of a mercantile and monetary nature. You seem to think men ought always to be butterflies."

"No, I don't, Dick dear," she cried, "There, will that do?"

She held her head on one side for me to see the creamy rose nestling in her crisp black hair; but, after a glance at it, I let my eyes fall upon my desk, and went on writing my pamphlet. I saw that she was looking wistfully at me, but I paid no heed, and she then came and rested her hands upon my shoulders.

"Are you cross with me, Dick?" she said softly.

"Cross? no!" I jerked out impatiently. "Only I thought I had married a woman, and she has turned out to be a child."

There was silence then for a few minutes, only broken by the scratching of my pen. The little hands twitched a little as they lay upon my shoulder, and I very nearly wrote down, instead of "The calculations arrived at by the projectors of toutinns"—"Richard Marlow, how can you be such a disagreeable wretch?" But of course I did not write it—only thought—and then I felt wonderfully pleased to turn round, snatch the little graceful figure to my breast, and kiss away the tears that I knew were gathering in her eyes.

Sometimes I am another, though, I did not do it—only went on glumly writing—for I was cross, worried, and annoyed. I had set myself to a task that necessitated constant application, and I was not getting on as I could wish; so, like many more weak-minded individuals of the male sex, instead of asking for the comfort and advice of my wife, I had visited my disappointment upon the first weak object at hand, and that object was the lady in question.

"Please, Dick dear, don't be angry with me. I can't bear the scratching of my pen. The little hands twitched a little as they lay upon my shoulder, and I very nearly wrote down, instead of "The calculations arrived at by the projectors of toutinns"—"Richard Marlow, how can you be such a disagreeable wretch?" But of course I did not write it—only thought—and then I felt wonderfully pleased to turn round, snatch the little graceful figure to my breast, and kiss away the tears that I know

THE WANDERING JEW.

The wandering Jew once said to me,
I passed through the city in the east of the
east
A man in the garden plucked fruit from a
tree.
I asked: "How long has this city been here?"
And he answered me, as he plucked away.
"It has always stood where it stands to-day.
And here it will stand forever and aye.
Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I traveled the self-same road again.

No trace of a city there I found;
A shepherd sat blowing his pipe alone,
His flock went quietly cribbing round.
I asked: "How long has the city been gone?"
And he answered me, as he piped away,
"The new ones bloom and the old decay.
This is my pasture ground for aye.
Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I traveled the self-same road again.

And I came to a sea, and the waves did roar,
And a fisherman threw his net out clear,
And when heavy laden he dragged it ashore,
I asked: "How long has this sea been here?"
And he laughed, and he said, and he laughed
away,
"As long as you billows have tossed their
spray,
They've fished and they've fished in the self
same way
Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I traveled the self-same road again.

And I came to a forest, vast and free,
And a woodman stood in the thicket near
His axe he laid at the foot of a tree.
I asked: "How long have the woods been
here?"
And he answered: "The woods are a covert
for aye.
My ancestors dwelt here alway.
And trees have been here since Creation's
day.
Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I traveled the self-same road again.

And I found there a city, and far and near
Resounded the hum of toil and glee.
I asked: "How long has the city been here,
And where is the pipe, and the wood, and
the sea?"
And they answered me, and they went their
way
"Things always have stood as they stand
to-day.
And so they will stand forever and aye.
I'll wait five hundred years, and then
I'll travel the self-same road again."

THE CAPTAIN'S LAST LOVE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER I.

"The captain is still in the prime of life," the widow remarked to me. "He has given up his ship; he possesses a sufficient income, and he has nobody to live with him. I should like to know why he doesn't marry."

"The captain was excessively rude to me," the widow's younger sister added, on her side. "When we took leave of him in London, I asked if there was any likelihood of his joining us at Brighton this season. He turned his back on me as if I had mortally offended him; and he made me this extraordinary answer: 'Miss, I hate the sight of the sea!' The man has been a sailor all his life. What does he mean by saying that he hates the sight of the sea?"

I was entirely at the mercy of the widow and the widow's sister. The other members of our little society at the boarding-house had all gone to a concert. I was known to be the captain's oldest friend, and to be well acquainted with all the events of the captain's life. No polite alternative was left but to answer the questions that had been put to me.

"I can satisfy your curiosity," I said to the two ladies, "without violating any confidence reposed in me—if you only have patience enough to listen to a very strange story."

It is needless to report the answer that I received. We sent away the tea-things, and I hummed the lamp; and then I told the ladies why the captain would never marry, and why (sailor as he was) he hated the sight of the sea.

CHAPTER II.

The British merchantman "Fortuna" on the last occasion when our friend the captain took command of the ship) sailed from the port of Liverpool with the morning tide. She was bound to certain islands in the Pacific Ocean, in search of a cargo of sandal-wood—a commodity which, in those days, found a ready and profitable market in the Chinese Empire.

A large discretion was reposed in the captain by the owners, who knew him to be not only thoroughly trustworthy, but a man of rare abilities carefully cultivated during the leisure hours of a sea-faring life. Devoted heart and soul to his professional duties, he was a hard reader and an excellent linguist as well. Having had considerable experience among the inhabitants of the Pacific Islands, he had attentively studied their characters, and had mastered their language in more than one of the many dialects. Thanks to the valuable information thus obtained, the captain was never at a loss to conciliate the islanders; and he had more than once succeeded in finding a cargo under circumstances in which other captains had failed. Possessing these merits, he had his fair share of human defects. For instance, he was a little too conscious of his own good looks—of his bright cheek, nut hair and whiskers, of his beautiful blue eyes, of his fair white skin which many a woman had looked at with the admiration that is akin to envy. His shapely hands were protected by gloves; a broad-brimmed hat sheltered his complexion in fine weather from the sun. He was careful in the choice of his perfumes; he never drank spirits, and the smell of tobacco was abhorrent to him. New men among his officers and his crew, seeing him studying in his cabin, perfectly dressed, washed and brushed until he was an object spotless to look upon, soft of voice and careful in his choice of words, were apt to conclude that they had thrown themselves at sea under a commander who was an anomalous mixture of a school-master and a dandy. But if the slightest infraction of discipline took place, or if the storm rose and the vessel was in peril, it was soon discovered that the gloved hands held a rod of iron, that the soft voice could make itself heard through the wind and sea from one end of the deck to the other, and that it issued orders which the greatest fool on board knew to be orders that saved the ship. Throughout his professional life, the general impression that this "curiously gifted man produced on the little world about him was always the same. Some few liked him; everybody respected him; nobody understood him. The captain accepted those results, and went on reading his books and protecting his complexion, until his owners shook hands with him, and put up with his gloves.

The "Fortuna" touched at Rio for water, and for supplies of food which might prove useful in case of scurvy. In due time the ship rounded Cape Horn, in the finest weather ever known in those latitudes by the oldest hands on board. The mate, one Mr. Duncalf—a heavy, wheezing, self-confident old sea-dog, with a flaming face, and a vast vocabulary of oaths—swore that he didn't like it. "The foul weather's coming, my lads," said Mr. Duncalf. "Mark my words, there'll be wind enough to take the curl out of the captain's whiskers before we are many days older."

During a fortnight more the ship cruised in search of the islands to which the owners had directed her. At the end of that time the wind took the predicted liberties with the captain's whiskers, and Mr. Duncalf stood revealed to an admiring crew in the character of a true prophet.

For three days and three nights the "Fortuna" ran before the storm, at the mercy of wind and sea. On the fourth morning the gale blew itself out, the sun appeared again towards noon, and the captain was able to take an observation. The result informed him that he was in a part of the Pacific Ocean with which he was entirely unacquainted. Thereupon the officers were called into the cabin. Mr. Duncalf, as became his rank, was consulted first. His opinion possessed the merit of brevity. "My lads, the ship's bewitched. Take my word for it, we shall wish ourselves back in our own latitudes before we are many days older." Which, being interpreted, meant that Mr. Duncalf was lost, like his superior officer, in a part of the ocean of which he knew nothing.

The captain decided (the weather being now quite fine again) to stand on, under an easy press of sail, for four-and-twenty hours more, and to see if anything came of it.

Soon after nightfall something did come of it. The look-out forward hailed the deck with the dreadful cry: "Breakers ahead!" In less than a minute more the body board the crash of the broken water. The "Fortuna" was put about, and came round slowly in the light wind. Thanks to the timely discovery, the ship escaped. For twelve delightful hours they were fed by the male people and fondled by the female people, and then they were mercilessly torn from their embraces by the return of the fine weather. The wind freshened, and away he went in the morning sunlight to visit the island.

Skirting round the coral reef, they found a natural breach, which proved to be broad enough and deep enough not only for the passage of the boat but of the ship herself if needful. Crossing the broad inner belt of lagoon water, they approached the golden sands of the island, strewed with magnificent shells, and crowded by the dusky islanders—men, women and children, all waiting in breathless astonishment to see the strangers land.

The captain kept the boat off, and examined the islanders carefully. The innocent, simple people danced and sang, and ran into the water, imploring their wonderful white visitors by gestures to come on shore. Not a creature among them carried arms of any sort; a hospitable curiosity animated the entire population. The men cried out, in their smooth, musical language: "Come and eat" and the plump, black eyed women, all laughing together, added their own invitation: "Come and be kissed!" Was it in mortals to resist such temptations as these? The captain led the way on shore, and the women surrounded him in an instant, and screamed for joy at the glorious spectacle of his whiskers, his complexion, and his gloves. So the mariners from the far north were welcomed to the newly-discovered island.

CHAPTER III.

The morning wore on. Mr. Duncalf, in charge of the ship, cursing the island, over his rum-and-water, as "a beastly green strip of a place, not laid down in any Christian chart," was kept waiting four mortal hours before the captain returned to his command, and reported himself to his officers as follows:

He had found his knowledge of the Polynesian dialects sufficient to make himself in some degree understood by the natives of the new island. Under the guidance of the chief he had made a first journey of exploration, and had been for himself that the place was not laid down in any chart. Naturally. The one barren spot in it was the peak of the volcanic mountain, composed of crumbling rock, originally, no doubt, lava and ashes, which had cooled and consolidated with the lapse of time. So far as he had seen, the crater at the top was now an extinct crater. But, if he had understood rightly the traditions spoken of eruptions and eruptions at certain bygone periods, some of which lay within his own earliest recollections of the place. Adverting next to considerations of practical utility, the captain announced that he had seen sandal wood enough on the island to load a dozen ships, and that the natives were willing to barter it for a few toys and trinkets generally distributed among them. To the mate's disgust, the "Fortuna" was taken inside the reef that day, and was anchored before sunset in a natural harbor. The hours of recreation, beginning with the next morning, were granted to the men, under the wise restrictions in such cases established by the captain. That interval over, the work of cutting the precious wood and loading the ship was to be uninterruptedly pursued.

Mr. Duncalf had the first watch after the "Fortuna" had been made snug. He took the boatswain aside (an ancient sea dog like himself), and he said in a gruff whisper: "What do you think of it?" The captain and the chief of the islanders held a private conference in the cabin; and the captain, after first forbidding any communication with the shore until his return, suddenly left the ship alone with the chief, in the chief's own canoe.

What did this strange appearance mean? The captain himself, when he took his seat in the canoe, would have been puzzled to answer that question.

"Shall we be a long time away from the ship?" he asked.

The chief answered mysteriously: "Long time or short time, your life depends on it, and the life of your men."

Paddling his light little vessel in silence over the smooth water inside the reef, the chief took his visitor ashore at a part of the island which was quite new to the captain. The two crossed a prairie and ascended an eminence beyond. There the chief stopped, and silently pointed out to sea.

The captain looked in the direction indicated to him, and discovered a second and a smaller island, lying away to the southwest at a distance of under two miles. Taking out his telescope from the case by which it was slung at his back, he examined the place through his glass. Two of the native canoes were lying off the shore of the new island; and the men in them appeared to be all kneeling or crouching in curiously-chosen attitudes. Shifting his range a little, the captain next beheld the figure of a tall and solitary native—likewise inhabitant of the island whom he could discover. The man was standing on the highest point of a rocky cape. A fire was burning at his feet. Now he lifted his arms solemnly to the sky, now he dropped some invisible fuel into the fire, which made a blue smoke; and now he cast other invisible objects into the canoes floating beneath him, which the islanders reverently received with bodies that crouched in abject submission. Lowering his telescope, the captain looked round at the chief for an explanation. The chief gave the explanation readily. His language may be interpreted in these terms:

"Wonderful white stranger! the island you see yonder is a Holy Island. As such the Jabbo—an island sanctified and set apart. The horrible person whom you notice on the rock is an all-powerful favorite of the gods. He is by vocation a Sorcerer, and by rank a Priest. You now see him casting charms and blessings into the canoes of our fishermen, who kneel to him for fine weather and great plenty of fish. If any person there trespass this prohibition (is it understood between us? Wonderful white stranger, my canoe is waiting for you. Let us go back."

Before hearing enough of the chief's language (illustrated by his gestures) to receive in the right spirit the communication thus addressed to him, the captain repeated the warning to the ship's company in the plainest possible English. The officers and men then took their holiday on shore, with the exception of Mr. Duncalf, who positively refused to leave the ship. For twelve delightful hours they were fed by the male people and fondled by the female people, and then they were mercilessly torn from their embraces by the return of the fine weather, and set to work on the sandal-wood in good earnest. Mr. Duncalf superintended the loading, and waited for the mischief that was to come of shadowing the owners' orders, with a confidence worthy of a better cause.

CHAPTER IV.

Strangely enough, chance once more declared itself in favor of the mate's point of view. The mischief did actually come, and the chosen instrument of it was a handsome young islander, who was one of the sons of the chief.

The captain had taken a fancy to the sweet-tempered, intelligent lad. Pursuing his studies in the dialect of the island at broken hours, he had made the chief's son his tutor, and had amused himself by instructing the youth in English by way of return. More than a month had passed in this intercourse, and the ship's lading was being rapidly completed, when, in an evil hour, the talk between the two turned on the subject of the Holy Island.

The chief's son looked round him suspiciously. "Promise me you won't tell anybody!" he began very earnestly.

The captain gave his promise.

"There is one other person on the island," the lad whispered; "a person to feast your eyes upon if you could only see her once!" She is the Priest's daughter. She was taken to the island in her infancy, and has never left it since. In that sacred solitude she has been reared in all the graces of beauty by her father and her mother. I once saw her from my canoe, taking care not to attract her notice, or to approach too near the holy land. She is young, dear master, and oh, so beautiful!" The chief's son completed the description by kissing his own hands in silent rapture.

The captain's fine blue eyes sparkled. He asked no more questions; but, later on that day, he paid a secret visit to the eminence which overlooked the Holy Island. The next day and the next he made away to the same place. On the fourth day fatal destiny favored him. He saw the nymph of the island through his telescope, standing alone upon the cape on which he had already discovered her father. She was feeding some tame birds, which looked like turtle-doves. The glass showed the captain her pure white robe, fluttering in the sea breeze; her long black hair falling to her heels; her slim and supple young figure, her simple grace of attitude as she turned this way and that, in the travel of natural beauty and love of her birds. The one barren spot in it was the peak of the volcanic mountain, composed of crumbling rock, originally, no doubt, lava and ashes, which had cooled and consolidated with the lapse of time. So far as he had seen, the crater at the top was now an extinct crater. But, if he had understood rightly the traditions spoken of eruptions and eruptions at certain bygone periods, some of which lay within his own earliest recollections of the place. Adverting next to considerations of practical utility, the captain announced that he had seen sandal wood enough on the island to load a dozen ships, and that the natives were willing to barter it for a few toys and trinkets generally distributed among them. To the mate's disgust, the "Fortuna" was taken inside the reef that day, and was anchored before sunset in a natural harbor. The hours of recreation, beginning with the next morning, were granted to the men, under the wise restrictions in such cases established by the captain. That interval over, the work of cutting the precious wood and loading the ship was to be uninterruptedly pursued.

Mr. Duncalf had the first watch after the "Fortuna" had been made snug. He took the boatswain aside (an ancient sea dog like himself), and he said in a gruff whisper: "What do you think of it?" The captain and the chief of the islanders held a private conference in the cabin; and the captain, after first forbidding any communication with the shore until his return, suddenly left the ship alone with the chief, in the chief's own canoe.

What did this strange appearance mean? The captain himself, when he took his seat in the canoe, would have been puzzled to answer that question.

"Shall we be a long time away from the ship?" he asked.

The chief answered mysteriously: "Long time or short time, your life depends on it, and the life of your men."

Paddling his light little vessel in silence over the smooth water inside the reef, the chief took his visitor ashore at a part of the island which was quite new to the captain. The two crossed a prairie and ascended an eminence beyond. There the chief stopped, and silently pointed out to sea.

The captain looked in the direction indicated to him, and discovered a second and a smaller island, lying away to the southwest at a distance of under two miles. Taking out his telescope from the case by which it was slung at his back, he examined the place through his glass. Two of the native canoes were lying off the shore of the new island; and the men in them appeared to be all kneeling or crouching in curiously-chosen attitudes. Shifting his range a little, the captain next beheld the figure of a tall and solitary native—likewise inhabitant of the island whom he could discover. The man was standing on the highest point of a rocky cape. A fire was burning at his feet. Now he lifted his arms solemnly to the sky, now he dropped some invisible fuel into the fire, which made a blue smoke; and now he cast other invisible objects into the canoes floating beneath him, which the islanders reverently received with bodies that crouched

With the morning the threatening aspect of the weather unexpectedly disappeared. A faint but breeze from the land, just enough to give the ship steerage-way, offered Mr. Duncalf a chance of getting to sea. Slowly the "Fortuna," with the mate himself at the wheel, half sailed, half drifted, into the open ocean. At a distance of barely two miles from the island the breeze was felt no more, and the vessel lay becalmed for the rest of the day.

At night the men waited their orders, expecting to be sent after their captain in one of the boats. The intense darkness, the airless heat, and a second shock of earthquake (just felt in the ship at the present distance from the land) warned the mate to be cautious. "I smell mischief in the air," said Mr. Duncalf. "The captain must wait till I am sure of the weather."

Still no change came with the new day. The dead calm continued, and the airless heat. As the day declined, another ominous appearance became visible. A thin line of smoke was discovered through the telescope, ascending from the topmost peak of the mountain on the main island. Was the volcano of Anatakoa in action? The mate for one entertained no doubt of it.

"By the Lord, the place is going to burst up!" said Mr. Duncalf. "Come what may of it, we must find the captain to-night!"

CHAPTER V.

What was the lost captain doing? and what chance had the crew of finding him that night?

He had committed himself to his desperate adventure, without forming any plan for the preservation of his own safety, without giving a moment's consideration to the consequences that might follow. The charming picture he had seen through his telescope had haunted him night and day. The image of the innocent creature, secluded from humanity in her island-solitude was the one image that filled his mind. A man, passing a woman in the street, acts on the impulse to turn and follow her, and in that one thoughtless moment shapes the destiny of his future life. The captain, seeing the canoe on the beach, acted on a similar impulse when he took the paddle and shaped his reckless course for the tabooed island.

Reaching the shore while it was still dark, he did one sensible thing—he hid the canoe so that it might not betray him when the daylight came. That done, he waited for the morning on the outskirts of the forest.

The trembling light of dawn revealed the mysterious solitude around him. Following the outer limits of the trees, first in one direction, then in another, and finding no trace of any living creature, he decided on penetrating to the interior of the island. He entered the forest.

An hour of walking brought him to rising ground. Continuing the ascent, he got clear of the trees, and stood on the grassy top of a broad cliff which overlooked the sea. An open hut was on the cliff. He cautiously looked in, and discovered that it was empty. The few household utensils left about, and the simple bed of leaves in a corner, were covered with a thick layer of dust. Night birds flew blundering out of inner cavities in the roof, and took refuge in the shadows of the forest below. It was plain that the hut had not been inhabited for some time past.

Standing at the open doorway, and considering what he should do next, the captain saw a bird flying towards him out of the forest. It was a turtle-dove, so tame that it fluttered close up to him. At the same moment the sound of sweet laughter became audible among the trees. His heart beat fast; he advanced a few steps, and stopped. In a moment more the nymph of the island appeared, in her white robe, ascending the cliff in pursuit of her truant bird. She saw him, and suddenly stood still, struck motionless by the amazing discovery that had burst upon her. The captain approached, smiling and holding out his hand. She never moved; she stood before him in helpless wonderment; her lovely black eyes fixed on him spellbound; her lovely bosom panting under the fallen folds of her robe; her rich red lips parted in mute astonishment. Spell-bound on his side, feasting his eyes on her beauty, he waited for the result. She recovered himself. He ventured to speak to her in the language of the main island. The sound of his voice, addressing her in the language of her father, roused the lovely creature to action. She started, stepped up closely to him, and dropped on her knees at his feet.

"My father worships invisible deities," she said, softly. "Are you a visible deity? Has my mother sent you?" She pointed as she spoke to the deserted hut behind them. "You come to take me," she went on "in the place where my mother died. Is it for her sake that you show yourself to her child? Beautiful deity! come to the Temple—come to my father."

The captain gently raised her from the ground. If her father saw him, he was a doomed man. Infatuated as he was, he had sense enough left to announce himself plainly in his own character, as a mortal creature arriving from a far-distant land. The girl instantly drew back from him with a look of terror.

"He is not like my father," she said to herself; "he is not like me. Is he the lying demon of the prophecy? Is he the bodiless creature of the island?"

The captain's experience of the sex showed him the only sure way out of the awkward position in which he was now placed. He appealed to his personal appearance.

"Do I look like a demon?" he asked.

Her eyes met his. A half-smile trembled on her lips. The captain ventured at the risk of what she meant by the predestined destruction of the island. She held up her hand solemnly, and repeated the prophecy. The Holy Island was appointed in after destruction by an evil being, who would one day appear on its shores. To avert the fatality, the place had been sanctified and set apart, under the protection of the gods and their Priest. Here was the reason for the taboo, and for the extraordinary strictness with which it was enforced. Listening attentively to the report that he had really been taken ill, and that he was confined to his cabin. The chief's son, whose heart the captain's kindness had won, could be trusted to do this. And to keep the secret faithfully for the captain's sake.

Towards noon the next day they attempted to take the ship to sea, and failed for want of wind. How by hour the heat grew more oppressive. As the day declined, there were ominous appearances in the western heavens. The natives, who had given some trouble during the day by their anxiety to see the captain, and by their curiosity to know the cause of the sudden preparations for the ship's departure, all went ashore together, looking suspiciously at the sky, and reappeared no more. Just at midnight the ship (still in her snug berth inside the reef) suddenly trembled from her keel to her mast-heads. Mr. Duncalf, surrounded by the startled crew, shook his knotty fist at the island as if he could see it in the dark. "My lads, what did I tell you? That was a shock of earthquake."

With the morning the captain paid a visit to the island. He found the girl waiting for him on the beach, and he was received by her father. The priest was a handsome man, of a dignified and commanding appearance. He looked at the captain with a searching attention, and addressed him in a few words of welcome. The captain replied in the same language. The priest looked surprised, and asked a question. The captain answered it. The priest looked surprised, and asked another question. The captain answered it. The priest looked surprised, and asked another question. The captain answered it. The priest looked surprised, and asked another

THE LOVING BOY.

There is a beautiful tradition worth telling about the churchbell of Farum, in Denmark. The parsonage stood close by the church. It was a dark night late in the fall, and the minister was sitting up at a late hour preparing his Sabbath sermon, when he heard a slight, strange sound from the large church-bell. No wind was blowing, and the sound was inexplicable to him; so he got up, took the keys, and went into the church. As he entered the church the sound stopped suddenly, but he heard a faint sigh from above. "Who is there, disturbing the peace of the church?" he asked, in a loud voice. Footsteps were heard from the tower, and he saw in the passage-way a little boy advancing toward him.

"Be not angry!" said the child. "I slipped in here when the Vesper Service was rung; my mother is very sick;" and now the little boy could not say more for the tears that choked him. The minister patted him on the cheek, and encouraged him to be frank, and to tell him all about it.

"They say that my mother—my sweet good mother—is going to die; but I know that when one is sick unto death he may recover again and live, if in the middle of the night one dares enter the church, and scrape off a little rust from the large church-bell; that is a safeguard against death. Therefore, I came here and hid myself until I heard the clock strike twelve. I was so afraid! I thought of all the dead ones, and of their coming into the church. I dared not look out; I said the Lord's Prayer, and scraped the rust off the bell."

"Come, my good child," said the minister; "our Lord will forsake neither thy mother nor thee." So they went together to the poor cottage, where the sick woman was lying. She slept quietly and soundly. Our Lord granted her life, and his blessings shone over her and her son.

BOYS' WORK AND GIRLS' WORK.

"I wish, John, you would drive a few nails for me, in the wood-house," said Maggie to her brother. "I have been wanting them this long time, but always forgot to ask you."

"Why not drive them yourself, Maggie?" asked her father.

"Why, I don't know how, father. I don't believe I could do boy's work," she said, doubtfully.

"Come, my girl, I will show you in a minute how it is done. Go on mending your harness, John; we will attend to the nails.

Maggie drove in all the nails successfully and as pleased was she with her success, that she would have set a double row around the shed, I think, if her father had not concluded that these would answer for the present.

"There, that little lesson helps to make you independent, my girl. Now, I will teach you some day how to catch and harness up a horse. You have already learned to drive a gentle one. Learn to sharpen a knife, and whittle too, without cutting your fingers. I don't let the doors creak for want of an oiled feather, or the little children's boots get hard in winter for want of a little grease."

You too, boys, might learn to advantage how to make your beds and sweep a room and sew up a bag on a sewing-machine.

Don't ask anyone to sew on a button for you, when there is a cushion with needles in it, and mother's thread basket is so handy.

A little cooking will never hurt you. Many a beefsteak and fresh fish have I cooked in my day, and mother says I can beat any girl making a pot of coffee. I do not often get a chance, nowadays, but I have seen the time when my knowledge of the business came just in play. No telling where you will be cast away some time during your life. The most helpless people I have ever met are those who can only do one kind of work. Learn to do something very well, indeed, and make that your dependence for a living, and add to it just as much skill and knowledge as you can. It costs nothing to carry knowledge.

A DOG STORY.

Lately a traveler passed in a carriage along the Avenue de Neuilly; the night was dark; all at once the horse stopped, and the traveler saw the animal had met an obstacle. At the same moment a man raised himself from before the horse and uttered a cry.

"Why don't you take care?" said the traveler.

"Ah," cried the man, "you would do better, instead of hallooing, to lend me your lantern."

"What for?"

"I had three hundred francs in gold on my person; my pocket has broken, and all is falling in the street. It is a commission with which my master has intrusted me. If I do not find the money I am a ruined man."

"It is not easy to find the pieces on such a night; have you none left?"

"Yes, I have one."

"Give it to me."

The man hesitated.

"Give it to me; it will be the means of recovering the others."

The poor fellow gave him his last coin. The traveler whistled; a magnificent Danish dog began to leap round him.

"Here!" said the traveler, putting the coin to the nose of the dog. "Look!"

The intelligent creature sniffed a moment at the money, and then began to run about the road. Every animal must be charmed, leaping, and deposited in the hand of his master a Napoleon. In about twenty minutes the whole sum was recovered. The poor fellow, who had got his money back, turned full of thanks toward the traveler, who had now got into his carriage.

"Ah, you are my preserver," said he; "tell me, at least, your name."

"I have done nothing," said the traveler. "Your preserver is my dog; his name is Rabut-Joie;" and then, whipping his horses he disappeared in the darkness.

THE SAGACIOUS LOBSTER.

A striking instance of sagacity in a lobster is recorded by Mr. Barker, of the Rothesay (Scotland) aquarium: It seems that three lobsters were placed in a tank previously occupied by flat fish, and in which, inadvertently, a flounder had been left buried in the sand, where it died. One of the lobsters, "a veteran of unusual size," soon discovered the dead body of the flounder, and, dragging it from its resting place, retired with it to a corner of the tank. Shortly afterwards it was noticed that the flounder was missing. It was impossible that the lobster could have eaten it in the time, and the handle of a net revealed the fact that upon the approach of the two lesser lobsters he had buried the flounder beneath a heap of sand on which he now mounted guard. Five times within two hours was the flounder unearthed, and as often did the wily old lobster rebury it with his huge claws, each time ascending the pile and turning a bold front to his companions.

KNIVES AND FORKS

We often laugh at the Chinese and their chopsticks, or small thin sticks of wood or ivory, with which they eat, and fancy they must make very dirty work at their meals, yet they are cleanly and civilized, compared with the habits of our ancestors, some three hundred years ago. Then forks were unknown, each man had his own knife, and at dinner seized a joint with his hand, and cut off what he wished; the dish was then passed on to the next, who did the same. The knife then cut up the joint into small pieces, which were put into the mouth by the fingers of the hand unoccupied by the knife.

In many parts of Spain, at present, drinking glasses, spoons and forks are varieties and in taverns in many countries, particularly in some towns in France, knives are not placed on the table, because it is expected that each person has one of his own, a custom which the French seem to have retained from the old Gauls. But as no person will any longer eat without forks, landlords are obliged to furnish these, together with plates and spoons.

None of the sovereigns of England had forks until very late. Henry the Eighth; all, high and low, used their fingers. Hence in royal households, there was a dignity called the ewery who with a set of subordinates, attended the meals with basin, water, and towels. The office of ewery survived after forks came partially into fashion. We learn that when James the First entertained the Spanish ambassador at a dinner, very shortly after his accession, "their majesties washed their hands with water from the same ewer, the towels being presented to them by the lord treasurer, and to the Queen by the lord high admiral." The Prince of Wales had an ewer to himself, which was after him used by the ambassador.

About the first royal personage in England who is known to have had a fork, was Queen Elizabeth; but, although several were presented to her, it remains doubtful whether she used them on ordinary occasions. Forks came so slowly into use in England that they were employed only in higher classes at the middle of the seventeenth century. About the period of the Revolution, 1688, few English noblemen had more than a dozen forks of silver, along with a few irons or steel. At length for general use steel forks became an article of manufacture at Sheffield, at first they had two prongs and it was only in later times that the three-pronged kind were made. As late as the early part of the eighteenth century table-forks—and, we may add, knives,—were kept on so small a scale by country inns in Scotland (and perhaps in some parts of England) that it was customary for gentlemen in traveling to carry with them a portable knife and fork in a shagreen case. The general introduction, of silver forks into Great Britain is quite recent; it can be dated no further back than the termination of the French war in 1814.

THE PRESS PARAGRAPHIST.

The press paragraphist is a very modern invention. He can never be happy, for he knows no rest, he never smiles, and his energy is fiery and everlasting. The bad carrier, when he gets through carrying bricks all day, returns to the bosom of his family and is permitted to enjoy a peaceful clay pipe and the delights of a glass of home. Not so with the press paragraphist. His has only begun after it is over. When he leaves the office of his newspaper, he groans in the car going up town, until he has evolved an item for to-morrow's paper. He condenses every notion that fills the circumambient air into a couple of lines, and sticks it for him column of paragraphs. When he gets home, and the wife of his affections serves out the corned beef, pent up misery still sits enthroned upon his brow, and he evolves telling facts even while he is struggling with his food; every mouthful of dessert is the parent of an idea. The press paragraphist has only recently obtained his distinction. Until he has driven out of the field the voluminous humorist and the massive editorial writer. He is personified economy, in so far as he saves ink, paper, and words, but he is a glutton on ideas. He snatches them on the fly from every known source. He reads the news of the day, and there's not a divorce case, nor a failing bookseller, nor an assaults and battery, nor a scientific treatise, nor a cure for corns, that doesn't undergo a process of development in his brain and twist itself into a pungent paragraph before the day is over. His labor is an unceasing one; it would be thankless but for the boon of fellow-feeling existing among his companions in misery. The press paragraphist has brothers in every city; and what he writes is copied; not so much because society at large clamors for his thoughts, but because, being short, they can be put into a small space and easily reperused. The P. P. is never baffled. The passing hour may be ripe with distressing news and mournful facts; but the P. P.'s column will bristle with vigor and mirth in spite of all. The P. P.'s brain is of wonderful construction; and so are his thoughts. Language is controlled by him, assumes the quaintest of forms on the slightest of notice, and he can comment on everything earthly, from a horse car to a hippopotamus, in the briefest of sentences and the happiest of veins. His sleep is restless; for he slumbers with an idea weighing heavy upon him, and he wakes with a pun on his lips and an epigram in his soul.

THE FRIGHTENED PICKPOCKET.

Pickpockets to avoid prosecution will compromise on almost any terms. Not long ago a lady in this city had her pocket picked of a portmonaie. She was able to describe the thief and he was arrested. She claimed to have had a solitaire diamond ring in the stolen pocket-book, but on searching among her valuables a day or two afterwards discovered the diamond. The time for the examination of the thief in court was fixed, and the day previous the lady was astonished to receive her purse with its contents intact, including a diamond ring, which the newspapers had stated was in it, but which the thief supposed he must have lost in the hurry of the robbery. To receive as a present from a thief a diamond which she had never lost so pleased the lady that she refused to appear against him, and he was discharged.

BIRDS IN WINTER

"How do the birds manage at night and in tempestuous weather?" is a question often asked me. Time was when it was believed that many of them hibernated—especially the swallows—burying themselves in the mud like frogs, or curling up in holes in rocks like the bats; and the common phenomenon of the appearance of a few summer birds during "warm spells" in winter was assumed to prove that they had been torpid, but had been waked up by the genial warmth, as bats often are. It was not three months ago that I saw in an English newspaper a letter from a man who claimed to have found a hedge-sparrow (I think) torpid somewhere in the mud. But the search for proofs of this theory discovered that the birds supposed to hibernate, migrated, while of the birds which remained above ground the coldest nights and months we saw more in warm, fine weather for the natural reason that they then forsook the sheltered hollows and cosy recesses in the thick woods where they had retreated during stormy days and came out into the sunlight. The dense cedars and close branches of small spruces and other evergreens afford them also shelter, and beneath ots of brambles are made use of when these are not to be found; hollow trees are natural houses in which large numbers huddle, and the cave-like holes under the roots of trees growing on steep banks are favorite hospices. The grouse plunges through the snow down to the ground, where it scrapes and digs for a "form" or crawls under the low and spruce boughs, which droop to the earth with the weight of snow, and allows the white mantle to drift over it; subsisting for the week or more that the storm ceases it can easily dig its way out, but sometimes a rain and hard frost follow which make such a crust on the snow that the poor creature can break its way through, and starves to death. The more domestic sparrows robins, and flickers, burrow into the hay-mow, find a warm roost in the barn near the cattle, or, attracted by the warmth of the furnace, creep under the eaves or into a chink next the chimney of the greenhouse or country dwelling. The meadow lark and quail seek out sunny knolls in fields and crouch down out of the blast; while the woodcock hides among the moss and ferns of the damp woods where only the deepest cold chains the springs. Along the coast many birds go to the seashore for a milder climate.

It nevertheless happens, in spite of their high degree of warmth and vitality—probably not exceeded by any other animal—in spite of the fact that they can draw themselves up into a perfect ball of feathers, which is the best of clothing, and that they can shelter themselves from the driving storm—that birds often perish from cold in large numbers. Ordinarily, birds seem able to foretell a change of weather, and prepare. The reports of the United States Weather Bureau certainly show that, during the fall and winter, the ducks, geese, cranes, crows, and other notable species—and apparently generally—abandon their former haunts upon the approach of a cold wave or severe winter storm for more southern localities, often passing beyond the reach of the severity of such storms, taking their departure often only a few hours before these unfavorable changes. The residents, therefore, are able to run them away to warmer latitudes, ought to know enough to hide away from the fury of the gale; and they do. But sometimes there come sudden, unsuppressed changes—chilly gales, which charge down upon us after thawing days, converting the air, which was almost spreading the grass to revive, into an atmosphere which cuts the skin like the impinging of innumerable particles of frost, and shrivels every object with cold, or buries it in the deep, chilly folds of snow. Then it is that the small birds, caught unprepared, suffer. At first, such as are overcome, seem unusually active, running about the ground, and in the air, as if trying

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE FASHIONS.

The most decided novelty in costumes that now presents itself is the

"FIRST EMPIRE," OR JOSEPHINE DRESS.

This, from its name, will be the leading mode for the coming season, and already many of the large houses are making quantities of costumes after this model. The distinctive feature of the dress is the classical looking robe, and there are but few draperies about it, the most noticeable being laid on the front and sides diagonally. One of pearl grey cambric trimmed with silver-color material, being soft all wool cashmere had the foundation skirt and waist of the grey cashmere with a box pleated flounce at the bottom of the silver color. Two diagonally disposed scarfs, the lower one being of the grey, the upper of silver-color, were laid in upturned folds across the front and two side widths. The sleeves were of the silver-colored cashmere, fitting quite tightly to the arm, as the shoulder were two box pleated puffs. The dress opened in front, having a heart-shaped neck. The back was laid in six pleats, three on a side, all turning towards the centre. A wide band of the silver-colored cashmere, embroidered upper and lower edge in a narrow vine-pattern, held these folds down and fastening in front gave the short waisted effect due to the period from which this model of dress was borrowed. Similar embroidery edged bands upon the tight sleeve near the wrist, and also the coquettish *Breton* pockets that the caprice of fashion adds to these costumes. This model will serve to illustrate the mode, and can be readily imitated both in other material and colors. Let us suggest, however, that this Josephine dress is suitable for the house, for the seaside where fanciful *toilettes* are admissible, but we doubt if in the present state of good taste that marks our society on this side the Atlantic at least, it will ever become a street dress. Also the most suitable material to use in its composition is fine woolen stuff, delaine, cashmere, and for summer fine all wool berege.

MANY POLONAISES

are shown possessing novel features. For instance, one of black cashmere, intended to accompany a black silk suit. Its front, middle and side seams extend to the bottom of the garment, thus giving the close, enmeshed fitting appearance hitherto produced by tapes which were forever breaking. It was buttoned diagonally, ending just above the left hip. Successive rows of fine netted fringe, with deep heading, trimmed the front and side widths, almost up to the diagonal opening. The back had long seams from the shoulder, and long square breadths which were almighty caught up under and between all silk set in the side breadths, which were caught together across the back widths. The back widths were simply hemmed at the bottom by machine stitching. A pleated puff of silk edged with fringe was set up rather high on the right side. A triangular handkerchief of silk was folded about the neck, in lieu of collar or ruff, being adapted to the shape by folds in the centre. This kerchief was edged with fringe.

A charming

STREET COSTUME,

of brown *demasse*, was made with two knife pleatings of brown silk on the lower skirt, a deep overskirt with a wrinkled front. This effect produced by minute folds being taken here and there down the front not exactly in the middle but somewhat to the left. These almost imperceptible pleats were held in place by a knife pleating of silk placed perpendicularly and extending from belt to lower edge where it turned and continued around the bottom of the overskirt, until the centre of the back, or a little to the right of the centre, where it is carried up in a similar manner to that in front. A very "cute" pocket is set on the left side, being composed of a puff of damasse at the bottom, and two knife pleated ruffles of silk at the top. A bow and ends of silk finish the edge widely. The waist is a plain cutaway basque, with three cuttings at the bottom. Pointed cuffs of silk turned back from the wrist, and two knife pleatings falling over the wrist. A bow and ends finishes the cuff on the outer seam. The back of the basque has long seams from the shoulder down. A round standing collar is set on a little below the band of the neck

THIN LACE

The new spring wraps are to the form of old fashioned mantles, having a slit for the arm, instead of the long flowing sleeves. The back has some of the Dolman features, however, for in some cases will be the figure. Fringe is the favorite trimming for these wraps.

Quite a profusion of flowers are used in trimming the new bonnets and hats.

Fashion now decrees that the hair must not be worn low on the neck, but just touching the nape, or the lowest roots of the hair.

The Louis xiv. vest, richly embroidered in Breton embroidery, are among the striking novelties of the season.

Silk and woolen galloon and passementerie trimmings generally are much in demand.

Easter brings out the spring hats along with the crocuses, etc.

Fine black veils of cream colored tulle are much worn, and are very becoming.

The Chapeau Higginbotham is a favorite with very young ladies, being narrow brimmed and round, with a moderately high crown.

Lace suits for the coming season have knife pleated trimmings edged with narrow French lace.

Torchon lace is very popular for trimming. Ladies advancing in years wear lace strings to their bonnets.

Gloves must match the foundation of the suit or else be trimmings.

Parasols for spring are shown with deep fringe around the edge.

Lace mittens embroidered in fine jet or seed pearls are calling to be derived from.

Bridal toilettes are extensively trimmed with sprays and garlands of spires, jessamine and orange blossoms.

Rosetta and illusi are again popular thin grenadines, unless high colored and clear, should never wear them.

Striped bareges in *passee* delicate, solid colors, with embroidered cloaks are much worn with low shoes and slippers indoors.

Pleated ruffs, with collars to match are shown in cheviot goods and Oxford linen.

Fanciful ruffs, composed of scarf silk, sheer muslin and lace insertion are much worn.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer and Ouiladay for information received.

OTHER STYLES.

A CHINESE PINCUSHION is our model for this week. The materials needed are a fourth of a yard of bright yellow silk serge silk of best, and some smaller pieces of different colored silks, bright blue, scarlet, maroon and pea green. Also some skeins of shaded yellow silk, blue, black and white floss. If you are clever at stitching the easiest way is just to sketch the outlines of a Chinese lady in the centre of the round of silk and work in your pincushion cover. If not lay a piece of tissue paper over one of the Chinese figures for children's scrap books obtained any where for a penny, and trace the outlines. Then carefully baste on the silk. Work in any simple stitch satin *pavé floss* or chain stitch the eyes, brows, nose and mouth. Color hair in black, the last in pink and red. Then the outline of the face in pink. The hair in black, the hairpins to blue and red. The slippers in shaded yellow, dotted with blue. The outline of the under slip or dress and sevens rows across the bottom in blue, red and white. Work the under-sleeves in a similar manner, the outlines of the hands in pink. The open sword-sleeves with loose sleeves, work either in satin or chain-stitch, intrigued with arabesque pattern using the morning glory for foundation, the white and red for outline and edge, and the blue for the arabesques. Work the trousers in white with lines of perpendicular chain-stitching in red. If fancied a Chinese border, or one or two plants, such as a dwarf rose-tree, a cactus, etc., may be wrought around the edge and in each corner. These latter designs can be purchased at embroidery stores. Indeed patterns for the entire cushion can also be procured, if desired. Finish with a beaded fringe for border, of all the different colors. It is not troublesome to make, and really is as bright and foreign-looking when done as if brought from the "Flowery Kingdom" itself.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss Janet R.—Sour or ale either will do to freshen up your Spanish lace scarf. Dip it in and roll it up in a damp cloth, squeeze it out and iron on the wrong side.

Annie J.—Trim with lace or fringe. Cashmere embroidery is very fashionable.

MINOR.

THE ONION.

Draw off his satin waistcoat,
Tear his silk shirt apart,
And weeping tears of pleasure,
Creep closer to his heart!

Wrapt in this modern mummy
In senseless fold on fold;
Yet what a wondrous power
These endless wrappings hold!

Of all the vegetables
From garden's length to length;
He is the one most mighty—
Epitome of strength.

Whene'er his person enters
All noses sniff the air,
And epicurean stomachs
For gastric treats prepare!

A subtle spirit rises
Of dinner in her full bloom—
An appetizing odor
Pervading all the room.

When at the well laid table,
How is the palate bless'!
He betters other dishes,
Yet is himself the best.

But then call on a lady:
Why is her smile so grim?
Before a word is spoken,
She knows you've been with him

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Could it be Marxwell, who I believed had left New York for Brazil a week ago? Why, he was seen on board the vessel, just starting! Nevertheless, it was he, there could be no doubt about it, and though he did not appear to see me, and I had not time to cross the road to speak to him, I was quite sure upon the point.

Presently I met Henry Staining. He was in rollicking good humor as usual. As lively and kind-hearted a man as ever lived was Staining, and I fear I might add almost as foolish. A full purse, a robust frame, and abundant leisure, what advantages they are! And yet, without the steadying influences of a sound judgment and of moral tone, what misfortunes, sometimes, the combination entails!

"Staining, what can have induced Marxwell to abandon his voyage to Brazil?"

"Nothing; and this for the simple reason that on that voyage to Brazil is Marxwell proceeding at this moment."

"My friend, certainly not, for I saw him only ten minutes since, not far from here."

"My friend, certainly 'yes,' for I had a letter from a week back, posted just before starting; and the vessel, I know, sailed directly."

"Then he left her, that's all."

"Not in the least degree likely. You did not speak to him—or rather the man you mistook for him."

"True, I did not; but—"

"I'll bet you fifty dollars that you are wrong."

"I never bet; but I am perfectly sure that—"

"I'll bet you one hundred dollars to one dollar you made a mistake. Smith, you are getting old, and your eyes are failing you. Awful odds; but your dollar is gone, Smith."

"I'm quite willing to risk my dollar; but——"

"Here you are, young gentlemen," cried a cheery voice, proceeding from a bulky person close upon us. "Betting—betting on the highway. Illegal, mind—I'm a witness."

It was Marxwell! Staining looked aghast.

"You are astonished. You thought me on the way to Brazil. And so I should have been, but that at the very last moment, as the vessel was just moving out of the dock, my firm sent counter-instruction, and I had to return. Annoying, wasn't it? Such a loss!"

"Such a loss, indeed!" murmured Staining. But then he turned to Marxwell, and greeted him heartily.

Marxwell soon left us, and Staining having taken from his pocket-book a hundred dollar note, handed it to me.

"There you are, old fellow. 'A fool and his money,' etc. Another illustration of that old adage."

"Not exactly, for you don't suppose I shall take your money?"

"Yes, I do; and I shall be extremely annoyed if you make any difficulty."

"I protested; but presently he said in irritation, "Then be my almoner, and give the money in charity." And he pressed the note back upon me, and left abruptly.

There are objections to standing in the public highway with a bank note in your hand, and a puzzled perplexation in your face, as the note was transferred to my pocket, and I went my way pondering, when I was met full tilt by a clergyman whom I very well knew.

"Good day," he cried, "Mr. Smith, both you and I seem to have our minds so much occupied to-day, that we cannot take care of our bodies."

I apologized. "No grave matter mine," I said; "but you look sad. Nothing wrong with you or yours?"

"No, thanks; but I have just left a depressing case, over which I would willingly throw sunshine upon, but I have not the power."

Then he gave me the particulars. "A young couple, married in hot haste, have come gradually to grief. At first in quite comfortable circumstances, they are now in distressing poverty. The wife and child are ill. Relatives and friends have receded into the remote background. And, worse than all, the husband——"

"Has become intemperate or has gone mad."

"Neither one nor the other—that is to say, not to the full extent. But he has become flighty, or else I very much fear——"

"Something worse?"

"Yes, for to be dishonest is worse than going mad. However, I have only suspicions, and I do most truly think, if anything wrong has been done, it has been prompted by a desperate desire to alleviate the misery of his wife and child. And it is such a mere trifle that is needed, apparently, to put all straight, that I groan at my inability at the moment to find it."

"What is wanted?"

"Well, it's only a hundred dollars, but even that is a formidable sum to a clergyman whose income is not equal to that of Baker."

"But," I urged, for I liked to pose my spiritual adviser if I could, "you hint at downright crime. Certainly it would not be right to prevent the due course of justice? Think of the claims of society."

"Pshaw. I think only of a suffering family, and I leave police courts to hardened criminals."

I grasped his hand and pressed upon him the note I had just received.

"There is the money which you require, haste away, and do all the good you can with it."

My friend looked astonished. He even hesitated.

"It is very, very good of you," he said; "but really—do forgive me—is it not more than—than you——"

"Can afford. Yes, it is; but be easy—the money is not mine."

He laughed. "You haven't stolen it? I cannot take of one criminal to deliver another, you know."

"No. I have the power to give it away. Good-by." And I hurried off. Then I hastened back to him.

"Kindly, on no account mention my name."

"What is the man," I said to myself, "whose interestings have ten dukedoms, and who will, I trust, be rescued by Staining's hundred dollars. Now it was wrong in Staining to bet, and I fear it was wrong in me to pass, two wrongs. But it was a right in the minister to be touched by the troubles of these poor people, and it was right in me to give the money. A balance! Well, if he where should turn, and this man should ever be in a position to deliver a fellow-creature from such trouble as he himself is now in, by the surrender of a hundred dollars, I wonder whether he'll do it? Smith, you surely know human nature well enough to answer your own question. Not he—not a bit of it."

This little incident, with plenty of other things besides, was soon swept from my memory by a sudden call to go abroad, even to the place where Marxwell did not go to Brazil. Nothing answered me then; I was a young bachelor, and could start for the Antipodes at two days' notice. When I take my wife and children—I forget the last time I undertook our annual trip, in these later years of my life, I require weeks' preparation. Alas, the change!

Away then to Brazil; away to a new life, new scenes, new companions, new hopes and fears; away to fortune and the yellow fever! Here occurs in my tale a grand interval of twenty years. All that time—barring three months occupied in going and returning—I was busy money-making. I succeeded. I was knocked over sundry times, but I arose and made more money. Fever prostrated me, but I was up again and increasing my store. I was bitten of snakes, but not killed, for I enlarged my store. I was pooh-pooh'ed by a bankrupt competitor, but my rival was executed, and I grew richer than ever. I doubt whether I should have come back, had not a young lady one night sung to me a terrible nursery ballad, as well remembered in connection with some loved ones who in this world will sing no more, that the well-known craving for the native land pastured me at once, and within a very short time I was on my voyage to New York.

On the way, I had one night a frightful dream. A fiendish terrible enemy had me on my back, and was clutching my throat. Tighter grew his grasp, and fainter my breath. My starting eyes scanned every feature of my murderer. Slowly and painfully—as I was held in this way, for some time as it appeared—did I call to mind the face before me. It was Staining, but Staining free from malice, desperate. I gasped an entreaty for mercy.

"Give it me; I want it, I must have it, instantly—instantly!" was the hoarse reply.

"What—what can you mean?"

"What!" he shrieked in maniacal frenzy. "Wretch, my hundred dollars!"

I had quite forgotten about this bet and the hundred dollars; but the dream set me thinking of what rumors I had heard occasionally respecting Staining since I left New York, that his money had wasted, that he had fallen considerably in the world, and even into poverty. I had written to him several times; but of late years he had not replied.

"Poor fellow," I now thought, "there may really be something in that dream. If his pride will accept it, he shall have that money back, and very glad I shall be to restore it."

Back in New York. Settled down again in the old country. Main matters disposed of. I began to think of minor ones, and amongst the latter the discovery of Staining. He was not in his former haunts, and I failed so long to find him that I was beginning to despair, when one night I met him in the street.

The brilliant artificial light of the ballroom may increase the lustre of a woman's bright eyes, and of the sparkling jewels; but a gentleman's face, if he be broken-down man, decayed and dismal, in his worst aspect, survey him standing disconsolately under a street-lamp, a drizzling rain descending, and a puzzled perplexation in your face, as the note was transferred to my pocket, and I went my way pondering, when I was met full tilt by a clergyman whom I very well knew.

"I did not want to run away," he said hoarsely, "they knew that. I'll face it—I'll face it," he added tremulously. "Go on, I'll walk quietly enough——Why—what—el—surely, can it be—can——"

"Yes, it is Smith, your old companion. Pray be composed. Staining, my friend, what is all this? Come away, and confide in me. You know you can trust me. If you are in trouble, and money can help you, you shall not want." And I took his arm, and we went together.

And then I heard poor Staining's confession, and it amounted to this:—When he had wasted his money, he obtained a situation as managing clerk. The wife and child are ill. Relatives and friends have receded into the remote background. And, worse than all, the husband——

"Has become intemperate or has gone mad."

"Neither one nor the other—that is to say, not to the full extent. But he has become flighty, or else I very much fear——

"Something worse?"

"Yes, for to be dishonest is worse than going mad. However, I have only suspicions, and I do most truly think, if anything wrong has been done, it has been prompted by a desperate desire to alleviate the misery of his wife and child. And it is such a mere trifle that is needed, apparently, to put all straight, that I groan at my inability at the moment to find it."

"What is wanted?"

"Well, it's only a hundred dollars, but even that is a formidable sum to a clergyman whose income is not equal to that of Baker."

"But," I urged, for I liked to pose my spiritual adviser if I could, "you hint at downright crime. Certainly it would not be right to prevent the due course of justice? Think of the claims of society."

"Pshaw. I think only of a suffering family, and I leave police courts to hardened criminals."

I grasped his hand and pressed upon him the note I had just received.

"There is the money which you require, haste away, and do all the good you can with it."

My friend looked astonished. He even hesitated.

"It is very, very good of you," he said; "but really—do forgive me—is it not more than—than you——"

"Can afford. Yes, it is; but be easy—the money is not mine."

I rejoined Staining, who shook his head at my report. "Just so," he said, "the old story, 'my partner.' I must go to prison. Good gracious! what is the matter, Smith?"

I had suddenly discovered my error from his. "Staining," I said, "you keep out of the way for a couple of hours. Blendon, Blendon—do you know the man's Christian name?"

"Robert."

"Mercy on me! Good-bye. Meet me here in two hours," and in another minute I was in a cab, rattling away into one of the suburbs.

In the cab I kept muttering to myself, "Blendon, and *Robert* Blendon too! I am sure of it. Still, if it be so, it is very strange. I think I should know that face again, however time may have altered it. We shall see how will be faster."

My present visit was to an old clergyman, who received me most cordially, rubbed up his memory vigorously for my use, and allowed me to leave him quickly, fully sympathizing with me in the object I had in view.

Back to Messrs. Baydon, Blendon & Co.'s office, and then into the presence of Mr. Blendon.

All my anxiety for my poor friend faded away. I was master of the situation. Briefly I stated my desire to pay the losses of Staining's defalcation, and my hope that, under the extenuating circumstances, no publicity would be given to the miserable wrong-doing.

Mr. Blendon heard me with some impatience, and before replying, he drew a cheque to "self or bearer" (I could see him do it) for five hundred dollars. He then gave this to a clerk to get cashed, he said to me, arranging his papers the while—

"You will excuse my answering somewhat abruptly. Of course, it is not the money we care about, but we must vindicate the law."

I declare I was half pleased at the grandiose style of his speech. How beautifully he was walking into my net!

I ventured to suggest that in a case like this there was no imperative call to such a severe course, and that forbearance might rightly be shown.

"I do not see it—I cannot see it," answered Mr. Blendon, crossing his legs with an air of resolution. "I feel it is to say, "The man is a nuisance, but I must bear with him." He resumed—

"You do not appear, sir, to observe the immense importance of punishing delinquency of this kind. I would not take your money on any account. Dear me! If I were to let this man off, I should be ashamed of myself. He ought to be in custody now, and he will be very shortly. I have just overcome some foolish hesitation of my partner. I am always firm myself." (Not always, Mr. Blendon—not when I last saw you. But I waited a bit. A little further into my net, please), "and therefore, however sorry I may be, sir, I must say no. Dishonesty is a fearful thing, and it must be punished. If I were myself to commit an act of this kind, and——"

Why did he stop? I quietly bowed, and rising, said——

"You are quite right, Mr. Blendon. Dishonesty is a terrible thing, and while not possessing my request, I know you will forgive my calling to remembrance, before I leave, a curious case known to myself. May I tell it you? Pray excuse me if I seem impertinent. It is necessaries that it was wasting. The husband was distracted. He would get money, he must get money. When his young wife and infant child were in well-night starving. Stay, stay, Mr. Blendon, I *will* complete my story. The money was obtained, sir—Mr. Blendon, you know how. I need not tell you that. But in what way it was repaid ere mischief came, and how was the husband saved—saved from ruin and degradation—saved to become a rich and respected merchant? Whose money moved him? Ah! Mr. Blendon, that you do not know. But I will tell you. The hundred dollars which rescued the poor husband, rested only a short time in his hands. In the book of this very Staining whom you are about to prosecute, strangely enough, for precisely the same sum. Yes, at that time Staining was, maybe, as poor as you are; but with his riches he was a kind, charitable, Christian man. Mr. Blendon—I have a right to ask you—to what character do you lay claim?

I have often thought since what admirable advantages are a clear head, and a calm temper. In the delivery of the foregoing, I had worked myself up into a fine heat. It was only at the moment when he first saw my drift that my listener manifested any strong emotion. Then he rose from his chair, and his face flushed. But he resumed his seat, and by the time I had finished he was sitting calmly almost as when I entered. There was a slight pause and then Mr. Blendon said—

"You have acquired, sir, some knowledge (I will not say whether accurate or not) of an incident in my early life, which I am not called upon to discuss. May I ask whether this knowledge is confined, and is intended to be confined to yourself.

"I believe it is to be confined to myself and my informant, and I have no desire it should be otherwise."

Mr. Blendon bowed. "I will not conceal that I shall be glad for it to be an undeniable fact that no one but myself does not go farther." (I made a gesture of assent.) "Well, then, on that footing, I will say, that Mr. Staining shall be entirely absolved, and I will add that I am glad. You must, however, excuse me from taking your hundred dollars. I am obliged to you for coming. Good morning."

I departed. I must confess I felt the enemy had well covered his retreat, and had not left me a morsel more of triumph than he could help.

However, my object was accomplished, therefore I hastened to meet Staining. He was not at the appointed place, and after waiting some time I went to his lodging. It was in a humble street. The door was not easy to find. The landlady told me Mr. Staining had gone in an hour ago, and was in his bed-room—not very well she thought. She said Mr. Staining was often knocked more than once. Then I went in.

My first misgivings were happily not confirmed. His enfeebled frame had been unable to withstand the recent wear and tear, and now he was beyond the reach of his follies and his troubles.

THE REMARKABLE PRIEST.

A French journal says that a famous French surgeon, lately deceased, who was brusque and unpolished, found, on entering his house one day, a poor priest who had been long waiting his return. "What do you want of me?" "I want you to look at this," meekly replied the priest, taking off an old woollen cravat, which revealed, upon the nape of his neck a hideous tumor. "You'll have to die with that," coolly remarked the surgeon. "I thank you, doctor," simply replied the priest, replacing his cravat, "and I am much obliged to you for warning me, for I can prepare myself, as well as my poor parishioners, who love me very much." The surgeon, who was never astonished at great things, looked upon this priest, who received his death-sentence unmoved, with amazement, and said, "Come to-morrow, at eight o'clock, to the Hotel Dieu, and ask for me, and I will be ready." The surgeon procured for him a special room, and in a month the man went out cured. When leaving he took out of his sack thirty francs in small change. "It is all I have to offer you, doctor," he said; "it came here on foot from Rouen in order to save this." The doctor looked at the money, smiled, and drawing a bandful of gold from his pocket, put it in the bag along with the thirty francs, saying, "it's for your poor," and the priest went away. Some years later the surgeon, feeling death to be near, bethought him of the priest, and wrote to him. He came at once, and the surgeon received at his hands the last consolation of religion.

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE.

A physician says that the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the better will be the more healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, nervousness and uneasiness. It will restore vigor to an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weak body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a cold. It will cure low spirits. It will cure sorrow. Indeed we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness, requires a clean, well made bed, sufficient exercise to promote weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room; a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep; otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

SCIENTIFIC.

A ROBIN was shot near this city a few days since. Its gizzard was enlarged to three or four times the natural size, and was utterly impervious to a small mocassin snake, in perfect preservation, protruded from it about four inches. The head of the snake is still concealed in the cavity of the gizzard. The specimen, in alcohol, is carefully preserved by a gentleman of this city. The curiosity was exhibited at Blair's drug store.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

SOME detonating gun-cotton rockets, the joint invention of Mr. Prentice and Messrs. Hall, were lately successfully set off at Stockmarket. They are intended to act as fog-signals for use on the railway and at lighthouses. The effect of the density of the atmosphere, or of snowstorm, or of rain, would be entirely overcome, which are scarcely heard at a distance of two miles and a half at the sea-level, but, when fired from an altitude of nine hundred yards, the report is heard as a thunder-like peal for a distance of ten miles.

THE theory that whenever a bird remains at rest upon the wing it does so by taking advantage of an upward current of air has been advanced by Mr. Froude, and is supported by Sir William Thomson, who thinks he has a poor example, and long married, had fallen into poverty. The infant was ill. Evidence to sustain Mr. Froude's view is found in the case of the albatross, a bird which flies long distances without any motion of its wings. It is much near and follows the form of the waves, as if it held itself of the current of air rising from them.

SMOKE RINGS.—Sir William Thomson exhibited to the members of the British association at its recent meeting, how smoke rings issuing from a circular hole of about six inches in diameter cut in the front face, and the back is covered by a piece of light; extended canvas or linen. The vapors of ammonia and hydrochloric acid are allowed to act on each other, and are soon filled with the white smoke of chloride of ammonia. A sharp but moderate tap on the canvas back drives out a puff of smoke, which traverses the room in the form of a beautiful ring. So great is the energy of the motion of these vortex rings that even when at a considerable distance they have sufficient velocity to extinguish candles. The experiments is carried out with great success by tobacco-smoke or phosphoreted hydrogen, for showing vortex rings.

DR. SCHLIEMANN, in retiling the discoveries at Mycenæ, says: "Among the thousands of gold ornaments there is not even a single ring, much less a signet, and therefore appears certain that the squinchers belonged to an age which had not yet introduction of the Phœnician alphabet. Had the latter been known, Mycenæan goldsmith, whose confidinal efforts appear to have been directed to the invention of a new ornamentation, would have found in the alphabet to show the novelty of the alphabet. A second proof of the antiquity of Mycenæan civilization is the entire absence of any vestige of iron or glass, or of any pottery made on a potter's wheel, though I am inclined to believe that the large hand-made pottery had reached a high degree of perfection, such as has never been attained before in later times by the pottery made on the wheel."

THE APPLICATION OF THE NITRATE OF SILVER TO BLUSES.—Dr. James Cubbi says that, when solid nitrate of silver is freely applied to a bluse, a tough film is immediately formed, and the ulcerated surface is for the time being apparently sealed up. The pain, maybe, is not at once relieved by proceeding, however, as most surgeons who would adopt this practice well know, is only temporary, the pellicle becoming detached, by the ulcerative process, leaving a sore frequently of a more virulent nature. A better plan, which he has practised in some cases with excellent results, is merely to score the ulver with a finely-pointed pencil of the nitrate, or only to dot it lightly at intervals on the surface. The discharges getting free vent from the non-cauterized points, no pellicle becoming formed, the healing process spreads from the touched portions, just as the flames on a pond of water.

THE PATENT GAS FIRE-LIGHTER.—The new gas fire-lighter is an adaptation of the principle of the blow-pipe, consisting of an iron tube with a brass junction for the gas supply. A few feet of rubber-pipe to lead the tube to the fire-lighter is all that is required, and a match to light the gas. The fire is simple, and the current of air to the burner thrust into the midst, and in a very few minutes a fire is kindled. The economy effected by this method of burning gas speedily igniting the coals. We are informed that sixteen fires can be lit for a penny, and that the plate or bellows is employed, as many as thirty-two. After which boiling water will have no action upon them. It is suggested that this preparation will be better adapted to cementing the covers or glass slides than any now in use. The same preparation can be applied for making fabrics waterproof, especially sails of ships, awnings, etc., where any great flexibility is necessary. Two or three applications of the glue, either by immersion of the object in it or by the use of a brush, will answer the purpose. Roofing paper is also rendered impervious, even when exposed to long continued rains.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We rejected articles will be returned to writers inclosed the necessary postage stamps are furnished. It is better for writers to keep a copy of their articles in case of accident, as we cannot be responsible for them in any way. If requested we hold them in case of rejection, we will do so. If the request is made at the time the MS. is forwarded.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—"Easter Thoughts;" "Kila's Trials;" "Alice Ashton's April Fool Joke;" "A Spring Ramble;" "The Death Bed."

FLOAT WOOD.—We believe the "School-Day Visitor" is no longer published.

F. TERENCE (Cuyahoga Co., O.).—The astronomer Richard A. Proctor is a native of England, where he still lives. He visited the United States in 1873 and 1874, and delivered a number of lectures. His most well known is "Other Worlds than Ours," published in 1871.

DAVID, (Reading, Pa.).—The play "The Hunchback," was written by James Sheridan Knowles, a distinguished English dramatic writer, about 1811. Besides several well-known plays, he was also the author of two novels "George Lovel," and "Henri Fortescue."

"THEODORE" (Niagara Co., N. Y.).—The hymn commencing "There is a happy land," was written in 1836, by Andrew Young, formerly head master of the Edinburgh High School, where he is still living. "Marching Along" was composed by William H. Sherburn, who died in New Jersey several years since.

"THOMAS," (Shelby Co., O.).—Almost any one can learn something of ventriloquism, just as nearly all can learn to sing. To become expert at it, requires much study and proper structure of the vocal organs, facility of imitation, and long practice. Many books of learning are well described in a little work published by Jesse Haney & Co., New York city.

JENNIE (Knox Co., O.) desires to know what are the duties required of an opening for a music teacher at the South, especially in South Carolina. Probably not as good as in a Northern State; more money, because not as plenty there; and secondly, a large number of accomplished ladies who teach merely in better circumstances, are now ready to fill all the vacancies of the kind which may exist in that locality.

GEORGE S., (Madison Co., Ill.).—The story you refer to was not written by the man whose name it bears, although it is a true story. It is a very common trick with the publishers of a certain class of papers to pay for the use of some well-known and popular name in order to give currency to a story written by some inferior and unknown scribbler. To be "sure it is not honest, but then you know it helps to sell the paper.

C. D. D., (Lehigh County, Pa.).—Kissingen water when imported, is derived from a mineral spring in Kissingen, Bavaria. As is the case with other mineral waters, it has been analyzed, and chemists, knowing all the ingredients are able to manufacture an article containing all the qualities of the original spring water. Where the article is really imported, the manufactured article being cheaper.

MARY, (Philadelphia, Pa.).—No part of the lobster is poisonous, although the cartilaginous stomach, found in the body, is thought to be eaten. The red part, "coral," which really consists of undeveloped eggs, is considered a delicacy. The flesh of the lobster is greatly relished by most persons, but it is not very healthful, being hard to digest, and in some constitutions it causes eruptions of the skin. The best lobsters should be carefully taken off the coast from Massachusetts northward.

JULIE, (Trenton, N. J.).—It is not known when or where lace was first manufactured. Some suppose it to have been in use among the Jews before the days of Moses. Belts first furnished the finest laces. The manufacture extended to Italy, Flanders, Holland, France, and England. The latter three countries were long famous for their thread laces. In Belgium alone it is said that 120,000 are employed in the business, and more than 300,000 in France.

MARY F. (Lucas Co., O.).—We cannot advise properly whether it will be well for you to enlist or not. Your duty to your parents is most wholly on your gifts and acquirements. If these are valuable, your success in the way will be comparatively easy. Prejudices against woman speaking in public are not now in force as they were a few years ago, which is all she can reasonably expect. The advice of a friend should be carefully weighed, but the decision must be your own, and should be most deliberately made.

D. C. JONES, (Wayne Co., Ind.).—The parties who offer to send you a prize from a lottery, consisting of "articles which, on your payment of a "percentage" of six or eight dollars. You know and they know that you hold no ticket in the lottery, and that if they have laid a trap by previously sending you a ticket, it is not likely to draw a prize. The watches are brass, and worthless as timekeepers, costing the dealers in this enterprise $2 to $3. Of course, they are not prohibited to sell you gold dollars for ninety cents.

JAMES JORDAN, (St. Clair Co., Mich.).—In all probability you will be able to find a particular incurring that you are one of the lucky ones in a large lottery. Should you offer to you to contribute toward a fund for securing it, in a swindle. It is unsafe to entrust a dollar to any such unknown individual who offers you a prospective benefit for a present cash outlay. Should he, however, offer to indemnify, offer him in payment for his services a good percentage, and then refuse to hand over for you, and that will doubtless end all his interest in your behalf.

"MYRTLE LEAVES."—EDGAR A. Poe wrote the poem called "The Raven." We could very easily inform you which is the longest verse in the Bible, but we prefer to leave information by asking another. Do you not think it would add to your pleasure in reading it, to discover it for yourself? Undoubtedly you possess the book, and can find time to examine it. We are not in the educational course which will give you more interesting and instructive employment than to search for "the wider the most important verse? Lincoln's favorite poem commences with the words. Can you why should the spirit of mortal be proud."

W. R. H. (Mechanicville), asks: "What would it cost a gentleman to board himself, who would make the best use of his time, to gain a sufficient knowledge of medicine to become an M. D.?" A very definite answer is impossible. It will depend on the person's ability for learning, and the time expended. Hardly complete a course which would ensure a diploma in two years. A few hours a day would be required, and perhaps that would be only time thrown away. However, a man of fair talents, application and perseverance, would get through at a cost of from $300 to $1500. His personal habits would of course greatly vary the amount.

DAVID LODER, (Henry Co., Ga.).—The white lead used in painting is prepared from the metal, lead, by the use of acids. The work is done on a large scale in factories, and one not in the business could not make any quantity much more than he could make it. Zinc white is preferred to white lead for many uses, especially for inside work, as it is not so easily injured by the fumes of sulphureted white lead. The "ready-mixed chemical paints," which are sold in cans, are undoubtedly are very convenient and some of them, so we know by long trial, are of the very best quality. As regards the value of the "patent paints."

"JULIANA," (Elk Co., Pa.).—Your chances of getting a good situation in this city as a teacher, copyist or saleswoman in a store, are about one in a thousand. Better have living here are looking for just such employment. If you know anything about housekeeping, try to secure a situation to assist in some good family. Such help is always in demand. It would be wise for you, earlier for large numbers of young women situated as you are, to go away down the carving, rather than seek entrance to the already crowded ranks of what are falsely considered more "genteel" employments.

"MENDELSOHN MATTIE" (Preble Co., O.).—Do not be ashamed to ask questions for information on proper topics, of your friends. It is the way to become educated. Better have the mortification of appearing ignorant at the time, than of really remaining so. Your silver coin, bearing the name of Caligula III, Del Gralia," was probably issued in Spain at some time between 1700 and 1788, as Caligula or Carlous III, reigned there during that period. It may have been dropped on your farm by some soldier or other traveler in the early history of this country. The Atlantic cable rests on the bottom of the ocean.